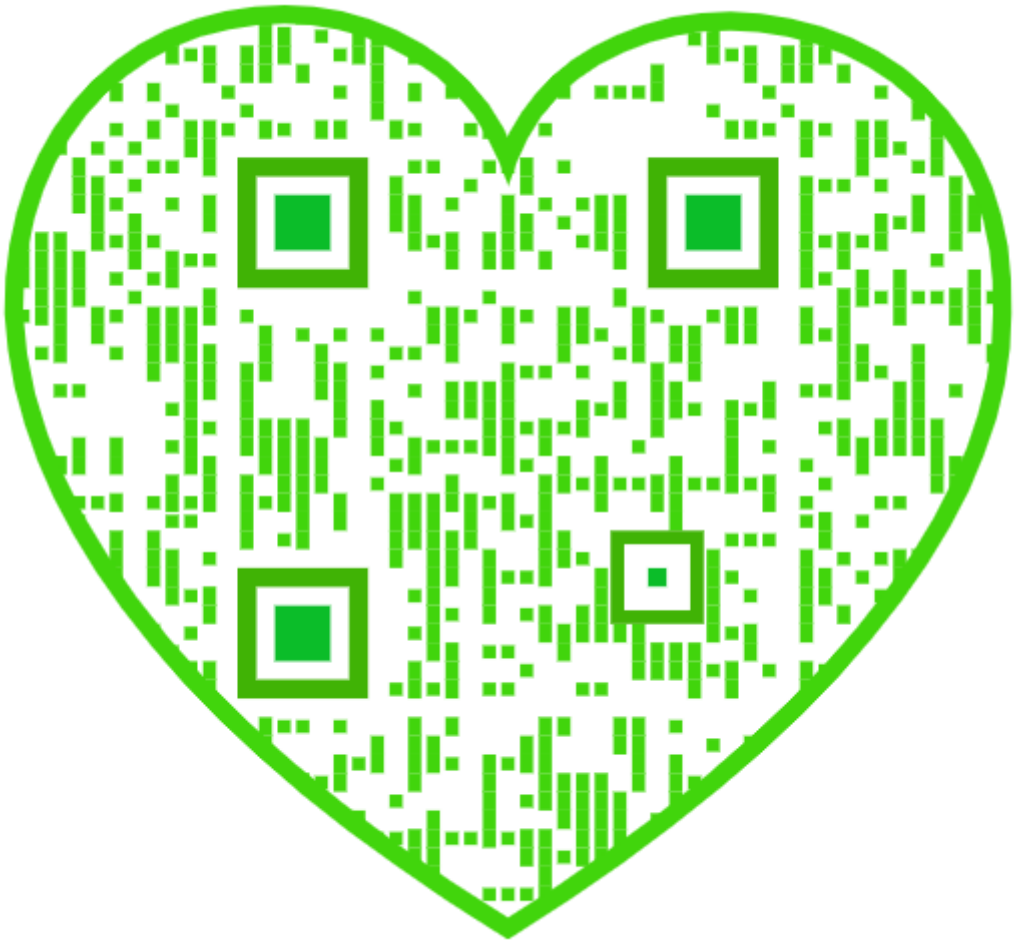

THE

BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

EDITED BY

ALFRED E. T. WATSON

Volume III.

JULY to DECEMBER 1896

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME III

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1896

A Country Ride ..... *Susan, Countess of Malmesbury* 579
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. S. WILSON

A Day with the Peshawar Vale Hounds... *Fuller Whistler (late Master)* 12
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. CALDWELL

A Day with the Staintondale Fox-hounds..... *Russell Richardson* 442
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A Day's Sport in Morocco ..... *Captain C. F. Cromie* 237
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. J. GIBB AND JOHN BEER

A Lost Art ..... *W. J. Ford* 276

A Midnight Trail ..... *Owen Rhoscomyl* 335
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN

A Visit to a Modern Shooting School... *Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart.* 541
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. WHYMPER

A Yachtsman's Paradise ..... *R. E. Macnaghten* 522
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

American Quail, The ..... *A. G. Bradley* 454
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN BEER

Amphion ..... *The Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire* 75

Angler at Bay, The..... *Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart, M.P.* 312
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

Badminton 'Golf,' The, and its Critics..... *Horace Hutchinson* 24

Baseball in England ..... *Richard Morton* 151

Betting ..... *Norwood Young* 708

Big Game Shooting and Hunting. See 'From a Camel,' 'In Rajputana,' 'Night Shooting in India,' 'On Elephant Back,' 'Sport in Eastern Canada,' 'Sport with the Brigands of Macedonia.'

325185

BLUE RIBBON OF THE THAMES, THE ..... *C. S. Colman* 306
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

COLT-HUNTING IN THE NEW FOREST ..... *Lord Arthur Cecil* 654
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

CRICKET ..... *A. C. Maclaren* 477

CRICKET ..... *The Hon. R. H. Lyttelton* 230

CRICKET. See 'Some Big Hits and Big Hitters,' 'A Lost Art.'

CROQUET. See 'Revival of Croquet.'

CYCLING GYMKHANAS ..... *A. R. B. Munro* 403
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

CYCLING. See 'On a Bicycle in the Streets of London,' 'Grace in Cycling, and How to Attain it,' 'A Country Ride,' 'Cycling Gymkhanas.'

DAVIS, CHARLES ..... *Lord Ribblesdale* 89
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. H. JALLAND

FICTION. See 'Topper,' '"Pilgrim," by "Westminster" (Imported),' 'A Midnight Trail.'

FINS ..... *E. F. T. Bennett* 110
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

FISHING. See 'Fins,' 'Shark Fishing,' 'Angler at Bay,' 'Lythe Fishing,' 'Nil Desperandum.'

FOOTBALL. See 'Rugby Football.'

FROM A CAMEL ..... *Captain Fuller Whistler* 605
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. CALDWELL

GAMES AT ETON ..... *F. B. Elliot* 668
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. J. GIBB

GAMES OF THE FAR EAST ..... *Professor Church* 428
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

GOLF. See 'Badminton Golf and its Critics,' 'The Only Game,' 'Marine Golf.'

GRACE IN CYCLING, AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT ..... *W. Hay Fea* 214

GROUSE, THE ..... *Alexander Innes Shand* 127
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN

HADJ ANO ..... *Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell* 140
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

HARBOURING ON THE QUANTOCKS ..... *Arthur W. Bristow* 264
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. H. JALLAND

HARRIERS. See 'Old Sporting Prints—Harriers.'

HAWLEYANA ..... *The Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire* 297

HUNTING ..... *G. H. Jalland* 594
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

HUNTING. See 'A Day with the Peshawar Vale Hounds,' 'Charles Davis,' 'Wild Stag Hunting,' 'Harbouring on the Quantocks,' 'A Day with the Staintondale Fox-hounds,' 'Sleggatt Covert.'

IN PETLAND ..... *Lady Middleton* 282
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. FORD

IN RAJPUTANA ..... *Colonel G. H. Trevor, C.S.I.* 412
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. H. JALLAND

IN THE GREY MORNING ..... *Edwin Lester Arnold* 695
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANTHONY DE BREE

LITTLE BROWN BIRD, THE ..... *The Marquess of Granby* 253
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN

LYTHE FISHING ..... *Archibald Boyd* 353
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. G. MASSEY, A.R.E.

MARINE GOLF ..... *Eden Phillpotts* 470
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. S. WILSON AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

MY FIRST NIGHT IN THE SNOW ..... *Frithjof Nansen* 505
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LANCELOT SPEED

NIGHT SHOOTING IN INDIA ..... *Colonel T. S. St. Clair* 159
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY BERKELEY

NIL DESPERANDUM ..... *The Hon. A. Gathorne Hardy* 487
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. F. T. BENNETT

NOTES BY 'RAPIER' 119, 248, 373, 496, 625, 744

OLD SPORTING PRINTS—HARRIERS ..... *Hedley Peek* 321
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

ON A BICYCLE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON ... *Susan, Countess of Malmesbury* 1
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT HORWITZ

ON ELEPHANT BACK ..... *Gustav Spinka* 644
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY BERKELEY

ON ROWING CAMPS ..... *H. Coffey* 170

PHEASANTS, THE ..... *Alexander Innes Shand* 379
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN

'PILGRIM,' by 'Westminster' (Imported) ..... *C. W. Neville-Rolfe* 728
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. S. WILSON

RACING. See 'Amphion,' 'Hawleyana,' 'Racing in 1896,' 'Betting.'

RACING IN 1896 ..... *Alfred E. T. Watson* 686

REVIVAL OF CROQUET, THE ..... *Mrs. Churchill* 219
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIEN DAVIS

ROWING. See 'On Rowing Camps,' 'The Blue Ribbon of the Thames.'

RUGBY FOOTBALL ..... *C. J. N. Fleming* 554

SHARK FISHING ..... *H. R. Francis* 193
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. BROCK

SHOOTING. See 'Grouse,' 'Hadj Ano,' 'A Day's Sport in Morocco,' 'Little Brown Bird,' 'Pheasants,' 'The American Quail,' 'A Visit to a Modern Shooting School,' 'Sport in the Channel Islands,' 'In the Grey Morning.'

SKATING. See 'Winter Sports in Friesland.'

SLEGGATT COVERT; OR, HUNTING IN SOUTH YORKSHIRE .....*Harold Wild* 631
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. H. JALLAND

SOME BIG HITS AND BIG HITTERS .....*W. J. Ford* 50
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIEN DAVIS

SPORT IN EASTERN CANADA .....*Arthur P. Silver* 568
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

SPORT IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS .....*H. Heron* 618
WITH ILLUSTRATION BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN

SPORT WITH THE BRIGANDS OF MACEDONIA.....*Dayrell Davies, late R.N.* 60
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND H. M. BROCK

SWIMMING AND LIFE-SAVING .....*The Hon. Sydney Holland* 80
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. T. DADD

SWIMMING FOR LADIES .....*Mrs. Batten* 362
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIEN DAVIS

THE ONLY GAME .....*J. F. Sullivan* 395
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

TOPPER .....*W. E. Norris* 30
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN BEER AND F. S. WILSON

WILD STAG HUNTING... .....*Viscount Ebrington* 178
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. CALDWELL

WINTER SPORTS IN FRIESLAND .....*Julia Scott-Moncrieff* 717
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LANCELOT SPEED

YACHTING. See 'A Yachtsman's Paradise.'

THE
BADMINTON MAGAZINE
July 1896

ON A BICYCLE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON

BY SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY

A NEW sport has lately been devised by the drivers of hansom cabs. It consists of chasing the lady who rides her bicycle in the streets of the metropolis. If not so athletic a pastime as polo, the pursuit on wheels of alien wheels surmounted by a petticoat which 'half conceals, yet half reveals' the motive power within, appears to afford these ingenuous persons exactly that exhilarating and entrancing sensation without which no Englishman finds life worth living, and which apparently is to the heart of the cabby what salmon-fishing, golf, shooting the rocketting pheasant, hunting the fox, or, in fine, what war, that highest expression of sport, can be to those who are usually called 'the leisured classes.'

I am given to understand that so far the scoring is altogether on the side of the pursuer. He has bagged, we are told, many ladies whose mutilated or decapitated forms have been hurried into silent and secret graves at the instance of the great Bicycle Boom. Their relatives, we hear, have laid them to rest quietly in back gardens until such time as they can realise what shares they possess in cycling companies. But whether this be true or not—and, after all, the evening papers must live!—if the harmless necessary Hansom cabman has gained a new pleasure, he has had to pay for it like a prince; for his former attached

and confiding fares, instead of reposing in the comfortable recesses of his vehicle, are now—stout and thin, short and tall, old and young—all alike vigorously ankle-pedalling just on ahead of his empty and sorrowing cab and right under the fore-feet of his horse. Small wonder, indeed, if he be jealous and sore; and, moreover, it must be admitted that this is one of the irritating habits which the cyclist, male and female, shares with certain of the other lower animals—to wit, with the dog, as everyone knows who has had the anxious blessing of the latter's society in the streets. The way in which he will cross a crowded thoroughfare, mildly beaming round, enjoying the morning air, deaf to remonstrance, within a hair's breadth of a sudden and awful end, is enough to turn the best Auricomous Fluid, even, to snow. But I wander from my tale, which is not that of a dog, but of a bicycle.

Having now been the quarry of the Hansom cabman for nearly a year, and having given him several exciting runs, I cannot help feeling that cycling in the streets would be nicer, to use a mild expression, if he did not try to kill me; although the pleasure which danger always affords to a certain class of minds would be considerably lessened. I should like to say here, as seriously as I am able, that surely it is not right to insult a woman who conforms to the law, to the rule of the road, molests no one, and dresses in accordance with the custom which decrees that she shall at once be distinguishable from those who fondly, yet not without an uneasy lurking suspicion of their true position, claim to be her masters. The English public requires a great deal of educating, and as in the days of one's youth certain dates had repeatedly to be dinned into our reluctant ears, so this many-headed grown-up child needs to have certain facts placed before him over and over again until at last his eyes are opened, and behold! he sees.

Prejudice against this kind of locomotion for women has raged acutely, but is now fairly on the wane, and it is only in very out-of-the-way streets that one now meets with any expressions of disapproval stronger than 'Trilby!' even from those frivolous and irresponsible persons who have been keeping the feast of St. Lubbock, not wisely, but too well, or doing that which in France is called *fêter le Lundi*.

Riding on a track began to bore me as soon as I had learnt to balance, but I remained steadily practising in the modified seclusion of the Queen's Club, where I was taught, until I could turn easily, cut figures of eight, get on and off quickly on either

side, and stop without charging into unwelcome obstacles. This done, burning to try my fate in traffic, and yet as nervous as a hare that feels the greyhound's breath, I launched my little cockleshell early one Sunday morning in July into the stormy oceans of Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, and Park Lane, on my way to visit a sick friend who lived about four miles off, beyond Regent's Park. The streets were really very clear, but I shall never forget my terror. I arrived in about two hours, streaming and exhausted, much more in need of assistance than the invalid

STEADY PROGRESS

I went to console. Coming home it was just as bad; I reached my house about three o'clock and went straight to bed, where I had my luncheon, in a state of demoralisation bordering on collapse. I only recount this adventure in order to encourage others who may have had the same experience as myself, but who, unlike me, may not have tried to conquer their nervousness.

What cured my fear was the purchase of a little shilling book, called, I believe, 'Guide to Cycling,' wherein it is written that cycles are 'vehicles within the meaning of the Act.' I then

realised that I had an actual legal existence in the roadway, that my death by lawless violence would be avenged, and that I was not, what I had hitherto felt myself to be, like the lady, hated both of gods and men, who

'Cast the golden fruit upon the board'—

I mean, my cycle on the streets—

'And bred this change.'

Yes, I had as good a right to my life as even my arch-enemy the hansom, or my treacherous companion the butcher's cart. I and my machine were no longer like a masterless dog, and, if we *were* scouted from the pavement, at least we would take modestly but firmly, if need be, our proper breathing room in the road. From this moment my attitude towards hansoms was, in the classic words of 'Punch,' '*Also schnapp ich meine finger in deinem face.*' Cautious and alert, I merrily proceeded on my way, using my bicycle as a means of doing my morning shopping or other business. I found that my experience in driving an exceedingly naughty pony in a cart in town stood me here in very good stead, my eye being fairly educated to pace and distance; and soon I learnt to judge of the breadth of my handle-bars almost to an inch, and of the habits and probable proceedings of the various vehicles by which I was surrounded, with nothing, apparently, but my wits and nerve between me and destruction.

Drivers of hansoms have various ways of inflicting torture on a fellow-creature, one of which is suddenly and loudly to shout out 'Hi!' when they have ample room to pass, or when you are only occupying your lawful position in a string of vehicles. Also, they love to shave your handle-bars and wheels, passing so close that if you swerve in the slightest—which, if you are possessed of nerves, you are too likely to do—it must bring you to serious grief. They are also very fond of cutting in just in front of you, or deliberately checking you at a crossing, well knowing that by so doing they risk your life, or, at any rate, force you to get off.

I myself always ride peaceably about seven or eight miles an hour, and keep a good look-out some way ahead, as by that means you can often slip through a tight place or avoid being made into a sandwich composed of, let us say, a pedestrian who will not, and an omnibus which cannot, stop.

As regards the comparative demerits of omnibuses and hansoms, I am reminded of the old riddle, 'Why have white sheep more wool than black ones?' The answer is, 'Because there

MY FIRST VENTURE IN THE STREETS

are more of 'em!' But not only are omnibuses fewer in number, but the drivers thereof are very *bons princes*; and, as they are great, so are they merciful. We ladies are not the kind of game at which they fly; for, although we are told that the inside places in these conveyances are all filled by countesses and duchesses nowadays, while the outside is covered by the younger members of their families, the aristocratic votaries of the wheel are in too small a minority to occasion the companies any anxiety except as to the social *ton* of their venture.

Many a time when I first began to ride in traffic have I meekly escorted an omnibus in a crowded thoroughfare, thankful for the shelter it afforded from the wild and skirmishing jungle round me, and feeling like what I may perhaps describe as a dolphin playing round an ocean liner. Many acts of courtesy have I received at difficult crossings from hard-worked men, to whom pulling up their horses must have been a serious inconvenience. Indeed, on one occasion I might have been killed but for the consideration of a driver. In trying to turn down Sloane Street from Knightsbridge I found myself wedged in between an omnibus and a large van, the former going down, the latter coming up, on opposite sides of that very narrow piece of road. They had both been standing, and at the moment of my appearance each pulled out from the kerb in a slanting direction. I was thus fairly caught in a trap, as I had already turned the corner; but, not having time to faint or go into hysterics, I thought it best to catch the nearest omnibus horse by

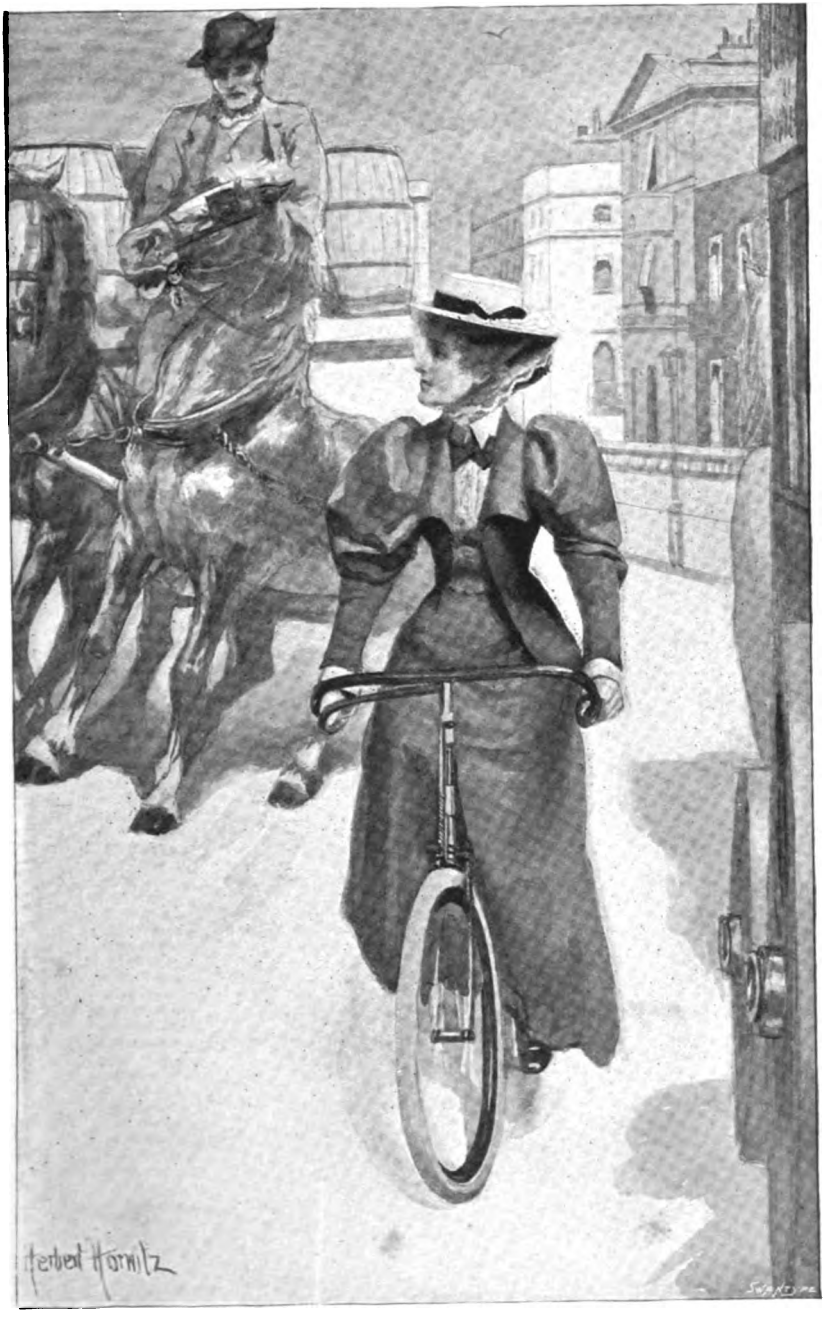
SHOPPING

the bit and try to stop him. I cannot think now how I contrived to do this without a fall; but, in all the confusion of the moment, I distinctly recollect sitting on my bicycle, holding the horse's head, and turning round to thank the driver for checking his festive team while I got away unhurt. My life was safe, it is true; but what is life if your new white gloves are ruined? Such, alas! was my melancholy condition, and all because omnibus companies will not pay proper attention to the cleaning of bits. I had not the heart to reproach the driver, who, after all, like the American pianist, had done his best; but I felt like a friend of mine, who was shipwrecked off the coast of Mull, and who, when I offered him my warmest congratulations on not being drowned, replied in these words: 'Yes, it was rather a nuisance. I lost a favourite paper-cutter, and, what's more, got my boots wet.' Be this as it may, I have avoided the turning from Knightsbridge into Sloane Street ever since. It is one of the most dangerous in London, not excepting the three Circuses — Piccadilly, Regent, or Oxford— where, at least, people are on the *qui vive*, and are looking out for squalls from all points of the compass.

A GRACEFUL BOW

To my mind, the great accomplishment for the cyclist in traffic is to be able to ride steadily, without too much wavering of his front wheel, at a very slow pace, so as to avoid getting off, and then with quick eye and judgment to make a dash where he sees his opportunity, never forgetting to look some distance ahead so as to avoid stoppages. In these cases, like all others, prevention is better than cure.

Another word I should like to say. For riding in the streets



I GOT AWAY UNHURT

it is most essential to have one hand free, and therefore to be able to guide your bicycle with one hand; but acrobatic performances, such as riding without using either hands or feet down inclines in crowded streets, or with both feet on one side, or with your face to the hind wheel, as one man managed to do, are entirely to be discouraged.

How I admired at first the graceful way in which a gentleman, very tall, and well known in royal and social circles, took off his hat and bowed to his acquaintances on the pavement! I even envied the more humble individual whom I saw blowing his nose with reckless violence in Piccadilly; but now it seems to me that to fall would be impossible, even if I tried, and this is really the only frame of mind in which it is safe to bicycle in the streets of London.

A DAY WITH THE PESHAWAR VALE HOUNDS

BY FULLER WHISTLER (LATE MASTER)

TOWARDS the close of the season the P.V.H. were advertised to meet on a particular Saturday morning, at a place called Gurrhi Sirdar, on the Nowshera-Peshawar road. This was not in the best part of our country, but the meet had been arranged to suit the convenience of the Bengal cavalry officers stationed at Nowshera

Early on the morning in question my bearer awoke me, and even as I returned from the land of dreams I noticed that his melancholy tone of voice had a more than usually lugubrious ring in it.

'Hullo! What's wrong with you this morning, Jubilee?' I said, for to this name had he answered since entering my service. It was not altogether appropriate to his temperament; but I had engaged him in the year 1887, and as he then told me his name was Jubbibalah, it soon got shortened into the more pronounceable Jubilee.

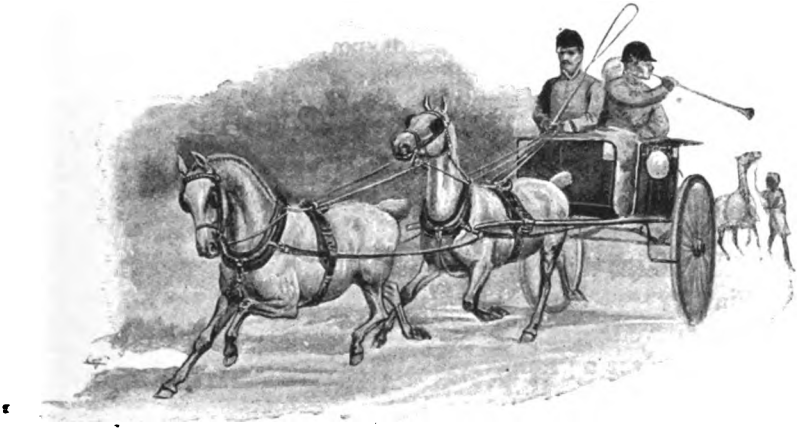
Huddled up in a blanket, he replied to my question in still sadder tones: 'Ah, Sahib, there was plenty rain kul-rhat (last night), and your servants are cold.'

'Ripping!' I exclaimed, springing out of bed; 'that should give us a good scent to-day.'

The melancholy one only replied with a sound between a groan

and a shiver, and, feeling that he would not participate in my joy, I hurried outside into my verandah.

Sure enough, there was a sweet, refreshing smell of rain. The Maréchal Niel roses hung heavy with moisture from the roof of the verandah, and the croak of unseen but rejoicing frogs resounded from all sides. Though it had cleared up, the sky was still overcast, and there was every prospect of a cool and pleasant day. With spirits raised as much as Jubilee's had recently been depressed, I hurried up with my toilet, and should have been dressed in an incredibly short time had I not been delayed by a struggle with my boots. These required some coaxing and a liberal application of French chalk before I was well in them, owing to my having recently become acquainted with the depth of the Shah Alum river. Having at length got them on, I adjourned to C——'s sitting-room, he and I occupying the same bungalow. I found him up and ready for breakfast, so, after mutual congratulations on the propitious change in the weather, we were soon hard at work on some excellent eggs and bacon.



SPINNING ALONG

Breakfast finished, we strolled across to the mess to get our flasks and cigar cases filled. Here we found K——, our hard-riding Captain, just mounting his hunter, which he was going to ride on to the meet. Two or three subalterns were inside, still busy with their breakfast, but ready for an immediate start as soon as that was disposed of.

Telling them to hurry up, for I thought Gurrhi Sirdar was a sure find, I filled my flask with a mixture of whisky and

ginger wine, which I had found on previous occasions very comforting after swimming the Shah Alum or its tributaries. I went outside, and found C—— just getting into his dogcart.

He and I generally drove to the meets together, and as a rule managed to raise a tandem for the purpose out of our combined stables. On this particular morning our best team had been harnessed, a fast grey polo mare of C——'s being in the shafts, and a smart little grey of mine doing duty as leader.

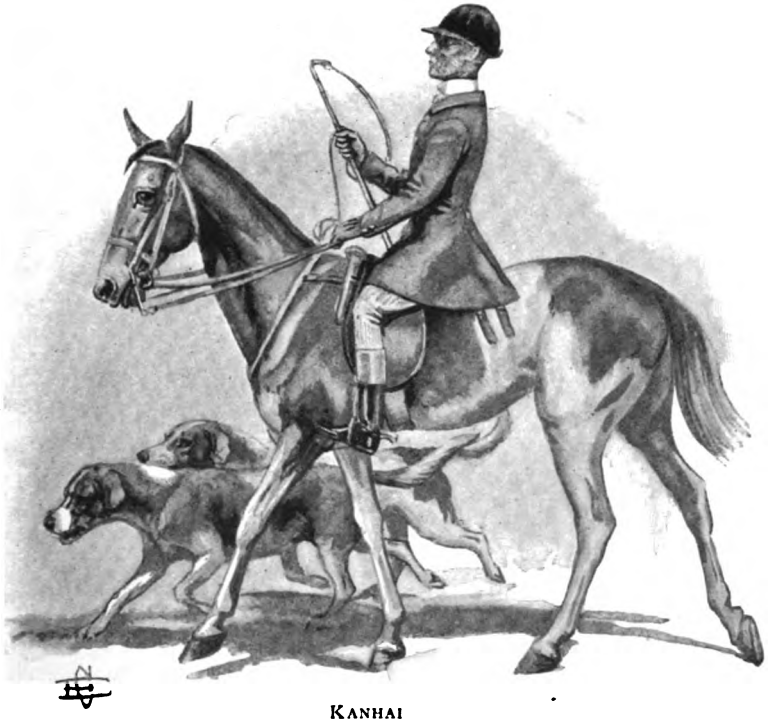
Having donned our 'poshtins' (leather coats lined with sheepskins) as covert coats, and wrapped a camel-hair rug around our knees, for the morning was bitterly cold, we told the saises to 'let 'em go,' and were soon spinning away down the mall at a good ten miles an hour. As I held the ribbons this morning, C—— took the horn, and gave a rousing blast or two whenever we passed the bungalow of a fellow-sportsman in case anyone should have overslept himself. However, the fresh morning had apparently imbued all alike with special keenness, for we got no response.

On getting clear of the cantonments on to the grand trunk road leading past the huge fort, which was situated on the outskirts of the native city, we quickened our pace, and soon overtook some of the more backward sportsmen as they jogged gaily along to the meet. As we turned the next corner the road, which now lay straight and level before us, was dotted at intervals with riders and one or two dogcarts, and it soon became evident that there would be a big muster, even if the sportsmen from Nowshera did not put in an appearance.

There was a very fair percentage of pink coats, but the majority of the riders were turned out in polo boots, or 'rat-catching' garb. Our fast little tandem quickly forged ahead, so that we arrived at the meet with some ten minutes to spare, and were glad to see a group of chargers from Nowshera, which had been sent on for our cavalry friends.

The hounds were there, too, so let us spend our spare ten minutes in looking them over. What first catches one's eye is the conspicuous figure of the kennel huntsman. This man, quite a character in his way, deserves a short description. He was a Hindu, Kanhai by name, of very low caste, and of a spare but wiry figure. He was dressed in a well-cut pink coat, a huntsman's cap, brown cord breeches, and top boots. But he did not stop there, for he also wore a good pair of dog-skin gloves, and his clean-shaven face was set off by a spotless collar and well-tied cravat—the contrast between these and his shiny black face being very remarkable.

So far so good, but he was mounted on a weedy-looking bay and white skewbald country-bred. This steed I had bought cheap out of an ekkah, when I first took over the mastership of the hounds, as a makeshift for one of the hunt horses which was lame; and I meant Kanhai only to use it when he was exercising the hounds. He, however, had become so smitten with the charms of the skewbald that I had allowed him to ride him as one of his mounts, and I soon discovered that he was generally handy when wanted if riding this horse, though seldom available when mounted on another.



KANHAI

Now for the hounds. This morning I had 16½ couple out, and if they were not such a level-looking lot as one would desire, I have no hesitation in saying that they were uncommonly useful. Most of them had been brought out at different times from the leading packs at home, and there were some grand hounds among them; but some of them had been bred in the Peshawar kennels, and four couple had been bought in the country. To complete the establishment, C—— of my regiment and the Hunt Secretary acted as whips in the field, and of course Kanhai

was utilised as a third. C—— and I had scarce mounted our hunters when the field began to turn up. We were both riding country-breds, and felt serenely happy because this morning we had our favourite hunters out. C ——'s was an everlasting grey, with a good turn of speed, which never carried much flesh, and pulled all day from start to finish. Mine was a very different animal, being a sweet-tempered bay mare standing about fifteen hands, a beautiful jumper, and fairly fast.

But time is up, and the field has assembled, though one or two stragglers may still be seen hurrying along in the distance. As we move off I recognise the familiar figure of the sporting Commissioner, the General, with his wife and a lady friend, the Colonel, and five other officers of the Bengal Cavalry from Nowshera; and besides these are some forty representatives of the various regiments stationed in Peshawar.

As we approach our covert, a biggish stretch of high sugar cane, I grieve to see that some natives are at work cutting it down, though at present they have not made much impression on it. I had been informed by my native chuprassie that it was a sure find, so was naturally disappointed at the thought that it had been disturbed. However, trotting off to where the natives are at work, we begin drawing away from them. A whimper from Ruby, shortly followed by the deep notes of Gameboy, soon proclaim that a jackal is on foot, and almost immediately afterwards a shrill view holloa from C——, stationed at the far end, tells us our 'jack' has gone away. Galloping up to C——, I blow my horn for all I am worth, and get all the hounds quickly on the line. Then ensues such a burst of music as dispels any lingering doubts as to the quality of the scent, and away stream the beauties across the open, leaving Gurrhi Sirdar immediately behind them. Some of the field, not expecting such a quick find, are still on the wrong side of the sugar cane, but about a dozen who had been attending strictly to business got off on equal terms with C—— and myself.

Our bold 'jack' is taking us across some lovely looking open country, and I begin to think, as I gallop along, that Dilazak, with its big jhil of grass and rushes, though some five miles off, must be his point. The country, stretching level and open before us, looks in places green and pleasant to the eye. But that very greenness I do not like, for I well know it betokens irrigated fields and the tender shoots of rice. Skirting, therefore, a little to my right, I select a harder, browner-looking line of going, and almost as I do so I see the foremost riders on my left already in difficulties

on the irrigated land, their horses floundering about up to their hocks in the soft ground.

Still the hounds drive on, straight as an arrow, and there is no time to linger. There is a burning scent, and the going where I am is good enough; as my mare flies the first obstacle, a thin hedge of thorns, I feel that she is as fit as a fiddle, and rejoice in the prospects of a good run. C——, K——, and the Cavalry Colonel having skirted the paddy fields are alongside me, and the Colonel shouts to me, 'Glorious this, but there's nothing to jump!'

'There will be too much for some of us presently,' I say, 'if the jack makes good his point, for there is a big "gridiron" in front of us.'

'The deuce there is!' says the Colonel, and we relapse into silence.

To those who are unacquainted with the Peshawar country I may explain that a 'gridiron' is the name applied to an artificial drainage or irrigation work made by the Sikhs. These gridirons may consist of any number of deep ditches, running parallel with one another, and separated by an equal number of banks.

There is one famous gridiron in the district called the 'Seven Sisters,' composed, as the name implies, of seven ditches and seven banks, and of course quite impassable for a horse. But the more usual number of ditches is from two to four. Now, though I knew there was a 'gridiron' in front of us, it was only from hearsay, as we had never ridden this line of country before, and I was therefore ignorant of the number of ditches and banks it was made up of.

Our 'jack,' who only got away just ahead of the hounds, must ere long have found they were pressing him rather uncomfortably, for now his mind seems to waver as to whether he will be able to reach the welcome shelter of the Dilazak reed-beds, or whether he shall look for a refuge closer to hand. Anyhow, whatever the reason, he now swings rather right-handed and heads towards the village of Wadpuggur.

With a sigh—is it one of relief?—I mutter to myself, 'We sha'n't have the gridiron after all.' But I reckoned without my host, for scarce are the words out of my mouth when the hounds swing back slightly to the left again, and once more we are riding straight towards Dilazak. A minute later, and the hounds meet an obstacle. See, they are jumping! One has leapt short, and has disappeared. He is in the 'gridiron'!

'Sit down, gentlemen!' I shout; ''ware gridiron!'

It is an exciting moment. We can now see the first ditch, but the bank on the landing side conceals all else beyond. How many ditches are there, and how deep are they?

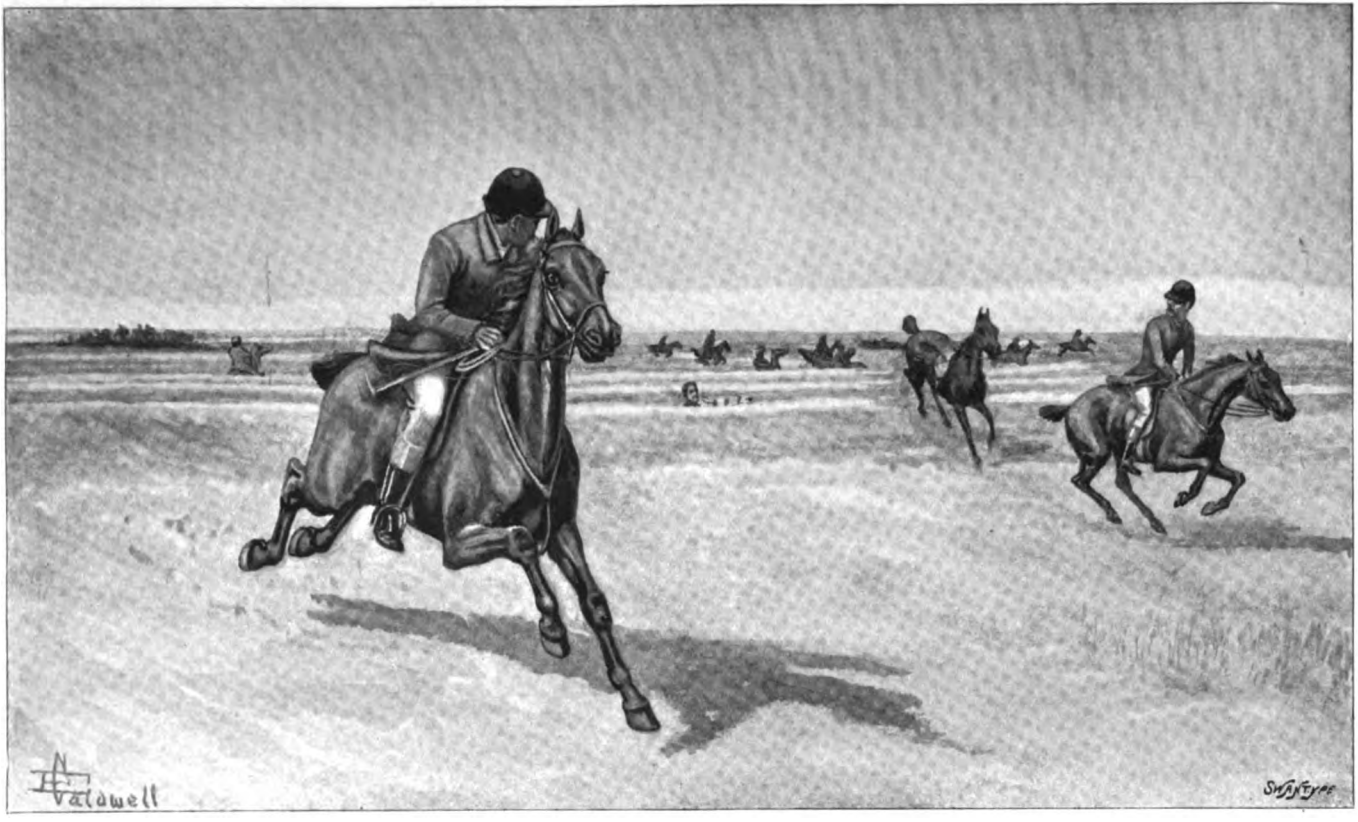
Some of us will doubtless be able to answer this before long. But now, in blissful ignorance, the Colonel, K——, C——, a cavalry sub., and myself charge forward abreast. We are all nearly level, though some ten or fifteen yards separate one from another. So much I see, then have eyes for no one else. My mare pricks up her ears, we put on more pace, for the ditch yawns wide before us; then she makes a gallant spring, and we are on the first bank; another spring follows almost like lightning—indeed, I scarce feel the mare's feet strike the bank—again we are in mid-air, then reach the second bank; and now my heart rejoices, for there are 'no more rivers to cross.'

The gridiron is behind me; and as my brave little mare settles into her stride again, I look to my left. There is K—— sailing along; but where, and oh where, are the others?

I glance behind me, and catch sight of the gallant Colonel's face peering over the nearest bank. The rest of him is hidden from view, for though he is still on his horse, both are in the second ditch, and he cannot find a way out. As I gallop on I see a riderless horse. It is the cavalry sub.'s. I cannot help wondering which ditch the sub. is in, or what has become of C——, but of course cannot stop to make inquiries.

Our quarry, having taken us over this formidable obstacle, now runs parallel with it and straight towards Wadpuggur. This I afterwards learn is a godsend to that part of the field which was behind, for at Wadpuggur they find an easy way through the gridiron. On reaching the outskirts of the village a slight check ensues, but by casting forward beyond it we again hit off the line, and run hard across barren-looking country, where there is not a vestige of covert. Having crossed this we reach some fields where sugar khets have but recently been cut, and this was, no doubt, our jackal's hoped-for refuge. This failing him, he runs straight on to the village of Boodni; and here the hounds throw up, after a fast and pretty run of thirty-seven minutes.

The jack must have crept into some hovel or dirty cowshed, for we could make no more of him, and reluctantly had to give him up. The pace had throughout been too much for many of the field, and it was only a few country-breds that had successfully negotiated the 'gridiron.' I believe the Walers and Arabs



BUT WHERE, AND OH WHERE, ARE THE OTHERS?

had all fared badly there, the majority being caught in the second ditch. There were thus only about a dozen up at the finish, C——, to my astonishment, being one of them, for I thought he had been left behind in the ditch. 'I did pay it a short visit,' he said, 'but, not caring for my quarters, I came on again.'

Further explanation he would not give, and even now I cannot understand how, if he got in, he managed to get out again so quickly.

With a much diminished field we now jogged on to Dilazak, and on our way to it were joined by Kanhai and two or three others. The former told me they had been looking for us some time, and were then on their way to Dilazak, thinking that even if our jack did not take us there we should eventually go to draw his jhil. He had been thrown out, he said, by the gridiron; he had made a long détour to a crossing he knew of, and when he reached it he lost sight of the hounds and never found them again.

On our arrival at Dilazak we entered the jhil at the end where it meets the Shah Alum, and drew it down wind and away from the river. The high reed-beds offer a snug retreat to the wily jackal, and I do not remember ever drawing it blank. Nor was it tenantless to-day, for when the hounds were about half through it a stout jack was viewed away. We were so close on him that, turning his back on the river, he boldly faced the open, heading for Chubba, in the direction of Peshawar.

Scent was breast high, and the hounds simply raced across the open fields, striving for supremacy as they ran. Not one was left behind in the jhil, though I noticed two sportsmen were the wrong side of it and would lose a good deal of way by having to go round. We were now in a lovely bit of country where the going was sound and springy, the land having been rendered elastic, but not heavy, by the previous night's rain. The sun had not shone forth all day, and consequently the scent was as good as it had been in the early morning, a bit of luck which we seldom experienced at Peshawar.

As our quarry still went on in the direction of Chubba, I knew we should soon have to get over a stream which crossed our route. I did not anticipate any mishap here, however, for I had often jumped it before, as we were now in well-known country again. The Commissioner, mounted on a fresh horse, a big Waler, was forging ahead, closely attended by K——, and they reached the stream first, getting over in good style. I took it more to the right, but in a place where the bank happened to be a bit rotten. Giving way under her as my mare took off, she

jumped short, and splash! we were in the middle of the water. Wet from head to foot, I crawled out, and, having no difficulty in inducing my mare to do the same, I was soon in the saddle again.

As I rode on I saw Kanhai's skewbald gently sliding down the bank into the water, and by the look of his coat next time I saw him I concluded he and the horse had swum across together. I had now to sit down and ride all I knew to keep my leaders in sight—gain on them I could not. It was a stern chase, and

NO, NOT YET!

doubtless would have been a long one but that as we neared Chubba the jack must have been headed, and a slight check enabled me to come up with the others. As I approached I saw the hounds making their own cast, and the tuneful notes of old Music's tongue quickly brought them back to the line. Swinging now sharp to the right we crossed the Agra road, leaving Chubba on our left, and then again, turning left-handed, our bold jack maintained his original point.

He now took us over a rather cramped bit of country, inter-

sected here and there with deep ditches and an occasional mud wall. The jumping of these, and the pace we had to maintain to live with the hounds, were beginning to tell on our horses, and right glad were we when we emerged once more into the open country.

But now the pace, which had been fast before, grew hotter yet, and I could not but doubt that the jack who had been so hustled at the start must soon be *in extremis*. The hounds, indeed, are not to be denied—look at them now running almost mute, and now again clamouring for his blood! Verily this cannot last, or if it does I shall not be there to see it. Eagerly I scan the country ahead of the pack, and there, yes surely, some two hundred yards off, I descry a dark and moving object. It is our quarry! The distance between us lessens, but see! there before him lies his stronghold, a large khet of sugar cane. Will he reach it? No—the hounds are straining every nerve. 'Forrard-forrard!' I cry, but I waste my breath. They run from scent to view; they have him! No, not yet! Yes, 'Gameboy' rolls him over. The pack closes round him. His troubles are at an end.

For twenty-five minutes had he been trying to outpace his foes, but in the boldness of his heart had led them all the way across the open, scorning to seek any shelter but his own well-known stronghold.

Six sportsmen only see his end, and these include the Commissioner, K——, the Hunt Secretary, the Cavalry Colonel, C——, and myself; for when the rest arrive the remains of poor Jack are only a mask and a bedraggled brush. This, I may mention, is an unusual circumstance, for it is seldom that hounds will break up and eat a jackal.

The whole field now cry 'Quantum suff.,' so we turn homewards, well pleased with our day, with our hounds, and ourselves.

THE BADMINTON 'GOLF' AND ITS CRITICS

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON

ONE of the few popular maxims which Charles Lamb did not traverse is, that 'When doctors differ patients die.' Happily, it is not always so. Sometimes it occurs that, doubtful where wisdom lies in the conflict of many counsellors, the patient adopts the advice of none, gives nature a chance, and recovers. It is extremely lucky for the golfing patient in the present juncture that the popular maxim is not infallible, for never has so much difference of opinion been rife as to the best treatment of his frequent ailments.

The Americans have always been a critical people—critical especially of the actions of the Britisher. Instances are not far to seek; and the latest and most serious direction in which their critical instinct has found an outlet has led to some questionings of the methods inculcated by the Badminton book on 'Golf' for performing the full driving stroke. Really, there seems to be no limit to the audacity of this remarkable people, by whose democratic spirit the dicta of the most inspired authority are not held sacred. Possibly they are encouraged in their courses by the flagrant example of Pettitt, who came over to England and, playing tennis, that most venerable and aristocratic game, on methods that were all his own, made mincemeat of the best English professionals.

But the worst has not yet been told. The first onslaught of criticism came not from an American born and bred—one in whom the democratic spirit might have apologised for its existence on the score of heredity—but from a Scotsman reared in the

straitest sect of golfing tradition—from Willie Dunn. A certain contributor to a newspaper called the 'Sun' laid hold of Willie Dunn and interviewed him; asked him what he thought of the teachings of the Badminton book, as illustrated by the examples of that teaching which he found extant in America; and Willie Dunn replied that he found them very bad. This was hard, no doubt, both on the teaching and on the examples; and when asked the points in which he deemed the former faulty, he proceeded to discuss them in detail, whereby they became subjected, in all their hideous nakedness, to the full glare of the 'Sun's' publicity. The examples for the nonce were spared.

But the matter was far from resting there. The erring author of the Badminton remarks was confronted with the criticisms of Dunn, and in return, on the biter-bit principle, had some words to say, defensive and offensive. Further, the whole question, amplified by commentary and counter-commentary, was submitted to a perfect galaxy of eminent players, each of whom has added somewhat of his own to the original document; so that now the novice has for his guidance, first, the erring Hutchinson; second, Willie Dunn on Hutchinsonian errors; thirdly, Hutchinson on Dunn on Hutchinson; and, finally, a *pot-pourri* of Willie Fernie, James Braid, Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, Mr. F. G. Tait, Mr. Linskill, the editor of 'Golf,' Mr. J. Low Taylor, Mr. Ernley Blackwell, Willie Park, and, finally, 'Vanderdecken' on the entire controversy. Each has something to say, and generally it is something different from the something of most of the others—sometimes something contrary to most of them. So, what a blessed position this is for the learner of golf! Assuredly somewhere in the many counsels of these many counsellors wisdom must be to be found; but where?

What ought the patient to do? Ought he to make up his mind, once for all, that one of all these is the one wise physician, and follow his advice with faith; or should he put the ingredients of all their prescriptions into one mixing bowl or saucepan, and boil them down until the residuum is a pill that he can swallow? Or shall he—there is a third course open—cast physic to the dogs (poor dogs!), and smite at the ball like the unregenerate man before the days of Badminton?

It might be the safest course, and undoubtedly would be the simplest; but, unhappily, even before the days of Badminton and his regeneration, man was not, even then, the natural man and natural golfer. Even then he was the child of his heredity and his environment. He played golf according to the traditions that

his fathers had bequeathed to him, and this heredity and environment were not to be escaped even by the author of the Badminton book. Let it be said at once: The author of that book had not discovered golf, or any new ways of golf, for himself. He was no golfing Pettitt. He had but assimilated, humbly and unconsciously, and observed consciously, but still humbly, the manners of golf that he saw about him in the schools of Westward Ho! and of St. Andrews. He did not come from Mars—like the angel of Mr. Wells's 'Wonderful Visit'—with a ready-made system (and no ready-made clothes). He adopted the manners that he saw about him, as the angel had to adopt the rector's garments, and when called upon to write of those manners, he endeavoured to explain them as best he might for the instruction of those who had no experience in them, emphasising such points as seemed to him to make for golfing sanity, and condemning those which struck him as injurious. So these manners, which were the basis of the Badminton book's grammar of golf, were no esoteric possession: they were the common property of all pupils in the same schools; nay more, these pupils, correctly speaking, were the property of those manners. Those manners of golf had made these pupils, and among them the writer of the Badminton book, such golfers as they were; for, as the old Wykehamist legend truly tells us, 'Manners makyth man.' Therefore it is as evident as possible, that, whatever the diversity of opinion as to the details of the best golfing methods, these diversities have arisen only from a different interpretation of the same accepted teachings. The erring Hutchinson and his critics were reared in the same school. The differences are differences of interpretation merely. The original text from which all derive their inspiration is the same.

This consideration must surely pour some balm of comfort into the soul of the patient who is harassed by the multiplicity of prescriptions. All these doctors matriculated in the same hospital, and it was a Scottish one; for though golf has now thrust itself into every corner of the world into which the Anglo-Saxon has thrust his nose—that is to say, pretty ubiquitously—still, we have only to go back a very few decades to come to the time when golf was confined to a little area in Scotland—St. Andrews, Prestwick, and the vicinity of Edinburgh—and within these narrow limits existed practically all the golf there was. It is true, of course, that there were certain sporadic offshoots at Blackheath, at Calcutta, and possibly one or two other isolated spots, but these were merely oases in a desert world that knew not golf. The real

genius of the game was very local, restricted to that narrow belt of Lowland Scotland; and from that golfing Garden of Eden came the race of golfers that has overrun the world to-day. From the tree of golfing knowledge that grew in that Garden alone a shoot was taken and planted in the kindly soil of Westward Ho! where, after the struggles of infancy were over, it flourished exceedingly and sent forth innumerable offshoots.

It is from the fruit of that original tree that all our golfing physicians distil their nostrums. Let us glance for a moment at the scenes of their respective studies. The Badminton author culled such lore as he has primarily at Westward Ho! under the shadow of a scion of the original tree, secondarily at St. Andrews, the Eden of Edens. Willie Dunn matriculated in golf under the eye of his father and namesake, who principally studied golf at Musselburgh—still within the Garden belt. The school of Willie Park's genius was the same links of Musselburgh. Braid learned his golf at Elie, a few miles only south of St. Andrews, and certainly under the same influence. Taylor, again, is from Westward Ho! where both he and the Badminton writer learned golf at the hands of Johnny Allan, whose golfing schools were Prestwick and St. Andrews. And of the remaining critics, every one is of the true St. Andrews school. The source, then, of all the lore and all the diverse counsel is thus ultimately identical. How can it be, then, that such diversity exists? Must it not be the truth that the diversity is apparent—consisting in unimportant details—rather than actual, or concerned with vital principles?

No doubt this is the fact. The original subject of criticism suggests that the right foot should be three inches in rear of the left when the ball is being addressed. Willie Dunn says he prefers that the right foot should be half an inch in advance of the left. Willie Park observes that he doubts whether any man—Willie Dunn or another—when standing to address the ball, can measure his stand on the turf to the nicety of half an inch; and probably many of us will share this scepticism. Mr. Tait thinks the matter of the stance optional; Mr. Hutchinson, in his critique on Dunn on Hutchinson, has made some concessions in this regard, and in the opinion of Mr. Tait we shall all be thankful to coincide. Most of the critics condemn in unison the raised elbow of the right arm, as depicted in the full swing shown in the Badminton book; and this point, too, the author of that work is ready to concede. On the question of the inches of shaft that should be allowed to project beyond the grip of the left hand there is such difference of opinion, and such pleasing absence of dogmatism,

that here, too, we may feel that personal option has its justification. One vital point only of Dunn's criticism is condemned so generally by the later critics that we can but think he is in error. He says that throughout the swing the body's weight is to be kept on the left leg only. All other advisers, without exception, agree that the body weight is shifted from left leg to right, and again from right to left, in course of the upward and downward swings.

The conclusion of the matter, as stated by 'Vanderdecken,' shows that writer to be a wise man. He thus sums up the substance of the controversy: 'In each case the general attitude is the same, the slight, but very apparent and important, variations being attributable to physical differences and personal idiosyncrasies, and these, to my thinking, are at the bottom of the whole question.' It is easy to see whence the Badminton writer took his notion of the right elbow so squared as to bring it at the top of the swing above the level of the wrist. A glance at the old medals, or at a modern medal struck from an old die, will show the right elbow precisely in that pose. Maybe, in the days when links were narrower and the 'sure' was of greater value than the 'far,' this trick of the elbow was found to make for straightness; and the Badminton writer, though still with a lurking fancy for this squared elbow, as helping the novice to describe a bigger arc in his swing, no longer, in the face of criticism, lays stress on this feature. It came to him as part of the tradition that he strove to place on paper; but in the light of later revelation he is content to let down that elbow gently, asking only of Dunn in return that he shall let a little weight pass during the swing on to the right leg—surely a fair exchange of concessions.

The other points at issue are the merest details. The maxim 'Don't press,' venerable as the game itself, does not escape calumny. But this is entirely a question of interpretation. Rolland, we are told, always 'presses.' True, Rolland always hits hard, awfully hard; but 'pressing,' in the golfer's sense, is defined as 'hitting with greater force than you can control.' And can Rolland not control, and direct with deadly accuracy, his force?

In detail styles vary. Not only does the style of one player vary from the style of another, but the style that one generation takes as its model is not the style that will be the model of the next, when a new style-creating genius shall have set his stamp on those who imitate him to his glory. But these variations are in the particulars that are unimportant. In the strong sweep of the stroke, meeting the ball fairly face

to face, gathering force as it comes down, and emphasised and strengthened by the turn of the body on the hips, there is no important variation. One player may catch a trick of manner that may serve him personally, and be perfectly right in trusting it as a nostrum for his own salvation, but no wise man will believe that in any such twitch of muscle he has found a panacea for the golfing world.

Each of us advises as best he may. But let us see to it that the following point be considered in giving our advice: The education of the tiro at golf is not merely a matter of observing, or snap-shooting with a kodak, the attitudes of the best players, and saying to the pupil, 'Go and do thou likewise.' Such counsel would be on a par with that of the physician who pointed out to a patient, from his sick-bed at Putney, the spectacle of the Oxford Crew feasting, with blinds not drawn, on semi-raw beefsteak. The adviser of the neophyte has to consider how much and what manner of teaching can profit his pupil best. He cannot make of a middle-aged man of sedentary habits a golfing Rolland all at once. Probably he will do most wisely to pick certain features from the styles of many players for his pupil's study and pious imitation. He will emphasise the merits of Fernie's easy body swing, of Toogood's wonderful follow-on, and of Taylor's steadfast gaze at the ball during the approach stroke. Many features in the styles of many players suggest themselves as ideal standards; no one golfer exhibits in his own style every counsel of perfection.

And with these words the Badminton writer may take a most kindly leave of all his critics, having started out with furious pen, intent on creating some diatribe which should become as famous as 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' yet ending, lamblike, in the conviction, perforce thrust upon him, on fuller consideration of the matter, that after all he and his critics are scarcely at such loggerheads as they had supposed. Their differences are of detail only, and the result of personal idiosyncrasy. In essentials, as they could not but be, they are at one; for the golfing grammar that they strive to impart to their disciples is in every case one and the same, learned in the same school, and ultimately from the same masters.

TOPPER

BY W. E. NORRIS

'Oh, he's game, miss; I don't deny but what he's game,' said the wizened, grey-headed little man, who was bending down over a wire-haired fox-terrier, while before them lay stretched the body of a recently deceased badger; 'he'd tackle 'arf a dozen of 'em, same as you see him tackle this one just now, and not ask no 'elp from nobody. But that's just where 'tis, you see; we can't do with 'em when they're so game as that. We want our foxes bolted, we don't care to have 'em killed underground; so, as his lordship was sayin' on'y yesterday, the best cure for poor Topper is a charge of shot. Oh, you're a hincorrigeable rascal, ain't you, Topper? Yes; that you are—more's the pity!'

It certainly seemed a great pity that this handsome and plucky little dog, who was pure white, save for his hound-marked head, and who might have taken a first prize at any show if he had not been a trifle too long in the leg, should be thus condemned; and so the tall, dark young lady in the riding-habit evidently thought.

'Oh, but he mustn't be killed, Lee; I can't bear him to be killed!' she exclaimed.

'Well, miss,' answered the old huntsman, whom she had ridden over to visit on that fine spring afternoon, and who had conducted her to the woods, where they were standing, in order that she might witness the scientific despatch of a badger or two, 'that's just what I said to myself yesterday afternoon, when his lordship was lookin' at the terriers. "If Miss Hylton should be wantin' a nice little dorg for a pet," I says——'

'But, Lee, I have got so many dogs already, and my aunt, unfortunately, doesn't like them in the house.'

'Don't she, indeed, miss? Well, of course, if 'twas *her* house, instead o' bein' yourn—but there! I didn't ought to trouble you about it; though I will say for Topper that *he* ain't the dorg to give trouble in a house. Manners of a perfect gentleman he has, and no ways given to fighting, without he's challenged to it. Howsomever, we've all got to die once, and——'

'Oh, I'll take him,' interrupted the girl, laughing; 'I'm not a bloodthirsty M.F.H., nor a hard-hearted huntsman either. Come along, Topper; you are going to have a new situation Will he follow me, do you think?'

The old huntsman was sure that he would, if Miss Hylton did not mind taking him under her arm for the first mile. 'He's that understanding he'll make no mistake about who he belongs to, once it's been made plain to him, and as for tiring of him—why, he'd run thirty mile, and then want to know when you was going to begin.'

'OH, I'LL TAKE HIM'

So, as Miss Hylton was riding a steady old cob and had a right arm to spare, her new acquisition was handed up to her as soon as she was in the saddle, and she departed from the kennels, giving comforting assurances to Topper in dog language, which he received with an occasional grave upward glance out of his clear brown eyes. She perceived that he was a dog of serious temperament, and that his friendship was not to be won in a moment; she perceived also that the change in his destiny did not precisely smile upon him. Yet he seemed willing to accept it with resignation, if without enthusiasm, and when she dropped him he trotted along beside the horse (running most of the time on three legs) like one who has already learnt that what can't be cured in this world must be endured.

After a time, his new mistress quitted the road and struck across some grass fields, Topper slipping through the gates sideways, like a hound, and darting off every now and then upon the scent of a rabbit, which, however, he obediently relinquished the moment that he was called. When Miss Hylton reached Combe Abbey, the old red-brick house which was hers by inheritance, she dismounted, caught the dog by his forelegs and kissed him, saying, 'You are a dear, good little man.'

He wagged his short tail, licked her face and responded as plainly as if he had possessed the gift of articulate speech, 'You are only a woman; but I think you'll do.'

The unfortunate fact was that Topper had a poor opinion of the fair sex. More intimate acquaintance with him rendered this peculiarity of his manifest, and from the first he treated Mrs. Lindsay, Miss Hylton's aunt and resident duenna, with a disdainful toleration which annoyed that lady all the more because he gave her no other cause for legitimate complaint. He did not destroy the furniture, nor did he beg for scraps at dinner, as the other numerous canine denizens of the house did; so that all she could say was:

'Well, Alice, if two Irish terriers, a pug, a dachshund and a poodle were not enough for you without this sulky little cur, I only hope your next pet may be a bulldog. Then perhaps we shall have a few desirable deaths in the family.'

No deaths, desirable or otherwise, were brought about in the family by the latest addition to Miss Hylton's mixed pack. Towards dogs, as towards ladies, Topper's attitude was ever one of dignified reserve. On the morning after his arrival one of the Irish terriers thought fit to go for him, and was immediately dragged round and round the lawn by the root of his ear until he had had enough of it; but the peace was not again broken, and the new-comer established himself in a position of superiority upon which he did not insist, but which was tacitly conceded to him. Thenceforth, his life at Combe Abbey was of a nature to content most dogs, and doubtless he would have been abundantly contented with it, had it afforded rather more scope for the gratification of his sporting instincts. To his mistress he attached himself with unswerving fidelity, keeping a watchful eye upon all her movements, following her wherever she went, and sleeping in her bedroom.

'But I know that in his heart he looks down upon me,' she told her aunt. 'He can't help thinking that I have made an unpardonable mistake in not being a man--and, indeed, I often think so myself!'

'My dear,' returned Mrs. Lindsay, who was a somewhat formidable-looking old personage, with a long nose and an elaborate head-gear, 'you are what God made you, and what many a girl would gladly be. I do not say that your present independence is altogether salutary either for you or for the estate; but we must hope that, in the natural course of things, responsibility will be taken out of your hands before long.'

What Mrs. Lindsay meant was that she was provided with a candidate of whom she approved for her niece's hand. Captain Leycester, to be sure, was not precisely an ideal candidate, seeing that he was neither wealthy nor titled; still he was a gentleman, he was well known in smart society, and he bore an excellent reputation for sober, steady habits. With a girl like Alice, who hated London, and whose fox-hunting friends were of all ranks, there was always the danger of some dreadful catastrophe occurring; so Mrs. Lindsay felt that it was best to take what was obtainable and be thankful.

Captain Leycester, who was at that time staying with his friend Jack Goodwin, a neighbouring squire, rode over, one afternoon, to pay his respects to the ladies, and the sight of breeches and leggings was evidently a glad one to Topper, when he followed his mistress into the drawing-room. Wagging his tail, he at once trotted up to the tall, handsome, well-dressed stranger, and instituted olfactory investigations. But these, it seemed, did not prove quite satisfactory, for he soon walked off on tiptoe, obviously saying to himself, 'Dear, dear, what a disappointment!' and lay down sadly at some little distance from the pair, who were exchanging greetings.

'Another dog, Miss Hylton!' was Captain Leycester's ejaculation. 'Not a very amiable one, either, by the look of him.'

'His temper is perfect,' the girl returned, with a slight accent of displeasure; 'but he doesn't like people to snap their fingers and thumbs under his nose, as you did just now. He looks upon that sort of thing as a liberty.' She added, after a pause, 'I got Topper from the kennels. They wouldn't keep him there, because he kills foxes.'

Captain Leycester opined that, in that case, the sooner somebody killed Topper the better it would be for the community at large; but this remark was so ill received that he hastened to make such amends as he could for it by declaring that any *protégé* of Miss Hylton's must be regarded as privileged. He was a man of pleasant manners, who rode fairly straight to hounds and had many tastes in common with Alice Hylton, who was not un-

favourably disposed towards him. Certainly he had not as yet succeeded in inspiring her with anything resembling a romantic passion; but she had reasons of her own for doubting whether any future husband of hers was likely to do that; and, situated as she was, it was almost imperative upon her to marry somebody.

'Why not Captain Leycester?' her aunt pertinently inquired on the following day; and the sole reply that she had to make was the perfectly absurd one of 'Well—Topper doesn't seem to fancy him much.'

What was rather more reasonable was the plea which she put forward a few days later to the effect that Captain Leycester had not asked her yet.

'He has not asked you because you have taken very good care not to let him,' Mrs. Lindsay returned severely. 'You are most ingenious in the way that you manage to avoid being left alone with him for a single moment—more ingenious than fair, I must say. If you do not give him an opportunity before we go up to London next week, you will have treated him extremely badly, in my opinion.'

To that extremity of bad treatment Captain Leycester was, nevertheless, subjected by a lady who, not knowing her own mind, did not wish to be called upon to declare it. Much as she detested a London season, that annual form of penance was as inevitable for her as other forms of penance seemed fated to be, and on this occasion she was rendered a little less unwilling than usual to leave home by the assiduities of her admirer. It was true that her admirer, who was a Guardsman, would be encountered also in London; but he would be one of several admirers there, and crowds give a sense of security.

So Miss Hylton forsook the rural scenes which she loved, and Topper was left disconsolate. Every week a categorical report of the health and conduct of her four-footed friends was despatched to her; but although Topper was favourably spoken of in the former respect, not much, unfortunately, could be said for him in the latter. For two days after his mistress's departure he had moped and refused food; but on the third he had, it appeared, resigned himself to circumstances, and had adopted habits of which it had been found impossible to break him.

'I am sorry to tell you, miss,' Alice's correspondent wrote, 'that we can't do nothing with Topper. He is off poaching nearly all his time, and though Mr. Stevens has caught him twice and thrashed him hard, it don't seem to make no sort of difference

to him. How ever he got himself in such a state as he was day before yesterday, when he came home all smothered in blood and his ear bit through, besides other wounds, we can't think; but Mr. Stevens he says he don't suppose it was a rabbit as served him so. Mr. Stevens wasn't nearly so displeased as we expected, and laughed quite good-humouredlike—which we was glad of, because his language about the dog of late has been such as I am sure you would not approve of it, miss, if you was to hear it.'

Stevens, the keeper, received prompt instructions from London to the effect that Topper was not to be thrashed, and was in-

LED HER TO TELL HIM A NUMBER OF THINGS

formed that Miss Hylton would herself, on her return, break the dog of any vices that he might have developed

Such an undertaking on the part of a young lady perhaps justified the scornful guffaw which it provoked; yet it is a fact that, when Miss Hylton did return, her refractory pet ceased to be a poacher. Ordinarily a somewhat undemonstrative dog, he greeted her with such extravagant joy that she could not have found it in her heart to be angry with him, even if she had been what she did not happen to be, an ardent preserver of game; and as from that moment he never voluntarily quitted her side, she had no occasion to resort to measures which had been unsuccess-

fully employed by others. Every now and again, to be sure, temptation in the shape of a scurrying rabbit overpowered him; but really there can be no great harm in chasing an occasional rabbit out in the open, nor was it difficult to avoid walking or riding in the direction of the coverts.

By degrees, in the course of the long summer days which followed, and which were spent by Miss Hylton and her aunt in a solitude more satisfactory to the younger than to the elder lady, Topper established himself in the position which he quietly, but pertinaciously, solicited, of his mistress's confidant, ousting the terriers, the pug, the dachshund and the poodle, amongst whom the office had hitherto been held in commission. She found him admirable in that capacity, as, indeed, every honest dog is; upon his sympathy and comprehension she could always rely, and his inability to betray her secrets by word of mouth led her to tell him a number of things which it would have been scarcely safe to mention to a human friend. For the most part he put his head on one side, cocked his ears, looked wise and agreed with her; yet there were certain points as to which he appeared to reserve to himself the right of future judgment. There was, for example, the case of Captain Leycester, who was still neither accepted nor rejected, but who was coming down to stay with Jack Goodwin as soon as the hunting began, and to whom a definite answer would then have to be given. It may have been imagination, but Alice Hylton was convinced that Topper was not yet prepared to extend the paw of good-fellowship to Captain Leycester.

On the other hand, he took at once to her old friend and playfellow Jack Goodwin, who rode over from time to time, and met with the welcome to which an old friend was entitled. Topper's unerring instinct caused him to recognise this simple, unassuming and rather plain-featured gentleman immediately as one of the right sort; nor could it be denied that, from Topper's point of view, that description applied to one who was an excellent all-round sportsman and a thoroughly kind-hearted fellow. That Mr. Goodwin was neither brilliant nor rich, nor highly connected, accounted for the equanimity with which his frequent visits were tolerated by Mrs. Lindsay. With such a man Alice was in no danger of falling in love. Moreover, if any danger of the kind had existed, it must have declared itself long ago; for she had known Jack Goodwin from her childhood. For the rest, Jack was quite conscious of his own disabilities—well aware also that the lady for whom he entertained a profound and respectful

admiration was in all probability destined to become the bride of his friend Leycester. Being still so undecided as to the course of a destiny which depended solely upon herself, she might, not unnaturally, have consulted Jack before coming to a determination; but, for some reason or other, she refrained from doing so. Perhaps she felt less secure of his discretion than of Topper's; perhaps she was a little provoked by the resolute, painstaking fashion in which he seized every occasion of singing Captain Leycester's praises.

In the month of November, a few days after the opening meet of the season, the *prétendant*, accompanied by his faithful Goodwin, reappeared upon the scene, and it is the painful duty of the present chronicler to record that he had scarcely swallowed the cup of tea and the slice of cake offered to him by Miss Hylton when he was made the victim of a very disgraceful and inhospitable outrage. How do these deplorable episodes occur? Almost always, in the case of a sudden affray, each party concerned has his own version of the affair to give; but, of course, nothing can excuse an attack upon the person of a guest; and while Captain Leycester, hastily wrapping a handkerchief round his wounded fingers, was protesting that it did not in the least matter, Topper was receiving the first sound whipping ever inflicted upon him by his mistress.

'That's the worst of fox-terriers,' remarked Jack Goodwin apologetically. 'They don't really mean any harm; but they get excited and lose their heads, and then, when it's too late, they're awfully sorry, you know.'

The crestfallen Topper, who had accepted his punishment (and a pretty severe punishment it had been, too) without once giving tongue, crawled to the side of this friend in need, and looked eloquently up into his face, as who should say, 'Thank you, sir. My conduct has been abominable, I know, and I am sorry that I should have brought shame upon the house; but, when you imply that I regret having made my teeth meet in that fellow's hand, you go just a shade too far.'

That such was his meaning was rendered only too apparent by his dolorous but obstinate refusal to beg Captain Leycester's pardon. He preferred to slink off in silence to the other end of the room and conceal himself under a sofa, where he remained until Miss Hylton's visitors had taken their leave. Before they did so, they had been cordially invited by Mrs. Lindsay to spend the following Monday and Tuesday nights at the Abbey, in order that they might be saved the very long ride or drive to the

meet which they would otherwise have had to face on the latter day.

'And I do hope, Alice,' the good lady added, 'that you will have that vicious and unmannerly cur of yours chained up when Captain Leycester comes again. If he were *my* dog, he should be poisoned at once.'

Captain Leycester magnanimously declared that he was glad his late assailant did not belong to Mrs. Lindsay. 'Really I take it as rather a compliment that Topper should be so jealous of me,' he said, 'and we shall be friends yet, he and I.'

HE PREFERRED TO CONCEAL HIMSELF UNDER A SOFA

From beneath the sofa rose a low dissentient growl, which passed unnoticed amid the renewed and valedictory apologies of the two ladies; but the suggested explanation was not disputed by Miss Hylton, who found in it some excuse for subsequently receiving the culprit back into favour. As for Captain Leycester, he was no sooner out of the house than he remarked to his companion: 'Damn that beast!—it's my bridle hand, too! What on earth does a woman want to surround herself with such underbred brutes for?'

'Oh, come; he isn't underbred,' protested Jack Goodwin, who was a scrupulously fair-minded man.

'All right, he's a champion, if you like. He'll have to learn manners, though, when I become his master.'

'I suppose you *will* be his master some day?' observed Jack meditatively and a little wistfully.

'Well, you tell me that I shall. I wish I felt as certain of her taking me as you seem to be that she will. However, I shall know more about it on Monday evening; for I'm getting rather tired of this off and on business. She must have made up her mind, one way or the other, by this time, I should think.'

Captain Leycester expressed himself with a peremptoriness and a touch of acerbity which his friend did not altogether approve; but some allowance had to be made for a wounded man, and for one, too, who, to tell the truth, was not without other reasons for deeming himself ill-used.

'I believe she has made up her mind to take you, old chap,' answered Jack Goodwin. 'If she hasn't, it is no fault of mine, that's all I can say.'

Assuredly the loyal Jack had nothing for which to reproach himself on that score, nor did Captain Leycester lack such support as the partisanship of Mrs. Lindsay and the dictates of Alice Hylton's own common sense could afford; yet the candid avowal of his sentiments and the direct question which he was enabled to address to the lady of his choice on the following Monday evening, met with a rather ambiguous reply.

'Oh, no; it isn't that I don't care enough for you,' Miss Hylton assured him; 'I like you quite as much as is necessary—at least, I think I do. But——'

'Well?'

'You will think me an idiot, I am afraid; but I was going to say that—Topper doesn't.'

As to the fact that Topper did not like Captain Leycester there could, unfortunately, be no question; whether it was or was not idiotic on Miss Hylton's part to be influenced by the likes and dislikes of a dog, her lover naturally hesitated to pronounce. He only ventured to say, 'You are under the impression that his instinct has detected some latent villainy in my character, then?'

'There is no occasion to use such words as that,' answered the girl, with a slightly embarrassed laugh; 'but I confess that I do rely a good deal upon Topper's instinct, which I have found to be wonderfully accurate. Oh, well, of course that is nonsense,' she added immediately in an altered tone; 'what I really mean is that I should like to have a little more time; can you give me three days, or would you rather that I said no at once?'

He made the only reply that could be made to so unhandsome a proffer of alternatives, and resolved (not without an inward curse) to propitiate the four-footed arbiter of his destinies.

Now, everybody who has studied, even superficially, the canine race must have discovered that there is never the smallest use in paying court to them. Dogs are often said to be vain, and it is true that in some respects they are so; where they differ from the human race is that, whereas flattery which we know to be interested does not altogether displease us, it invariably arouses their contempt. Topper, therefore, submitted to the caresses bestowed upon him by Captain Leycester after dinner merely for the sake of the biscuits by which they were accompanied. He liked macaroons, and thought he might as well take them when he could get them; but he could not bring himself to lick the hand which he had bitten, nor was he the dupe of advances which—as he was probably aware—no self-respecting man would have made. In the course of the evening he allowed himself to be patted, critically surveyed and complimented upon points some of which he possessed, while in others he was somewhat deficient; but although it was evident that he would not again forget himself so far as to fly at Captain Leycester, it was quite equally evident that that gentleman had won neither his affection nor his esteem.

In the smoking-room, after the ladies had gone up to bed, Jack Goodwin was made the recipient of a confidential communication by which he was honestly puzzled.

'Well, I'm sure I don't know,' he was constrained to say, scratching his ear in perplexity. 'She is a great sportswoman, you see.'

'What on earth has that to do with it?' Captain Leycester wanted to know.

'I mean that, from having associated so much with horses and dogs, she attaches more importance to their fancies, perhaps, than most people would; I'm something like that myself. However,' added Jack with a sigh, 'you may be sure that if she had been going to refuse you, she would have refused you to-day, and most likely you will win her heart by riding straight over that stiff country to-morrow.'

Captain Leycester was known among his intimates to be a fine horseman; but unhappily for him there were days when he did not and could not ride straight. That such a day had most inappropriately dawned he became aware when he awoke the next morning with a splitting headache—the result, it may be, of anxiety and mortification—and perhaps, under all the circum-

stances, he exercised a sound discretion in determining to remain at home.

'Oh, I shall be all right by the afternoon, I dare say,' he assured his concerned and sympathetic friends; 'but just now I can hardly see out of my eyes, and I don't believe I could jump over a stick.'

So Jack and Miss Hylton rode off together, and, as Mrs. Lindsay had promised to lunch with friends who lived at a distance Captain Leycester was left to nurse his malady in complete solitude. After he had had his luncheon he felt a good deal better in health, but considerably worse in temper and spirits. Was it the presence in the dining-room of Topper, who deigned to accept further doles of food from him, which caused him to be assailed by a sudden and very base temptation?

'Confound you, you ugly brute!' he muttered; 'I've done my best to make friends with you, and you prefer to be my enemy. Let it be war between us, then; all's fair in love and in war. Now then, you!' he continued, in a louder and more amiable tone of voice, 'would you like to come for a walk? Where are those rabbits, eh?'

Topper pricked up his ears. He knew what that word meant; yet there was a look of suspicion and irresolution in his eyes. '*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,' he might have replied, if the power of articulate speech had been his.

Nevertheless, he was trotting across the park at Captain Leycester's heels ten minutes later. Doubtless he had weighed one consideration against another and had concluded that a walk in uncongenial company was better than no walk at all. Moreover, he noticed with satisfaction that the man who strode ahead of him was making straight for the woods which sloped down towards the river. In those woods, as Topper knew, there were badgers; and the joy of being put into a badger's earth had been denied him ever since he had been the property of a lady who did not care to have her dogs mauled. Almost he began to be persuaded that this Leycester was a better fellow than he looked or smelt.

Alas! whatever Captain Leycester's previous record may have been, he was at that moment a very bad fellow indeed—so bad a fellow that he felt it necessary to act with despatch, lest he should weaken in his purpose. Having reached the overhanging banks of the stream, which was just then swollen by recent rains and was running rapidly, he picked up a heavy stone, secured it to a piece of cord which he drew from his pocket, and called the dog. Topper advanced, interrogation expressed in his eyes and ears,

and suffered the cord to be attached to his collar. What new form of sport was this?

In another moment he had his answer. He was deftly seized by the scruff of the neck and just above the tail, he was flung high into the air, and a resultant splash greeted the ears of the murderer, who turned and hurried away. With that depth of water and speed of current, it was unlikely that his victim's struggles would be prolonged or even visible; still, drowning is a comparatively slow process, and he had no wish to linger upon the scene of his crime.

Well, there is no more cruelty involved in drowning a dog than in hunting a fox or shooting a pheasant, and Captain

A SPLASH GREETED THE EARS OF THE MURDERER

Leycester was vexed with himself for feeling so ashamed and remorseful as he did. He had, to be sure, been guilty of an act of treachery; but then again Topper's onslaught upon him had been alike treacherous and unprovoked.

'Besides which,' he reflected, 'it was just as much a case of sink or swim for me as it was for that cross-grained little brute. If I had spared him, he wouldn't have spared me, that's very certain, and, upon my soul, I believe Alice would have sent me about my business if he had lived. As it is, she will take it for granted that he has gone off poaching somewhere and been shot for his pains. And after a bit, she'll forget him, let us hope.'

Meanwhile, the lady upon whose facility for oblivion he counted was riding homewards with Jack Goodwin, after a very unsatisfactory day. They had left the hounds rather early, having convinced themselves that it was hopeless scenting weather and that they would see no sport by remaining out.

'Captain Leycester has had the best of it, after all,' remarked Alice; 'it seems to me that he generally does get the best of it.'

'Does he?' asked her companion. 'In what way?'

'In every way, I should think. His friends apparently ask for nothing better than to provide him with all that he wants.'

'I am not so sure that they can. Is he going to get all that he wants, I wonder?'

'Oh, I suppose so,' returned the girl rather impatiently. 'Jack,' she resumed, after a pause, 'you are my friend, as well as his, and you have known me a good deal longer than you have known him. Would you mind telling me why you are so anxious that I should marry Captain Leycester?'

Jack Goodwin looked straight between his horse's ears and answered in a steady, level voice: 'You are bound to marry somebody soon. I want you to marry a gentleman and an honest man who will make you happy. That's natural enough, isn't it?'

'Quite natural, thank you; but are gentlemen and honest men so very rare? I thought I had the privilege of being acquainted with one or two besides Captain Leycester. You yourself, not to flatter you too highly——'

She was prevented from finishing her sentence by a little white dog, with a cord round his neck, who suddenly emerged from the belt of trees beside which they were pacing, and caused her horse to plunge violently by leaping up at his nose.

'Go down, Topper, you wretch!' she cried, flicking him with the lash of her crop; 'I thought I had broken you of that horrid trick. And where have you come from, pray?'

Topper shook himself, wagged his tail and snapped viciously at the cord which hampered his movements.

'He seems to have come from a very wet place, at all events,' remarked Jack Goodwin. And then—'I say, look here! Unless I am very much mistaken, our friend has been having a narrow squeak for his life. What infernal rascals these keepers are!'

He had dismounted and had unfastened the cord, which, with the loop at the end where the stone had been, told its own tale as plainly as could be. 'It's good luck for Topper that that fellow has something yet to learn in the art of tying a knot,' said he.

'I would not have believed it of Stevens!' exclaimed Alice

indignantly. 'Well, he may look out for another place now, for I shall dismiss him to-morrow morning.'

'If you can prove him guilty. But what evidence is there?'

'There is the cord, anyhow. Give it to me, please. It is a

'GO DOWN, TOPPER, YOU WRETCH!'

piece of strong twine, I see, and it has evidently been used before to tie up a parcel, because there are traces of sealing-wax upon it. I may be able to discover how it came into Stevens's possession.'

She could talk of nothing else until the Abbey was reached, and so eager was she, on their arrival, to set investigations on

'WHY DID YOU TRY TO KILL MY DOG?'

foot, that she went at once to the servants' hall, leaving Jack to narrate the tale of the frustrated tragedy to Mrs. Lindsay and Captain Leycester, whom he found drinking tea together in the library.

'I hope I am not more inhuman than another,' was Mrs. Lindsay's comment upon the news; 'but really I can't find it in my heart to rejoice. If ever a dog deserved drowning, that one did!'

As for Leycester, it may be taken as certain that the sentiments in his heart did not include joy. He said nothing, but thought a good deal; and amongst other disagreeable questions which suggested themselves to him was that of how far it would be in his power, as a more or less honourable man, to keep his guilty secret. He could not, of course, allow the keeper to be dismissed; but Stevens, it might be hoped, would be able to prove an *alibi*, while Topper, whose habits were notoriously independent, had not, so far as he was aware, been seen to leave the house in his company.

'The worst of it is,' mused Captain Leycester, with a wrinkled brow, 'that the little brute is quite sharp enough to betray me. In any case, I may as well give up all hope of ever conciliating him after this. What a duffer I was not to knock him on the head before I chucked him into the water!'

He was still occupied with these and similar vain regrets when Miss Hylton, accompanied by her dog, entered the room. She had made inquiries, she said, and believed that she had obtained a clue; but she did not seem inclined to be communicative, nor did she show any signs of displeasure with her guest, whose presence Topper, for his part, chose to ignore. By the time that Jack Goodwin had gone off to change his clothes and Mrs. Lindsay had betaken herself elsewhere to write letters, the would-be murderer was feeling considerably reassured; so that it was all the greater shock to him to be asked point-blank:

'Why did you try to kill my dog, Captain Leycester?'

Without waiting for a reply, Miss Hylton went on: 'You need not trouble to deny it. The butler saw Topper crossing the park with you after luncheon, and I find that the twine which was fastened to his collar came off a parcel which you received from London this morning. I should only like to know, just as a matter of curiosity, what your motive was for perpetrating such a cruel and cowardly act.'

Topper, who had been lying before the fire, strolled up to his mistress's side, surveyed the luckless accused and appeared to associate himself with her in that legitimate query.

Leycester, perceiving that nothing save the truth could be of the slightest service to him, made the answer and the appeal which befitted his uncomfortable situation. He could not, he said, expect her to forgive him; and yet, if she were generous as well as just, she would acknowledge, perhaps, that it was she who had exposed him to a well-nigh irresistible temptation. She would acknowledge, at any rate, that he had no cause to love Topper, whereas she was aware of how profoundly and passionately he loved her.

'And you gave me to understand, almost in so many words, that I must earn his approval before I could hope to be accepted by you. Why, if he had been a man, instead of a dog, I should have been more than half inclined to put him out of the way!'

'I don't doubt it,' answered the girl coldly. 'Well, I am glad to know for certain that Topper was right in his estimate of you, Captain Leycester—so glad that I really can't grudge you my forgiveness. You may be interested in hearing that I should have refused your flattering offer, anyhow. After all, one marries to please oneself, not to please one's friends, however sensible and thoughtful they may be.'

'Thank you,' returned Leycester, with a forced smile; 'I think I can understand what *that* means. Allow me to congratulate you upon the approval with which your dog evidently honours Goodwin. I may as well take this opportunity of thanking you for your hospitality and begging you to let me have a trap of some kind presently to drive to the station in. By hurrying a little, I shall just catch the up express, and I don't feel quite equal to offering the further congratulations which you and he will probably expect to-morrow.'

Miss Hylton did not deign to notice a ridiculous and gratuitous piece of impertinence which, nevertheless, brought the blood into her cheeks. She replied, with much dignity, that a carriage should be ordered, as desired, and immediately left the room, followed by Topper, who paused for an instant upon the threshold to ejaculate 'Gow!' very sharply and decisively. Coming from a dog of such silent propensities, this parting salute might be taken—and, indeed, was taken—as insultingly significant.

A mystified and amazed man was Jack Goodwin, when he came down to dinner and was informed of his friend's abrupt departure.

'Called away?' exclaimed the honest simpleton. 'What for?—called where? But of course he is coming back again?'

Miss Hylton really could not say. Captain Leycester had gone to London, she believed; she had not inquired whether he proposed to return to their part of the world or not.'

'Well,' Jack declared, 'I can't understand it at all!'

'Nor can I,' said Mrs. Lindsay, with a grim look at her niece which did not altogether bear out her assertion.

But, although Mrs. Lindsay was fully prepared to hear that a perverse young woman had refused a good offer, she was by no means prepared for the communication which was made to her in her bedroom some hours later, after she had retired for the night.

'My dear Alice,' she cried, throwing up her hands in dismay, 'you are utterly unaccountable! Jack Goodwin, of all people in the world!—a dull-witted nonentity, whose one merit, I have always thought, was that he had sense enough to abstain from making advances to you! What *can* you see in him that you failed to see in Captain Leycester?'

'Oh, a good many things,' replied the girl composedly. 'Amongst others, that he is a thorough gentleman and a good sportsman. What I must confess that it was rather stupid of me not to see before now was that he has cared for me since we were children. However, as *he* didn't see that I have never loved anybody but him, he can't fairly reproach me for that.'

'Reproach you, indeed! I should think not! And to think that all this should have come to pass through a worthless little mongrel, who, unfortunately, was not born to be drowned!'

'If you like to call Topper a mongrel,' returned Alice, with undiminished good humour, 'of course you can do so; though I wouldn't say such things, if I were you, in the presence of anybody who knows the points of a fox-terrier. As for his being worthless—well, he certainly hasn't proved so either to his mistress or to his future master.'

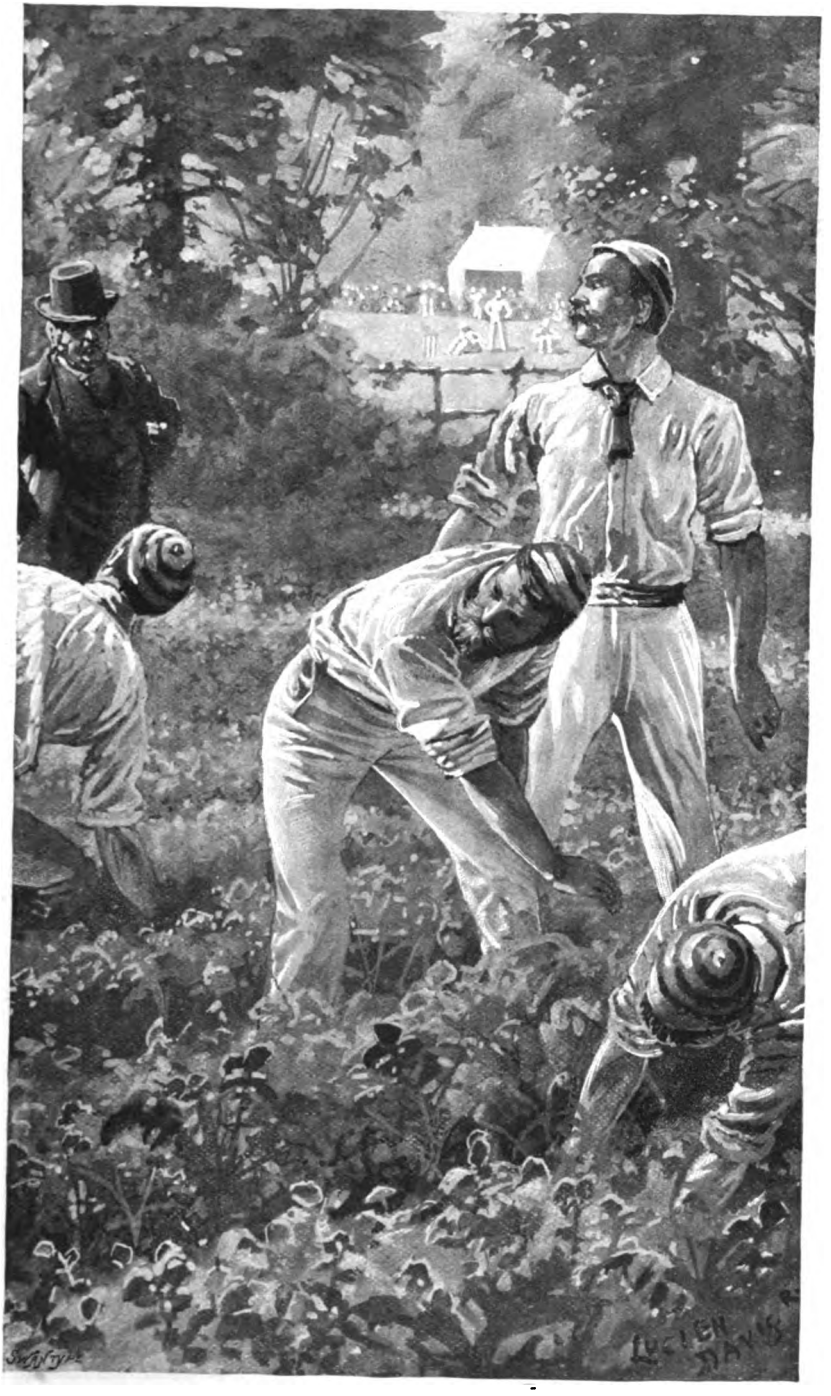
Certainly he had not; and the high appreciation in which he continues to be held by the inmates of Combe Abbey and their dependents would doubtless ere now have spoilt a dog of less stable character. But Topper, though sometimes a trifle arbitrary, is conscious of what he owes to others as well as to himself, and even the keeper admits that you may do anything with him by taking him in the right way. Some people go so far as to assert (but this is probably mere calumny) that Stevens, by taking him in the right way, has found means of utilising him which account for the firm friendship that now subsists between them.

SOME BIG HITS AND BIG HITTERS

BY W. J. FORD

In this paper, which must necessarily be rather desultory in character, I wish to draw a line between *hard* hitting and *big* hitting. To give any account of fast scoring and hard hitting would be impossible, as nearly all batsmen who have any pretence to be first-class can force the game with a fair amount of success when the right time comes. Scotton, for instance, was a really hard hitter at one period of his career, and I have seen Louis Hall suddenly launch out after a long period of quiet play, and hit three consecutive balls for four, one of them landing in Lord's pavilion. Again, there are many fine batsmen who habitually score fast and hit hard, without being in any way phenomenal hitters, and it is about the phenomenal hitters that I want to jot down a few notes that may be of interest.

But at once the question of definition arises, What is a phenomenal hit? First, I wish to limit this class of hits to 'drives.' Some men have a special gift for hitting a long-hop. J. Shuter at once occurs to the mind as an instance, and he was a fine driver too; W. O. Moberley was another; so, too, were Pooley and Charlwood, the hardest hitters for their size that I ever remember; yet none of these made enormous hits, the ball travelling 100 yards or more before it fell to mother earth or into the long-field's hands. But, to go back to the question of definition, I consider that to cover 100 yards from hit to pitch is a fine hit, and one that is not very often done in any given match, though there are plenty of men who can accomplish it; but 120 yards—that odd 20 makes all the difference—is an exceptional distance for all but comparatively few men, so I am going to make this



LOST BALL!

a sort of rough standard of distance, and to chat about the men whom I have seen hit this distance with some frequency, and a longer distance on occasions of divine inspiration.

Before dealing with individuals, I should like to say a word about methods. There is one class of men, and I regard G. J. Bonnor as a type, who have the gift of standing still and hitting huge 'ballooners' fast-footed—*i.e.* without a rush to meet the ball. This gift is limited to a few, as it requires a special physique and rare powers of timing and watching the ball, so as to meet it with a full-faced bat at exactly the right instant. Others, such as C. I. Thornton and—may I add?—myself, make their big hits, as a rule, by springing in to meet the ball, when the full swing of bat and body are abetted by the fact that the striker is in motion at the moment of impact. In the case of comparatively small and light men this rush is almost essential for a big hit, and it will be noticed that they seem to give a slight jump in the air, landing, with their feet close together, just at the instant when the bat meets the ball, so that accurate judgment of distance as well as of time is essential if the stroke is to be a success. One axiom may be laid down—*i.e.* that no man can make huge hits with a 2 lb. bat; probably 2 lb. 6 oz. to 2 lb. 10 oz. gives the limits, and the latter weight, if the balance of the bat is good, is not excessive for a strong man. Bean, though thick-set, is not a big man; but I remember getting hold of his bat one day when he was hitting with exceptional power, and being surprised at its weight. His answer was, 'I like something that sends them of itself,' and he had certainly got a fine implement for the purpose. I doubt the advantage of a long blade or a long handle, as the balance of the bat is apt to be disturbed; but the finest hit, barring none, that I ever saw, was made by W. H. Fowler, of Somerset, with a long-handled bat. The ball travelled clean over the old pavilion at Lord's, luckily missing the chimney-stack (which it would, I believe, have demolished, so furiously was it travelling), and landed plump against the house behind, high up on the wall, as we were told afterwards; unobstructed, that ball would, I verily believe, have gone to Maida Vale. But, though a single drive may be made of exceptional distance with a long handle, still one's all-round hitting is not improved by its use. Such, at least, is my own opinion, based on experiment and experience; but, after all, the important point is, Who holds the bat? and a comparatively light weapon in the hands of a good man will work wonders.

We have now come to the point where it is necessary to be personal, and if the question be put in the form of 'Who is the

hardest hitter you have ever seen?' my answer is ready to hand; but if it is an enquiry as to the fastest scorer, the reply is not so obvious—in fact, no reply is possible, as the question is resolved into, Who can score most off a given number of balls? and in such a competition the biggest hitter would not necessarily have the best of the deal. Names innumerable occur to one at once—P. S. MacDonnell, Lord Hawke, Sir T. C. O'Brien, M. Read, W. Read, F. Marchant, A. N. Hornby, &c. &c.—of men who habitually play or played a free and forcing game, delightful to the spectator, and invaluable to the side. But, in answer to the question originally propounded, as to who is the greatest hitter I have ever seen, I answer unhesitatingly 'C. I. Thornton,' passing over even the gigantic G. J. Bonnor. Thornton established his fame by hitting over the Lord's pavilion in the Eton and Harrow match, and since that time no ground has been big enough for him. His feats are too numerous to record in detail; but at Scarborough he once made more sixes than singles in a score of 109, hitting the ball eight times out of the ground; he hit two sixes and two fours at Cambridge off an over of David Buchanan's; at Brighton he made seven fours and a six off the eight balls which composed his innings, and, besides repeatedly driving over 140 yards from hit to pitch, has a duly measured record of 168 yards and a few beggarly feet and inches. What Bonnor's record is I cannot ascertain—perhaps some of our Australian visitors could enlighten us—but Thornton's big drive is absolutely vouched for. It is worth remembering, however, that in the natural order of things few huge hits can be accurately measured; they are generally out of the ground, perhaps against the side of a house, and there is seldom, or never, any one on the spot to mark the fall of the ball. If Thornton's hits are unique, so too are his methods. I saw him once (*ex uno disce omnes*) playing at Prince's about 1875 or 1876, against Oxford. W. Foord-Kelcey was bowling his fastest, and that was no mean pace; but the batsman was down to the pitch of the ball almost every time; there was a swish in the air, and either the ball was at the boundary or the wicket-keeper had missed a chance. The only variation in the programme was when Thornton found he had misjudged his distance, and allowed the ball just to drop against his bat. There is no scientific bowling possible to such a man; good balls, bad balls, and indifferent balls are alike to him, especially as he could, when he chose, set up a really stubborn defence and play capital cricket. No wonder the ring cheered when he came in; it certainly got some fun for its money, even when the fun didn't last long. He has

confided to me, under the rose, that he got as many runs, he thought, over long-slip's head as in any part of the field. I remember a match at Colchester where the boundary was within driving distance, and where he, G F. Vernon, and myself hit so many over the fence into a potato field that the owner turned sulky and vowed that no more fieldsmen should come looking for balls among his praties. Needless to say, Thornton is a very powerful man, especially about the hips, as is the case with most hard hitters; while his rush to meet the ball, and his accurate timing, feet landing and bat hitting simultaneously, easily account for the prodigious distance to which he can hit.

The methods of his great rival, G. J. Bonnor, were utterly different, but the net results were practically the same. Bonnor, with his magnificent physique and his 6 ft 6 in. of height, stood still at the crease, and with one prodigious lunge swept the ball to or over the boundary without any apparent effort. What a driver he would have been at golf! The finest bit of hitting I ever saw him do was in Smokers *v.* Non-Smokers at Lord's, when he seemed to take a special pleasure in punishing those of the Australian bowlers who were opposed to him. I missed a unique treat that day, that of catching one of his huge drives in mid-air; for, standing on the top of the pavilion, he drove one straight towards my hands, but unluckily it was intercepted by a malignant railing. It would have been interesting (painful?) to see and feel what the pace of such a hit is like when the ball is in full career. Bonnor played more correct cricket than Thornton, but during his last visit he overdid correctness, and, not being a highly scientific batsman, threw away the advantage of his splendid reach and height; but to my mind he could hit a long-hop harder than any man I ever saw, especially on the off-side, driving it all along the ground at terrific speed. Bonnor, at his best, was a wonderful bat to watch. What his record for an over is I cannot ascertain, though he made 6, 4, 4, 6, off an over of A. P. Lucas at Scarborough.

Bonnor, by the way, had some bitter experience of English catching, on the occasion when poor Fred Grace made his memorable catch at the Oval. Grace was standing, 120 yards from the wicket, it was said, close to the crowd, so that he could not go back an inch, and Bonnor singled him out with a great ballooning drive, for which he had not to move an inch, but which, as he told me very soon afterwards, wanted some holding when it came to hand. I remember that when the next man came in and F. G. went back to his place, the crowd near him

greeted him with an extra cheer. But Ulyett's famous 'c. and b.' at Lord's was even more phenomenal. Crack went the bat, and crack went the ball as it reached Ulyett's hands, and the two cracks were almost simultaneous; so much so that half the ring never saw either the ball or the catch. What would have happened if Bonnor and Lyons had ever got 'set' together can only be guessed, though I really believe that the latter would have scored the faster, even if some of his drives had not been as colossal as his partner's. Hitting fast-footed, Lyons never seemed to mistime a ball, and when he hit one it went away like a shot from a Hotchkiss; he lacked the enormous leverage which Bonnor's length gave him, but made up for it by superior wrist-play, and had he never done anything beyond his famous 149 at Lord's, he would still have left himself a mighty name. Several of his hits must have been over 130 yards, and no length seemed to check him. He habitually scored a run a minute, sometimes more, and the game was never lost while he was at the wickets; but it was very curious to observe how often, both in England and Australia, he fell a victim to Peel's bowling. I have often wished to see W. G. Grace hitting his hardest, as he did at Gravesend last year, but have never had the good luck! Few people, I fancy, are aware how huge a driver, generally to long-on rather square, the burly champion is, the reason being that he seldom fairly lets himself go at a half-volley, preferring to place it hard along the ground, instead of opening those mighty shoulders; but when he does open them, there is no doubt about the result. More than once I have seen him hit over the Grand Stand at Lord's, and I remember a prodigious 'square-legger' at Clifton, over the road and up against a house on the far side. I know him to have hit over 140 yards, and have no doubt that this is not his limit; however, even this is quite a respectable hit for a steady bat!

Professionals have seldom been huge hitters; they cannot afford to take the same risk as amateurs; but Ulyett was an exception, and when he fairly got hold of a ball it travelled a great distance. The only measured hit of his of which I can speak from personal knowledge went 126 yards and more, as the custodian of the Warwickshire ground told me, but I feel sure I have seen him exceed this. Bean, too, can hit with enormous power and to a distance which would seem impossible for a man of his moderate stature; but his sturdy build and powerful arms give him great propelling power. Of the old-time professionals, Griffiths was the biggest hitter I remember, and it seems only

yesterday when he hit a great soarer to square-leg, clean out of the Oval—a very rare feat, though W. H. Game treated Spofforth to the stroke, and my brother, A. F. J., did the same to Potter, when the Surrey men were lining the boundary to catch him out; the ball, however, cleared the pavilion. Griffiths, by the way, is reported to have hit all six balls of an over, delivered by the Kent lob bowler, 'Farmer' Bennett, out of the Hastings ground for six. The truth of this story I cannot vouch for, but local tradition maintains its accuracy. The biggest score made in an over in good cricket is probably H. J. Scott's 22 off four balls of Saul Wade's, 6, 6, 6, and 4, all to square-leg. I should like to know whether a more prolific over has ever been bowled than one which J. P. Way (the Oxford Stroke) and I received, he scoring a 5 and a 7, I a 5 and an 8; one ball escaped, and there was a casual wide, so that the score was augmented by 26, 25 of which were fairly and squarely run out.

At the risk of being thought egotistical I must add my own name, I fear, to the list of hitters, as 120 yards has never been beyond my powers, and I have a measured hit to my credit of 142 yards and a bit. A heavy bat, backed by a heavy frame and assisted by a jump to the ball, has often sent the latter off on a long voyage of discovery; but the longest trips have never been measured for want of opportunity. I remember going on to the Aigburth Ground, at Liverpool, and meeting one of the other side, who said: 'Well, you won't hit out of *this* ground, at any rate.' As luck went, I *did* hit out of it, and he was the victim. But one of my biggest was made at Hastings—a straight drive, the ball just missing the drawing-room window of one of the houses outside. Without having played much first-class cricket, it was fortunate to have made one's mark once, at Maidstone, against Kent, in 1885, when 44 in fifteen minutes and 75 in forty-five minutes formed nearly a record; but I only remember one huge hit on that occasion. Still, in minor games, I have often made 80 to 100 runs in the hour, and have got 100 in fifty minutes, nearly all run out. I once got 10 for a square-leg hit at Marlborough College, but am particularly proud of having driven a full-pitch straight over the bowler's head to a measured distance of 106 yards; this, however, was done in practice. Once I opened a match with 6, 6, 4, and was accused of playing recklessly; and was once fairly missed by mid-on, having completed the second run, and being well off for a third.

SPORT WITH THE BRIGANDS OF MACEDONIA

BY DAYRELL DAVIES, LATE R.N.

THE natives of the soil, and a slight knowledge of the *patois* they affect, are as essential a study in the pursuit of sport as the habits of those animals *la chasse* is organised to pursue. The utter neglect of that praiseworthy axiom might have cost us pretty dear on our trip to the Etropol Balkans, acting as we did on that occasion in passive defiance of all warnings, naval, military, and consulate.

The new frontier of Northern Greece, marching with the land of the unspeakable Turk, has been the hotbed of brigandage for the past twenty years. The reason is plain to every anxious passer-by. Such universal animosity exists between the two nationalities, so different in every detail, that both readily abstain from suppressing any malefactors whose outrages were perpetrated 'over the border.' To this alarming indifference is due the whole system of brigandage in the Levant.

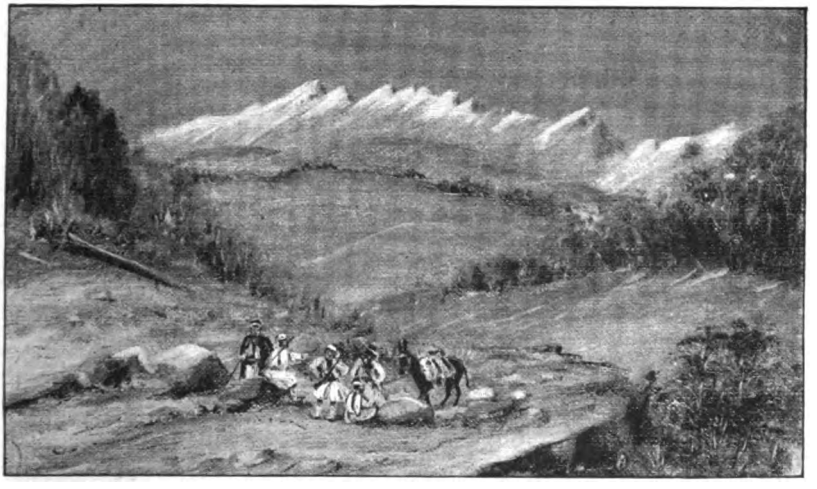
The mountain passes from Pelion to Olympus, between which peaks the frontier lies, have been strategically selected as the safest strongholds for all retreat; and it is chiefly to these generally avoided regions that the bands resort until their pursuit be abandoned, or until the hue and cry raised after any one depredation has been obliterated by the news of another.

This slum of Europe is therefore the recognised 'Tom Tiddler's ground' of all deserving capital punishment in that disturbed corner of Europe and Asia Minor. Few Turkish officials can be depended upon where protection concerns other

than themselves. Where responsibility can be shirked with a shrug of the shoulders, old friend Kismet has a busy time as delegate.

We had been muzzled with an order that no expedition to the mountains could be attempted without a guard. As the Turkish general politely deferred that questionable form of protection with the usual *chok-bordâ* brigand excuse, we proceeded to kick over the traces of this passive obstruction and try elsewhere. Proceeding by rail some eighty miles in from the coast we tackled a new vali, who knew not Joseph, and this corrupt old gentleman, for the price of two pint bottles of English pickles, given away with a pound of English tea, 'swearing he would ne'er consent,. consented,' and a mounted patrol was detailed to accompany us forthwith.

We wired our whereabouts to the consular office, and started at once out of reach of further telegrams. Our guide was an active little Frenchman connected with the Turkish Customs, and possessing a knowledge of the sport procurable from the mountain villages, fluent in all Levantine jargon, and overflowing with accounts of the *gibier* we were shortly to slay. He



OUT OF REACH OF TELEGRAMS

delayed us nearly an hour climbing into his seven-league boots, which, to our eye, did not look over-promising for Alpine work, declaring bravely it was '*à la chasse comme à la chasse toujours*,' with him.

We were soon packed, a troop of thirteen well-armed men in

the saddle, with a few led horses carrying the commissariat and ordnance stores, and we threaded our way up the bridle-paths and dried watercourses which owed their being to the very snows we were making for.

Five hours' steady climbing found us at the little hamlet of S., much to the surprise of its isolated inhabitants. They appeared *en masse* to welcome us Britishers in the heartiest way, and a finer, manlier set of hardy mountaineers it would be difficult to depict. Bronzed features, athletic forms, dressed out in Greek fustinella and silver-braided jackets, the women particularly handsome in their fancy dress; they turned out to a man to greet us as we approached. They relieved us of our bags and burdens, and treated us even as friends returning from a far country. 'Cœtus dulces, valete'; such holidays remain evergreen in our memory, treasures no mortal can destroy, pleasing reminiscences to fall back on in one's old age, until our turn comes to claim a passage from the grim old ferryman, and we shove off from the bank never to be repassed.

We were conducted to the best cottage in the village, the rich man's dwelling, poor at the best. Our guard was located in the neighbouring room, horses, mules, officers, troopers, 'arabadghis' and all. A goat was killed for general consumption, other 'dapes inemptæ' they had none, save a few stale eggs and some sour milk. Our fire, situate in the centre of our one room, was soon blacking the beams with its wood smoke; soup, cocoa, tinned beef, and sardines made an excellent supper.

The village of S. had an evil reputation. Well out of reach of the Turkish forces below, it was a common harbourage for disbanded banditti during these winter months, when the snowdrifts prevented their being taken unawares. We had been most solemnly warned about this, the Turks declaring an enormous ransom would be demanded for British officers on active service. These villagers had had to feed their share of the band gratis, billeted as they had been upon them, by order of the chief, throughout the idle months of winter, when no travellers were afoot worth the taking. These worthies refused to eat anything less delicate than the flesh of lambs or kids if procurable, threatening the village with a visit from the whole band when the weather opened unless their demands were complied with. Such a possibility was far too serious a matter to be treated with contumely.

Our unexpected arrival was the secret guarantee of our personal safety, before any plots could be matured for our

THEY TURNED OUT EN MASSE TO WELCOME US

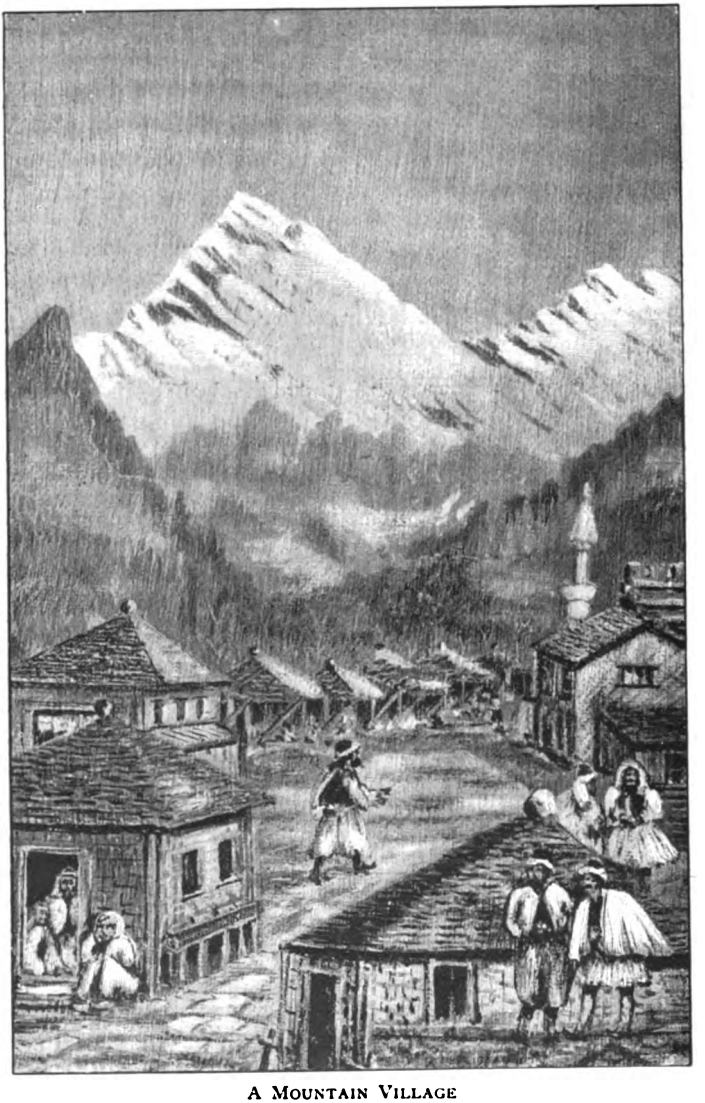
capture *brevi manu* we should be safely on board again, and to this fact we owed our complete security during our three nights' shelter in the wolf's den. Pursuits become habits, even to hunting one's fellow-men.

Colonel Synge was taken from his *chiflik* or farm at Tricovista, not very far distant, by some of the same gang that infested S. But without organisation they remained to us only wolves in sheep's clothing, and conjointly no match for our well-armed little party. Besides, once under the roof of these Albanians and Wallachians we were the honoured guests of a race whose bread-and-salt etiquette is as strictly enforced as it is amongst the Bedaween. We slept on our arms all the same, not that they would have been of much use in the dark. Colonel Synge's first intimation of capture was a tap at his door at 10 P.M., when, after a determined resistance, he was eventually smoked out and then carried by storm. Lying thus between the devil and the deep sea, we could but rely on the honourable side of our host's character. Not so the Turkish captain; he had no civilised notions of trusting to appearances, and our subsequent sport was sadly marred by the close attendance of our respective troopers. They never let us pass out of sight until safely lodged inside the door at which they kept sentry.

More thoroughly useful and, as far as their duty is concerned, conscientious slaves of an effete Government do not exist than the ordinary rank and file of the Sultan's army. Underpaid, if they are paid at all, underfed and shamefully clothed, one great-coat allowed to last them their entire period of service, they carry out picket and police duties in all parts of their wild country in a manner creditable to any army in Europe. We have found them in the remote corners of Asia Minor, *sans souliers, sans culottes*, often in rags, living on the smell of an oily rag or a raw onion, trying their best to preserve order where their own miserable officials have brought shame and disgrace upon their tarnished colours. Good men and true as their Government is corrupt and rotten, eaten out by intrigue and the sordid sweating system its individuals adopt whenever placed in a position of trust by the Father of all the Faithful, well may the soldiery sink into a state of apathy, and cry aloud at each setting of the sun to awake Allah Bismillah, for peradventure he sleepeth.

Saddlebags of plaited goats' hair, *de lana caprina*, are not the downiest of pillows, nor were we left intact by multitudinous fleas. 'Boot and saddle' found us busy at 5 A.M., hotting up cocoa, sorting cartridges, and stowing our lunch on a spare mule,

then under a drizzling rain we were led out before daylight, all rather sad, some sulky and correspondingly silent, to face the pelting of this pitiless storm.



A Mountain Village

Seven thousand feet was registered by our aneroid before we came to our preserves, all done on foot, armed and accoutred. Our guide alone bestrided a mule. His heavy sea-boots had worn him out, added to other impedimenta, and to all our interjections of im-

patience and foot-weariness he responded with a cheery, 'Mais courage, mon ami, courage! Nous sommes déjà arrivés!' which only added mild insult to injury. 'À la chasse comme à la chasse!' we retaliated.

We mounted ridge after ridge of glorious mountain scenery, the air crisp and fresh, savoury to the nostril, frozen patches of autumnal snow lighting up the open glades, leaving plane tree and maple, chestnut and oak, and at last reaching a grand forest of beech and bracken with clumps of Coniferæ to add to the effect.

The mist which enshrouded certain parts of the trail was soon dispersed by the rising sun. We cried a halt at the edge of the forest quite on the summit of Mount Houmea, and strung out at once for our first drive. Thirty-one guns did we muster at the cover side—a motley crew indeed. English and French in tweeds and homespun, Turkish soldiery topped with the fez, white-petticoated Albanians in fustian and fustinella, big-bagged Bulgars with silver buttons, shepherds, wood-cutters and charcoal-burners, in sheep and goatskins of the wildest but most picturesque appearance—all armed with quaint flintlocks and percussions, pistols and yataghans.

Organisation there was none, only seven men condescended to beat the dripping beech-scrub, and all wanted to secure the likeliest post. Direction of wind was never entered in their journals, but they were all as keen as needles, and so richly deserved the failure they had through carelessness cultivated. Their pride intercepted their sport, of argument they would have none! Ignorant of their Bulgar *patois*, we were unable to advise or attempt the control of such independent Bashi Bazouks. A more vociferous, undisciplined crew could not have been collected. The seven beaters, dividing into two parties for mutual guidance and protection, walked up both sides of the vale, each in single file but together, shouting their weird, harmonious cow-calls and making the best of their way through the thickly wooded valley. To chance was left the direction the game was to break, and as we only lined one side of the cover, whatever showed over our crest of the ridge was purely accidental. The guns were extended at about 200 yards' interval, out of sight of each other in most cases, but even then rather too adjacent for ball practice.

Our first anxiety was to conceal our protecting *attaché*; too obdurate to be disposed of, we first removed his Snider carbine and then the white handkerchief round his fez, and at last persuaded him to hide behind the massive trunk of a fallen giant. We then

selected a spot just wide of the trail, evidently a well-used run by pig and deer, squatted low on the root of a tree, and peered through the wet mist. No objects could be seen distinctly at anything over twenty yards, even when clear of the dense beech scrub.

Meanwhile the beaters could be heard far below, their long-drawn howls coming and going in the fog, sounds weird enough to frighten everything for miles around out of the cover. The jump, jump, jump of a heavy deer made us quite forget how wet and cold we were getting; clutching our smoothbore we wondered whether our gabardine suit was a match for the tree trunk on which we were silently sitting. But nose comes before eye-

THE GUNS WERE EXTENDED AT ABOUT 200 YARDS' INTERVAL

sight in a mist on the hill, and the tainted fog disclosed our proximity the same instant as the animal sprang into sight. Too indistinct to fire at, his great white chest offered a hazy target to draw a bead on, and before even the gun could be steadied to the shoulder, one startled bound took him back into cover.

As the phantom hart vanished like a dream, we were aroused by so loud a calling we fancied the brigands were on us; it was only Abrahim Bey attracting our attention to the disappearing deer, which at once broke into a hard gallop along the slope. We could have shot our noisy jack-in-the-box for altering the line of this fine beast, more especially as he would have passed within

shot of where we afterwards found the next gun in ambush. We waited in vain till the drive was over; but luck had departed from our side, not to return at all during that expedition. The next gun W. had fired at a roebuck a single shot, but the bullet was placed rather far back, and the game little buck held on for some miles before he was found by a wily beater. This Esau proved to be a cunning hunter, skilfully tracking the slot and occasional drops of blood without the aid of a dog, until he had worked out the puzzle and come up to his quarry. Nature had educated him from his youth up to supplement his wretched living by his knowledge of woodcraft, for by trade he was a charcoal-burner. His lessons had not been wasted. 'Fortunatus et ille qui novit agrestes!'

The beaters had also fired several shots at pig breaking back, the old boars, cunningly enough, refusing to face the open with their sounders behind them, the breeze blowing off the ridge being contaminated by the strong scent of man. Armed with their very questionable firelocks, loaded with Turkish Régie powder (barely fit for squibs) behind a handful of slugs, the beaters knew themselves no match for an angry boar, of all animals the most courageous. A wolf, large though solitary, was never passed by on the other side. Several times did they own to having shirked a sounder of pig when led by a grizzly old boar; and these were bold hunters of all manner of game, *sans peur* if not *sans reproche*, and not likely to err on the side of discretion. One gun reported a fine stag having broken close to his post; he had missed him clean, and his neighbour had followed suit. Their six-foot *bundooks* were incapable of a pattern at the running deer, and still less at the wild animal on the jump.

A second drive moved more roebuck the wrong way, and the same grand-headed stag again faced the open, bravely running the gauntlet of other firelocks, but selecting those handled by the Régie powder brigade with penetrating discrimination.

Disgusted with the disorderly state of our desperadoes, we devoted our lunch-hour to drawing plans on the snow, our guide interpreting how beating should be carried out in its simplest form. This pantomimic display was treated with roars of ribald laughter, loud enough to disturb every head of game from Houmea to high Olympus; and their merriment was so genuine, so hearty, we were fain to join in, fashed as we were.

We sadly recalled a sambur drive we had taken part in fifteen years before, organised and conducted by the Sultan of Johore, through some of the stiffest jungle the tropics can produce. Not

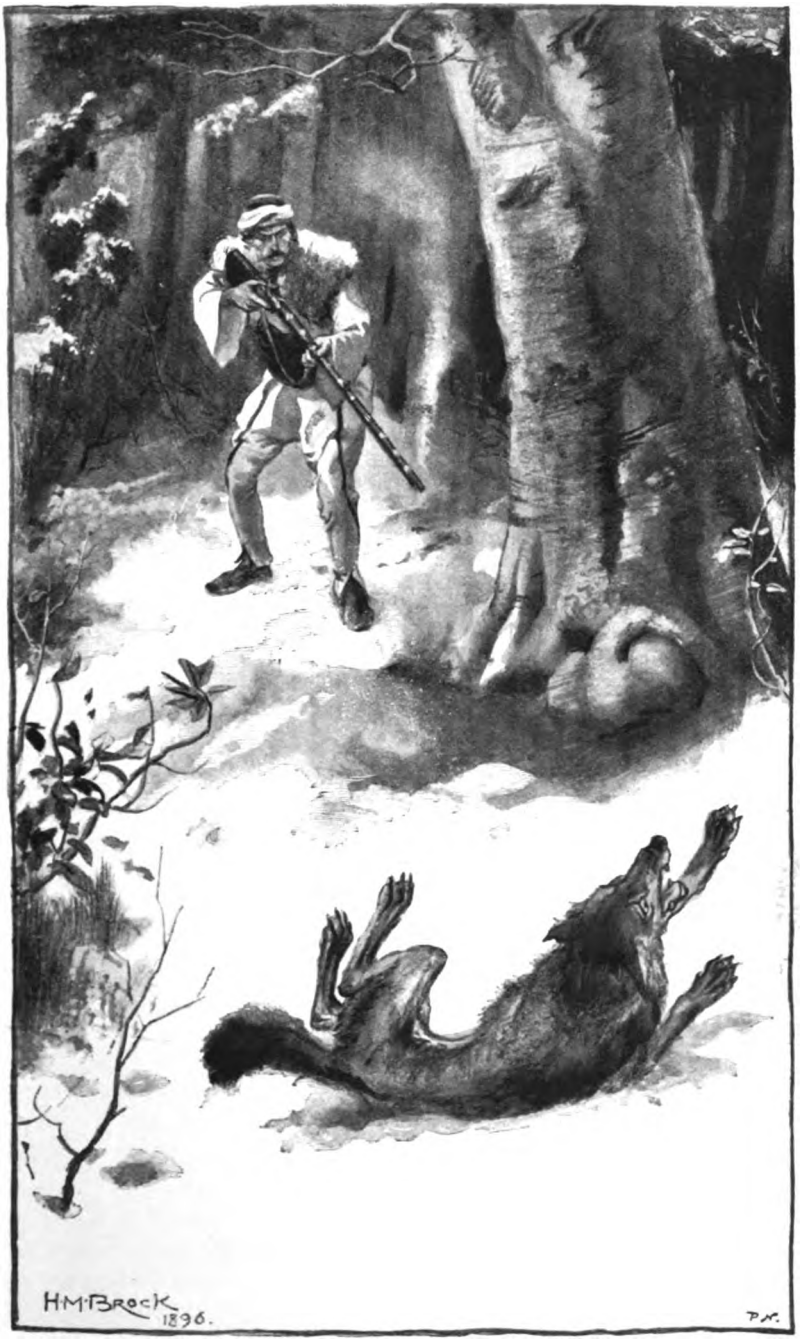
a man out of place, portions of the forest enclosed with cane snares, the game driven to the six guns well posted in the open glades, and the work admirably executed; temperature 89° F. in the shade; latitude 1° N. To make it complete the finest head was secured by his Excellency the Governor of the Straits Settlements, for whom the sport was intended.

Here, with a bracing atmosphere of 30° F., over crisp snow, through covers open enough to render it facile preserving one's line, where the guns themselves divided the spoil amongst their own families, success was marred by the ignorant arrogance of these haughty Turks.

Little use was it shedding tears, such as angels weep, over the slovenly habits of these hill robbers. Not knowing ten words of their lingo, our remonstrance, 'disce aut discede,' fell wide of the mark, and as far as we personally were concerned, not a trigger was touched from first to last.

Our third drive was a little more satisfactory, but the beaters were too slow starting, and the old stag, now thoroughly on the alert, broke cover like an old Jack hare directly they began, and trotted across the open meadow where we had just had lunch. Two of the troopers instantly opened with their Sniders at an almost impossible range; adjusting their sight and judging their distance were mere details not mentioned in their drill-book, so their fire was directed rather handy to the beaters, and did no harm to the grand stag that had pulled up short to watch the proceedings. He carried a royal head, and had evidently been hunted more than once before. His respect for the musketry course Abrahim and Yousouf had passed through could not have been increased. But their noisy shouts annoyed him most, and must have put him in mind of the midnight howl of his silent enemy, Brer Wolf; so he calmly cocked his tail and trotted over the ridge back into the very forest whence he came.

Another two-year-old stag, afraid to break in the face of such a fusillade, was pushed along by the beaters right up to the guns. Winding danger close ahead, he hesitated in his broken canter, and stopped in a thicket just twenty yards short of the next man to us. We watched the gun pitched up and the trigger dwelt on till a fairer chance was presented; but the motion was enough; a deer's eyesight is better than ours, and the white haunches were in the act of vanishing when a spherical ball was lodged just clear of the spine, but too high to be effectual. The blow on his counter twisted him round, and making downhill in tremendous jumps, he came face to face with a sporting Snider held ready and



HE WAS MET AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A SHOWER OF SLUGS

steady, and his race was run. The heavy bullet caught him fair in the chest, and, expanding inside, destroyed all that was vital, and brought him headlong to earth.

Of all service weapons we prefer the old Snider for big game; the shock is severe and its result immediate. No hanging about after wounded animals once fairly hit by the ·577 bore, and the heavy 480 grs. bullet will bring an elephant to his knees. Not so with the Martini; we tried the two rifles together on heavy cattle once for experiment, and we have since lost many head of wild game hit by the latter. The trajectory of the Snider renders it unserviceable at long range, but how many shots at game does one ever risk over 200 yards? Our opinion of the Lee-Metford, which we never tried on bone and muscle, is against that weapon; the pencil-bullet would wound many a pig or deer, which with their marvellous vitality would be lost to the hunter, and still fall a prey to hyena or wolf. On active service it is yet almost untried, though the Boers may know something about its stopping power. *Experto crede!*

A large silver-grey wolf was added to the bag by the bundook of a busy beater. A shepherd himself, it must have been a grim satisfaction to him, while

> In summer's heat and winter's cold
> He fed his flock and penned the fold,

pursuing his lonesome task by night amongst the wild pasturages on Mount Houmea. In Macedonia flocks are still fed by the light of the moon.

This wolf lolloped past the very next pair of guns to us, and was clean missed by them both; turning short, he headed back through the beaters, and was met at close quarters with a shower of slugs that crashed through both shoulders and killed him at once. His epitaph, 'A tergo lupus!' These hungry wolves, like starving men, possess little conscience when pinched; driven from these lofty forests by the winter snow, they pack in sixes and sevens, and not only pull down outlying cattle in the plains, but make short work of the huge shepherd dogs bred to protect them. Caught single-handed, the dogs are broken up as readily as Reynard himself would be when run into by the Beaufort badger-pies.

That finished the day; we had a long trudge home down the mountain trails, arriving after dark well pleased with our surroundings. 'Tired nature's sweet restorer' soon banished all thoughts of banditti from our minds, and the friendly disposition of our fellow-hunters, who sampled a night-cap of our 'best Scotch,' made us scorn such aspersions thenceforth.

The next day the same routine was carried out over 'fresh woods and pastures new,' but without success. The beating was even worse than before, and though several head of game were sighted, none were secured. We gave all our spare ammunition to our hosts at S.; it is to be hoped they have since discharged it on a legitimate errand! 'Gratia gratiam parit!' Our parting was genuine and pathetic; our leave was up, their little *fiesta* was at an end; to meet again under the same happy conditions was not to be. Unforeseen events in the past few years have blighted that blossom of sport in a land so convulsed by disorder as that now groaning under the Crescent and the Star. To the relief of our worthy Consul-General, we had no absentees to report as missing on our return to Salonica. We sent him a haunch of venison from our spike buck, but, do what we could, we could never get him to sanction another expedition in such questionable company. The little village was soon obliterated from view by two feet of snow, and it is to be hoped the liberal backsheesh we bestowed broadcast prevented the honorary members of S. indulging in their nefarious industry for the rest of that winter at least.

AMPHION

BY THE EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE

'THE nicest horse in the world' is by no means an uncommon expression, indeed it is used with rather promiscuous recklessness; but if ever there was a horse whose looks, bearing, performances, temper, and general character entitled him to the description, Amphion was that animal.

He was such a gentleman all over, as much so as his owner, which is saying a great deal; and though, to be precise, seven furlongs was perhaps quite his best course, he could get a mile and a quarter better than most, and farther than that if need were, as was proved by his victory in the Hardwicke Stakes. There was that about him which every horse-lover, ignorant or expert, could appreciate.

A rich golden chestnut, he had a beautifully turned head and neck, with a splendid eye; better shoulders were never served out; his limbs were properly proportioned and set on in the right places; he was a trifle better ribbed up than, as a rule, are those who can get beyond six furlongs; while his action and demeanour were perfect. To his character James Chandler, his trainer, shall speak. 'As regards his temper I don't think there was a better-tempered horse ever trained, in or out of the stable or on a racecourse he was always the same.'

To see Tom Cannon canter down to the post on him on a fine day was the prettiest sight that a racecourse could show; it would be difficult to decide whether the performance gave most pleasure to horse, rider, or spectator: we know that the two former always looked thoroughly happy.

Amphion, by Speculum or Rosebery—Suicide (the latter sire being usually credited with the parentage), was bought by

General Byrne of the Royal Artillery at Doncaster in 1887, out of Mr. G. S. Thompson's lot, for 350*l.*, Mr. James Smith, the former owner of Rosebery, being the General's only serious opponent; and Chandler, who was then training at Houghton, near Stockbridge, took the colt home with him. Croydon was always favourite ground with that exclusive little stable, and it was with a view to the Spring Two-Year-Old Plate there that Amphion was tried on April 17, 1888, with Balderdash (3 yrs.) at 10 lb., the elder horse, who could go a bit, just winning. After this there was not much doubt about success at Croydon. The chestnut started favourite at 2 to 1 and won easily by three lengths, beating a field of eight—worthless save for one brilliant exception in L'Abbesse de Jouarre, destined to become as famous as her then conqueror; she also must have pleased her people, for she was second favourite, though she seems to have made no show in the race. It was in his next trial that Amphion first founded the suspicion that he did not take great interest in racing at home, a character which saved him trouble in the long run, as they gave up trying with him; but on this occasion there does not appear to have been much to carp at.

JUNE 22.—BUSH IN AT STOCKBRIDGE (five furlongs)

Marioni, 3 yrs., 9 st. . . .	Bradbury
Pillarist, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb. . .	Brown
Amphion, 2 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb. . .	Salter
Balderdash, 3 yrs., 9 st. . .	Smith

Won by a short head; length second and third; same third and fourth.

Of these Pillarist and Balderdash were already winners that year; Marioni had only run once. But it will be observed that the young one had immensely the worst of the weights, and that he had come on at least 10 lb. with Balderdash, besides which it is not always the *horse* who does not try in the trial. At any rate, Amphion found no difficulty in winning the Champagne at Bibury four days later, and in the following month carried off the Great Kingston Stakes at Sandown, after which, though he ran three times that season, he was never really himself, being much troubled with humour.

In 1889 he was only tried once—viz. a mile on April 6—when, at even weights with Balderdash, and receiving 7 lb. from Oliver Twist, he ran clean away from the pair, after which he easily won the Doveridge Handicap at Derby on the 13th of the same

month; and on May 10, with still greater ease, despite a 7 lb. penalty, he defeated a very large field at Kempton in the Great 'Jubilee' Stakes. His next appearance was at Ascot, the course *par excellence* with which in men's minds his name is chiefly connected. How he was within an ace of being unable on this occasion to fulfil his engagements will be best told in Chandler's own words: 'On the Sunday night before the meeting at stable-time he appeared quite well, but upon going to him on Monday morning I found that he had not eaten up during the night, and he ate nothing till about three o'clock in the afternoon. I called in a vet., but he could not find out what was really wrong with the horse, but was of the same opinion as myself, that it was something in the mouth. After the vet. had left I thought I would try and find out for myself what was the matter, and my pains were rewarded by finding a large piece of broken tooth embedded in the gum. I succeeded in getting it away, and the horse was as right as possible afterwards.' Just one more instance of the value of a trainer's affectionate care, as against the perfunctory examination of the indifferent horse-doctor.

It all ended well, for Amphion had no difficulty in winning the Fernhill on Wednesday and the New Biennial on Thursday, the former race being made memorable by one of those outbursts of virtue to which the British public is occasionally prone.

Amongst the runners was a filly named Paloma, ridden by Rickaby, and belonging to Mr. 'St. Gatien' Hammond, who, forgetting as one must suppose that there was 50*l.* for the second, forbade his jockey to occupy that position if he found he had no chance of winning. Although it was obvious that Amphion had the race in hand some way from home, it was equally clear that Paloma would be second, till Rickaby chucked her up. Then there *was* a row, many people averring that he had never tried to win, that they were readying the mare for the Cambridgeshire, &c., &c.; and, in fact, there was such a general demand for somebody to be hanged, that the stewards were almost compelled to carpet Mr. Hammond and Rickaby—and though in 'Calendar' language the latter was 'exonerated from dishonest intention,' he was also 'cautioned against pulling up his horse so rapidly,' while the owner was at the same time 'cautioned against tying a jockey down with orders not to be second or third'—a practice which is as openly avowed as it is common—and 'further drew the attention of all handicappers to the race'—an unnecessary warning: they were not likely to overlook the mare, and she had really no form at all.

Amphion's next performance, which was in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, was probably the most wonderful of his whole career, for he was second, beaten a neck by old Dog Rose—to whom he was giving 15 lb.—and he beat the four-year-old Noble Chieftain, who was third, three parts of a length, giving him 6 lb. Behind the three was a field of fifteen, some of them very smart, and all having on paper the best of the weights with Amphion. In the two other races for which he ran that year he failed to distinguish himself. He was beaten at Newmarket by Ormuz, to whom he was giving 25 lb.; and was nowhere, carrying 8 st. 10 lb., in the Manchester November Handicap won by Fallow Chat. At each of these places the ground was very sticky, and he always liked to hear his feet rattle.

The year 1890 fairly set the seal on his fame, though he was twice beaten in the spring, when at Sandown and Kempton he strove under impossible weights against Sainfoin and The Imp. He came out once more at Ascot in all his glory, for he again won the New Biennial; and on the last day made his maiden essay over a distance of a ground in the Hardwicke Stakes, when he won easily, giving 16 lb. to Surefoot and Sainfoin, the respective winners of that year's Two Thousand and Derby.

The story is old, but will bear repetition, of how on this occasion General Byrne silenced, if he did not satisfy, one of the thousand questioners who, before an event of any consequence, render almost unbearable the lives of men who have horses engaged therein. He had been ill and weak for some time, and was laboriously ascending the steps of the owners' stand, when he was hailed from below with 'Hi, General! can your horse give this weight away over the distance?' 'Gentleman' Byrne, as he was generally called, turned round and in his gentlest manner replied, 'That is precisely what I am climbing up here to see.'

What he saw must have pleased him greatly, and, as far as he was concerned, the meeting left little to be desired. It was, however, by no means so satisfactory to the stable generally, certainly not to Sir William Throckmorton, who had that year a mare called Albertine engaged in the Hunt Cup, where her weight was 6 st. 7 lb., and whom before Ascot he had tried with Amphion. The actual terms were:

ONE MILE

Albertine, 3 yrs., 6 st. 1 lb. .	. Ibbett
Amphion, 4 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb. .	. Hoon

and she beat the horse by three lengths, which would have been like putting him into the Hunt Cup at 8 st. 12 lb., when he would have looked like having a tremendous chance, though quite possibly he might not, after all, have beaten the winner Morion, who carried 7 st. 9 lb., and was a very great horse at the distance. At any rate, Albertine was backed with some freedom, and never even showed in the race; so it was then finally concluded that Amphion did not care about these home rehearsals, and I believe he was never tried again.

After the Hardwicke Stakes he was put by till the Manchester September Meeting, where he won the Lancashire Plate of 11,000 sovs., beating, amongst eight others, Memoir, who had just won the Leger. He was here giving her only 7 lb., but in the second October week at Newmarket in the Champion Stakes he beat her quite as easily, giving 12 lb. A.F., which was then more her cut than the shorter distance. Pity it is that he did not close his season with this victory; but in the Houghton week, never having been trained to go two miles, he was allowed over that much of the Cesarewitch course to try conclusions at 2 lb. with Sheen, probably the best stayer in the world, and who had a good dash of speed into the bargain; he made what trainers call 'a terrible mess' of the gallant chestnut.

In 1891, as a five-year-old, Amphion did not achieve any very sensational success, though he gave his owner the agreeable experience of crediting his account at Weatherby's with the March Stakes, Newmarket First Spring, the Rous Stakes at Ascot, and the Stockbridge Cup (a walk over). This should have been his last appearance, but once more the pitcher was sent to the well. It was, unwisely as we think, decided to run him with 10 st. 7 lb. on his back in the Royal Handicap at Leicester in September, when he was unplaced to Rusticus, also five years old, to whom he was giving no less than 3 st. 7 lb.!

General Byrne now made up his mind that Amphion should race no more. He retired that autumn to Hampton Court Paddocks, where he stood, with Brown, the boy who looked after him during the whole of his Turf career, still in faithful attendance.

After the disposal of the Queen's stud in 1894, Amphion found fresh quarters at Gillingham. Amphora and Amphibia appear to be so far the best of his stock, now running its second season, and in such early days the most hardened prophet would hardly dare to predict success or failure for a stallion.

These things lie in the lap of the Gods.

SWIMMING AND LIFE-SAVING

BY THE HON. SYDNEY HOLLAND

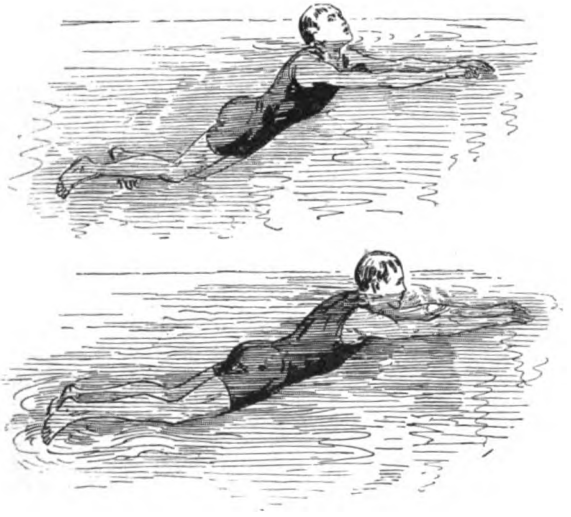
IT has always struck me as curious that though Englishmen are so fond of all athletic sports—though yachting, boating, and fishing take so prominent a place among our sports and amusements—yet that we are such very bad swimmers. True that at this moment we have J. H. Tyers and J. Nuttall, two of the fastest swimmers in the world—and it is also true that no other nation has produced a Captain Webb—still as a nation we swim far from well. When at Cambridge I could never find anyone who would swim the half-mile with me, and I doubt if there were twenty men at the University who could have swum half a mile. 'Rather not, I get so pumped!' was the answer always made to my invitation. Yet there is no exercise which, when properly learnt, 'pumps' one less or tires one less. After a five-mile race one's heart is not beating any faster than at the start, nor is one half so exhausted as after riding a bicycle up a steep hill.

I often talked with Captain Webb about his Channel swim, and he has told me that even after swimming for twenty-two hours his muscles were not very tired, and that it was weariness he felt more than exhaustion. We used to swim for two hours together twice a week when we were both training for some race. He was a slow swimmer, but swam in excellent style, which means he wasted none of his strength, and when I knew him he never swam anything but the breast stroke. If I remember rightly he never was any good at any of the side strokes, and he certainly swam the Channel on his breast. His was a plucky feat, characteristic of an Englishman, and I have always thought that a small monument should be erected on the beach at the spot where he started, and another where he landed. The Channel may be crossed again, but it is not very likely, as several good swimmers have tried and been beaten. Except for the pleasure of having to

look out the Hellespont in the map, Byron's swim (which is, I suppose, more or less an historical event, as it is alluded to by every distributor of swimming prizes who wishes to show his learning) should be forgotten, and never alluded to as a feat at all when compared with Webb's.

Men are 'pumped' because so few care to learn to swim properly, and are content to flounder and splutter about, thinking apparently that the faster they move their arms and legs, never mind in what direction, the more magnificent their swimming.

Swimming is a question of balance, and that is why when once learnt it is never forgotten. The mistake in learning is that to avoid breathing in water boys put their heads too far back, and



IMPROPER AND PROPER METHODS OF CARRYING THE HEAD WHEN SWIMMING BREAST-STROKE

so keep their mouths too far above the surface. Nobody will ever swim well or with any ease till he has learnt that it is not necessary to carry his neck like a strangled giraffe. This strained attitude upsets the balance. You will see every good swimmer in the world swimming with his mouth under water till the arms separate, his body will thus be straight, very high in the water, and he will be balanced properly.

To learn to breathe properly means to learn to swim quickly and well. It is very simple; all that the tiro need remember is to breathe outwards as his hands go forward, and to breathe inwards directly his hands separate, which is the moment when his head is highest. I have found it useful, when teaching, to tell

boys to 'blow their hands from them' as a sort of *memoria technica* of the moment to breathe outwards. I am sorry for lads whom I see learning to swim when they become apparently much distressed about the proper movement of their legs and arms, and much more sorely distressed really by the amount of bath water they are swallowing, of which the instructor takes no note, though the pupil does.

One word more about learning. It is important—very—that the hands in breast-stroke swimming should work in the same horizontal plane as the body, and not downwards; working them downwards is a waste of strength; they are then only lifting the body out of, instead of propelling it through, the water. We used to notice this fault very much amongst swimmers from Eton when I was at Cambridge. It is important that boys should be taught the breast stroke properly. All boys think they can swim quicker on their sides, because when on their sides they see the water pass by their faces, and fancy that they are going as fast as a torpedo catcher. But it is a mistake. The proper side stroke now adopted by all amateurs and professionals for racing is very different from what boys call 'side stroke,' and ought to be carefully learnt after a good breast stroke has been mastered. Nothing but a good breast stroke can save you in trouble, nor can you save a drowning man by any fancy swimming. I am almost afraid to point to the time-honoured frog as an example of the best breast-stroke swimmer in England; but, nevertheless, as writers of a certain class say when their descriptive vocabulary is running short, and they have already used the expression *facile princeps* more than once, he is the 'best exponent of the art' of the present day as to his back legs.

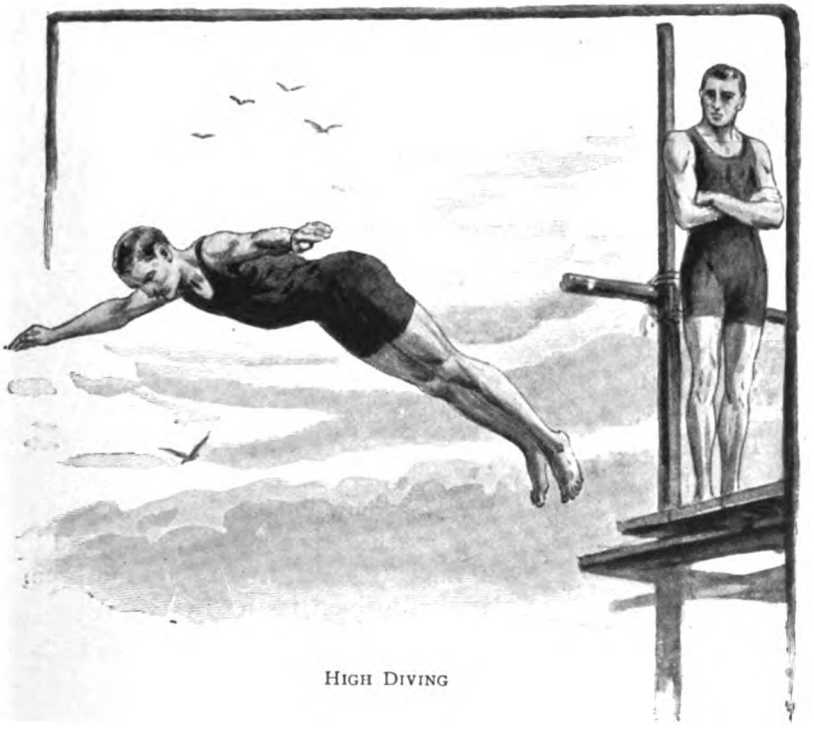
What the frog is to the breast-stroke swimmer, J. H. Tyers is to the side stroke. He has revolutionised side-stroke swimming. He has never been beaten since his first championship win in 1892 when he was in his teens, and he has lowered every previous amateur championship record, as the table below will show:—

Record times before Tyers	mins. secs.	*Tyers' times* mins. secs.
One hundred yards . . .	1 6¼	1 1⅘
Two hundred and twenty yards	2 51⅕	2 42⅖
Half-mile	14 0⅘	13 20
One mile	28 18⅖	27 21⅖

Efforts were made to send him to the recent Olympic contests at Athens, but, unfortunately, owing to the late arrival of all in-

formation, the project fell through. Had he gone he would have astonished the Greeks. His pace is got by a wonderful screw-like motion of his legs below the knees. Most swimmers before him have aimed at using the legs from the hips, but he, by swimming only from the knee, gets increased power, and his body literally never seems to stop at all between the arm strokes, as is the case with the majority of swimmers.

Now for the second part of my text. Can there be a more hideous danger than that of swimming up to rescue a drowning



HIGH DIVING

and struggling man, who, fighting for his life and in the agony of suffocation, will seize you and clutch you and take you with him to the bottom? Drowning men are said to clutch at a straw, but for choice they prefer something more substantial. Summer after summer we read the same old story of the rescuer being clutched and drowned and two lives lost, one of them certainly being that of a brave man. Yet it is a mere question of three or four hours' teaching and practice to enable anyone to rescue a drowning man with but very little danger to the rescuer; and the

Life Saving Society, 3 Clarendon Square, of which the Duke of Albany is President, will teach classes without any charge.

It has been my painful duty to award the medals at the so-called life-saving competitions now taking place every summer at our public schools. Miserable and gloomy farces they are. A stuffed booby is pushed out about twenty yards into the water, and the boys jump in one after another and pull it to shore. The booby is then sunk, and the boys have to dive and bring it up, no directions being given how properly to do so. Anything more unlike what one has to do when confronted with the danger of rescuing a struggling man it is impossible to conceive, and I hope the day is not far distant when public school boys will be ashamed to accept a medal for such a silly competition. At Wellington College, amongst other schools, these competitions have been ended, and proper life-saving is taught.

When you swim up to a drowning man he will probably seize you by the wrists. If you turn your wrist round against his thumbs he cannot hold you for a second, and the fact of his losing his hold on you will probably swing him round, so that you can then catch hold of him properly and bring him to shore, swimming on your back.

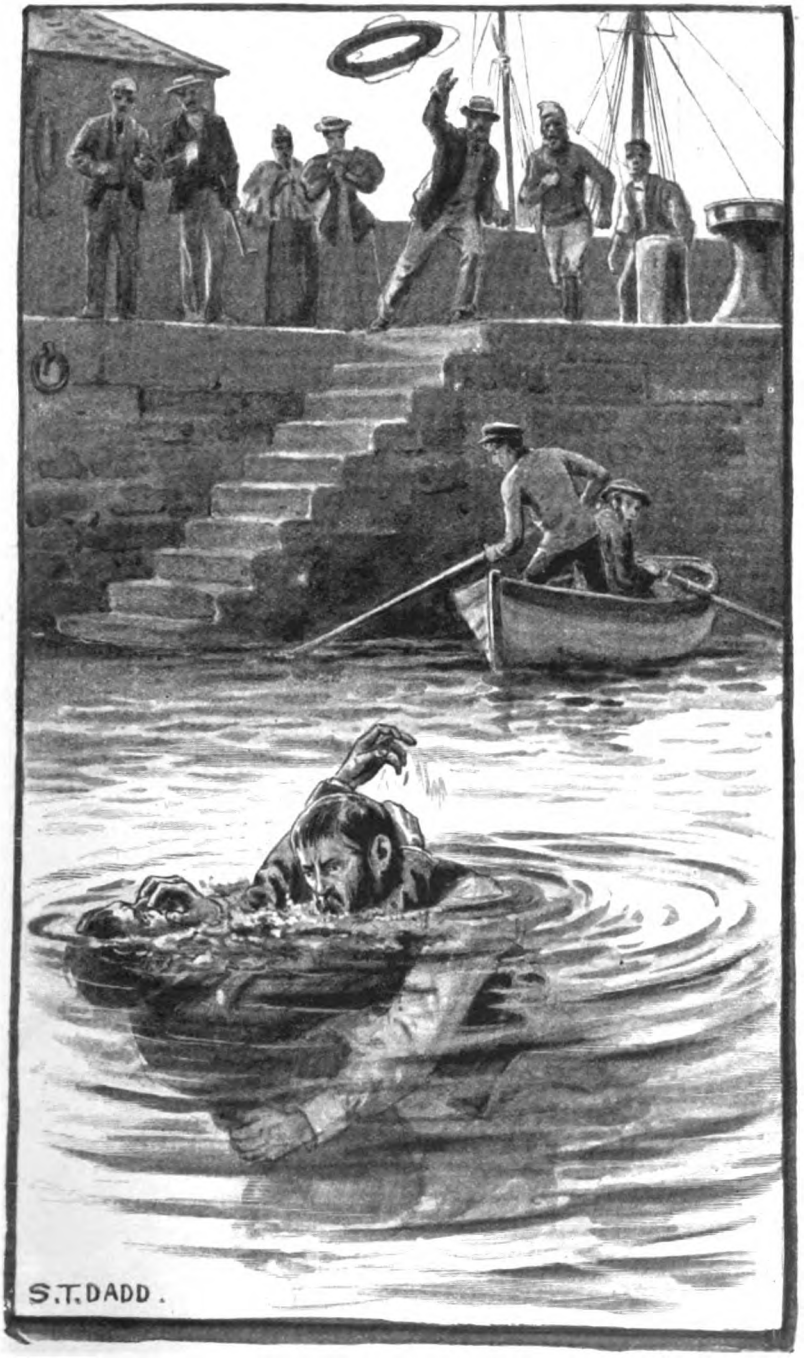
My readers should be a little careful how they practise this, because if they try to hold on when the wrists are turned against their thumbs, the result may probably be dislocation.

It is not safe, however, to assume that the rescued man will remain quiet, nor will he, if any water splashes on his face; so the best way to hold him is to place your arms under his, and your hands on his chest. He cannot then turn round on you, and his head is higher out of water than when simply held by the head.

If he seizes you by the head, which is the next most likely part to be grasped, you must do what Rugby football players would call 'scrag him'—one arm behind his back, one hand under his chin, the arm behind pulls him towards you, the hand under the chin pushes his head backwards and under water. He will let go of necessity.

If he seizes you lower down you must put your knee up as high as it will go, and you can easily free yourself.

All this is far easier to do than it is to describe, if only men will take the little trouble to learn. Some dockers last year, having been present at the annual life-saving show at the West India Dock, got up classes amongst themselves, and four of them won the champion life-saving shield open to teams from all parts

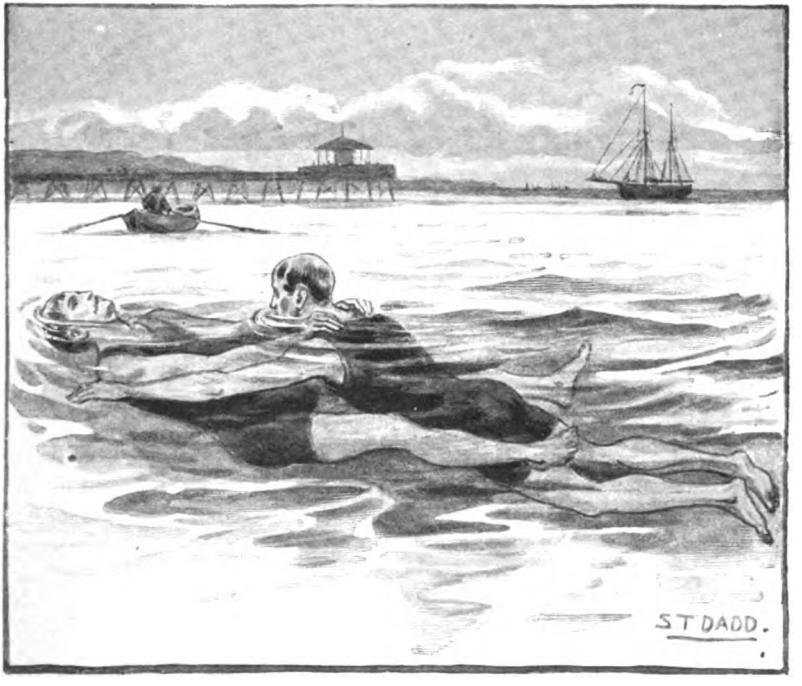


A Rescue.

Rescuer releasing himself when seized by the Head by Drowning Man

of England. Not one of the team is a particularly good swimmer, and I mention it only to show that anybody, if he will, can learn.

If the drowning man has sunk, you will generally see by the bubbles in still water whereabouts he is. Dive down, and be it noted that the common idea that you cannot open your eyes under water but must go down with them open is utter nonsense. Get the body across one knee, and a kick from the other leg will bring you and him to the surface. A man will not clutch or struggle if he has once sunk, but that is no reason for letting him



METHOD OF SAVING A FRIEND SEIZED BY CRAMP

sink. A man who has sunk is very nearly dead. Be it noted also that it is utter nonsense to say that a man 'rises three times,' and it is difficult to know how such a very common belief can be so widespread. If you determine to wait till your sunken man rises again you will have to wait till the Resurrection Day.

So far I have referred only to rescuing a struggling man fighting for his life and lost to all sense but his own danger; but it may happen to many of us to be swimming with a friend who gets cramp, or to soldiers to have to get a wounded comrade across a

river. The ordinary mortal would try to swim with the injured man on his back, and would assuredly fail. But nothing can possibly be easier than to help another man who will keep quiet and has his wits about him. If he will turn on his back and place his hands on your shoulders you can swim any distance with him without being in the least incommoded. I am sure no one will believe how easy this is till they have tried it.

No one can say that he will never find himself in the dreadful position of seeing a fellow man drowning before his eyes. At the expense of a few hours given to learning how to save life and keep his own the position would not be so dreadful. Surely this is worth the expenditure of a little time and a very little trouble, and surely this knowledge might with advantage be given to our boys at our public and private schools?

CHARLES DAVIS

BY THE LORD RIBBLESDALE

AFTER Mr. Mellish, Master of the Epping Forest Hounds, had been murdered and robbed one evening on his way home from hunting, two boys on horseback used to be sent out with the buckhounds whenever George III. hunted. These boys each carried a brace of horse-pistols, which, at the end of the day, they handed to the yeomen prickers who rode home alongside the King. According to the 'Druid,' Charles Davis, who was born in January 1788, was one of these boys.

His good looks had given him his start. It is true that his father hunted the King's harriers, and that in any event it was likely that he would have entered the royal service in some capacity or other; but this is Dr. Croft's account of the beginnings of his conspicuous career, as related to him by a very old inhabitant of Bracknell (since deceased) who knew all the circumstances. I give it in his own words:—'Young Davis had been to school at Windsor or Eton, and on returning home one day went into the cloisters at the castle, where he was met by the King. Davis was a slim, good-looking lad, and the King took a fancy to him, spoke to him, asked him what he might be going to do, &c. Davis could not say what he was going to do. The King asked him if he would like to go hunting. Davis's father was at

this time huntsman to the King's harriers, kennelled, I think, at Frogmore, or near Windsor, but the King did not know that he was talking to his huntsman's son. The boy said he should like to go hunting very much; the King asked him what his father was. In this way it came about that he was made whip under his father.'

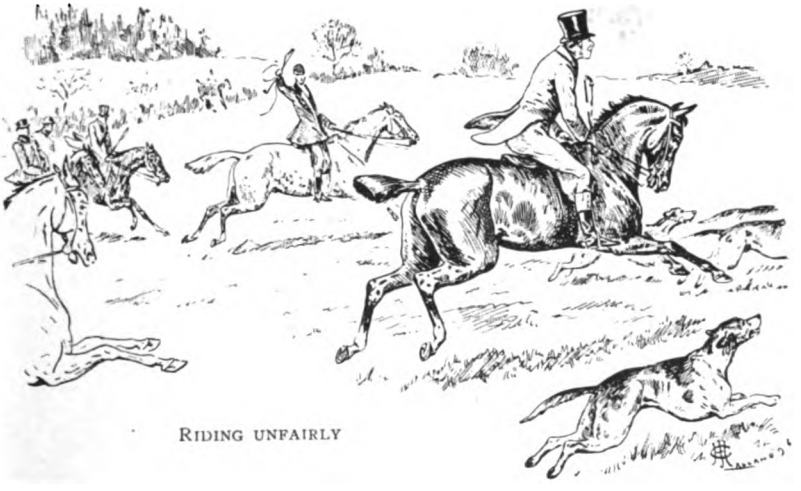
So it was settled, and hunting became Charles Davis's profession when he was about twelve years old, but I think he went on with his schooling. His feeder, George Bartlett, who still lives at Ascot, and whose memory is excellent, tells me that George III. gave him 1*l.* a week and 'sent him to a school at Windsor,' which probably means that the King kept him on at school for a bit longer before he sent him to the harrier kennels. 'Stoody, stoody, stoody, always stoodying at thy books. Take, I say, my advice, sir, and stoody fox-hunting,' said Will Freeman (Lord Egremont's kennel huntsman and a great character), on one occasion, to one of Lord Egremont's sons, the course of whose education interfered periodically with his hunting soon after Christmas. Doubtless the young 'sir' would have been only too pleased to have done so. An open January is a sweet and bitter month to many a schoolboy. But Davis, in spite of such an early apprenticeship to business, must have found time to 'stoody' both his books and his hunting. A few letters of his which I have seen are certainly the letters of a man of education. They are written in a graceful early Victorian hand, the sentences have turn and precision, proper words fall into their proper places, and there are no mistakes in spelling.

I do not quite know when the harriers were sold. But somewhere about 1813 or 1814 the Duke of Richmond presented his fox-hounds to George III., and Davis went to the Ascot kennels as first whipper-in under Sharpe, his future father-in-law. The 'Royal Kalendar' states that Charles Davis was groom to the pack in 1816, and first whipper-in in 1817.

The arrival of the Goodwood hounds at Ascot started a new period in stag-hunting. From this time the stag-hunting of the present day may be said to date. The old order changed in many ways. Up till the end of the century George III.'s six yeomen prickers all carried French horns, which, we may be sure, they wound pretty frequently. A sustained chorus of horns and vociferous hounds greeted the arrival of his Majesty at the meet, sped the deer upon his way when first uncarted, and enlivened all concerned when he was taken. But these ceremonies were now dispensed with, and the term yeoman pricker

fell into disuse. Only the huntsman carried a horn—of the present Robin Hood shape; and a fast fox-hound pack, cram-full of the stout Egremont blood—Jaspers and Dromos, Ledgers and Jumpers—took the place of the old Magpies, and were entered to deer. 'It delights me,' George IV. wrote to Davis in 1822, when, on Sharpe's retirement, he was appointed huntsman, 'to know you have got the hounds. I hope you'll get them so fast that they'll run away from everybody.'

And now let us come to closer quarters with Charles Davis's looks and ways. People who remember him all agree that he was a perfect specimen of a royal servant, a most thorough gentleman, *facile princeps* in the kennel or over a country, a Bayard in the saddle, a Brummel everywhere else, and so on.



RIDING UNFAIRLY

But this won't do, and it is difficult to get at particular things about Davis. I have not been very successful. Close observation, whether a gift or a habit, is comparatively rare.

But I am indebted to Dr. Croft of Bracknell, and to Mr. Cordery of Hall's Farm, Swallowfield, for some valuable personal recollections of Charles Davis. They are both speaking of a man they knew; they are both excellent judges of hunting and of hounds; they are both Berkshire men, famous riders in their day, and saw Davis hunt the roughest part of the Queen's country, the forest and heathlands and the intricate Bracknell country.

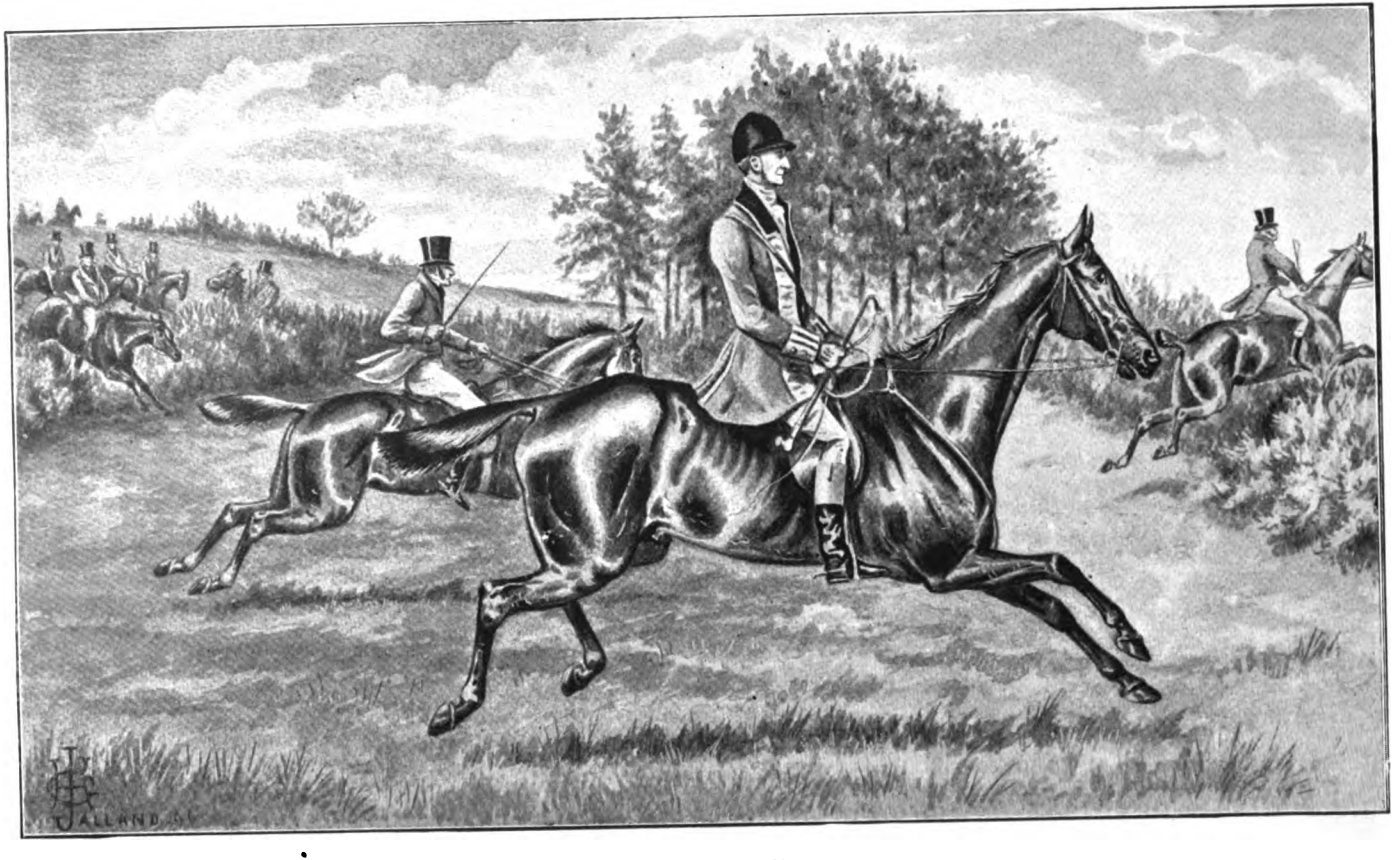
I shall give extracts from their letters to me in their own words. Writing to me November 2, 1895, from Bracknell, Dr.

Croft goes on, after telling me about George III. and Davis in the cloisters:

'Davis's best time was before mine, but he was very good in my younger days. He left much in his latter days to his men, but he was always near enough to see what was going on. His hounds in the forest were as perfect in close hunting as harriers. They were left to depend on themselves, and so required but little assistance. "Let them alone," was his word to his whips at check. I never heard Davis say anything about a bad scent; he told me he would rather have a third-rate scent for his hounds, as the pace was then quite fast enough for pleasure, as the pack would have to fling round occasionally and give you a chance to be nearer to them. The Bracknell country was very difficult to get over in former times—hedgerows very broad, and ditches wide and blind, much overgrown with grass and brambles. Davis had his field under good control, and he never minced the matter if he saw any man riding unfairly. His language was strong, and not always parliamentary, but was most effective at the time, and I have heard lasted into the future. If his temper was hasty, it was soon over and forgotten. He was a perfect gentleman in appearance, manner, and conversation, well educated, and I should say of good ability.

'These hounds [the Queen's], as you know, from the first were fox-hounds. I believe he bred from the best of his own and others, but he managed somehow to make them peculiarly his own, so much finer and more racy-looking than even the fox-hounds of the present day. Getting them faster began, I dare say, when the King told him to make them fast enough to run away from the field. This most certainly he did, for they ran away from the field on several occasions in the Harrow country, and I have experience of their doing this in the Bracknell country. Davis was a fine horseman, with a most perfect seat. It was rare when going fast to see him sit down in his saddle, but his position standing in his stirrups was very fine, not to be equalled.

'As a huntsman he was all that could be. Hunting the carted deer is not a science, but requires a system. His hounds appeared to love him, and one of the prettiest parts of the day was, when a check occurred, to see them fly to his call and all the pack cluster round his horse, and he take them to a holloa and plant them on the line of scent. I think this control was due in a great measure to his system of entering the young hounds in the forest in October. The deer were nearly always taken without



He would ease his Horse

injury, and many were hunted for years, and knew how to take care of themselves.

Mr. Cordery first knew Charles Davis in 1835. He used to see him out with Sir John Cope's fox-hounds, and also with the buckhounds. 'I thought him,' he writes, 'as good as anyone I ever saw on a saddle. Used to ride over a country very easy and never seemed to distress his horse, he liked a clean well bred horse and was Master of him and his men and his field, and his hounds. Respected by everyone his word was Law his hounds he loved and woe be to the man who rode over one. I used to go to Swinley Paddocks 50 years ago and castrate the deer to make them haviers for hunting the next season. George Cottrell was deer Keeper and feeder, his Father and Mother before him for I think over 60 years. Used to meet all the men from the Kennels. We used to spend a happy afternoon at the Paddocks, Cottrell used to provide cold gammon of Bacon good Bread and Cheese 9 gallons of nice Ale, Pipes tobacco Sing Song home at 6 o'clock.'

Mr. Cordery goes on: 'Mr. Davis' hounds not quite so high as yours. Bitches very neat and smaller I think. Perhaps your present pack goes a little faster than they did that is because the country is so much more open now. There used to be 5 fences then for one now in Berkshire and Woodlands of Hampshire that kept hounds and deer slower at that time on account of so much fencing. Deer ran straight as there was nothing to head him. If you had a good Woodland hunter and fencer you could keep with them in those small fields much easier than you can in the large fields. Aldershot Common all open at that time. Wellington College and Broad Moor the only 2 houses on each of these Commons, you could see Hounds a mile off; have been hunting all day and only have seen a man snipe shooting. Very open and wild at that time, much troubled with bogs where there were no rides. Mr. Davis did not ride fast at his fences. Good trot or canter and he would ease his horse to. I don't think the Deer stouter then than now but hounds did not press them so much at first in the small fields as they do now in the open ones.'

'Catching your own again,' as some one called hunting the carted deer, lacks the inevitableness we prize in wilder sports of the field. All concerned know only too well, not perhaps quite what will happen, but what is meant to happen. Upon the other hand the master and huntservants of a stag-hunting establishment—I speak from some experience—are always on the edge of novel and often ridiculous incidents.

Some people, however, seem able to invest the most untoward circumstances with their personal prestige. A few of this sort should be kept for stag-hunting. Mr. Davis appears to have been one of these gifted personages. It is true that he hunted a very much better country, and that in other ways, which I shall refer to elsewhere, he enjoyed substantial advantages which no Queen's Huntsman since his retirement has enjoyed or can hope to enjoy. Yet it would be impossible to suppose for a moment that Mr. Davis can have hunted the buckhounds for the forty odd years he carried the horn without having to put up with his share of the tiresome things which attend upon stag-hunting, and which it is sometimes difficult to suffer gladly. He must have been familiar as we are now with the good-natured but irresponsible foot people, with the deer which runs up and down the first fence, with the gentlemen who ride the deer, over-ride the hounds, or ride over other gentlemen. He must have experienced, just as we do now, the dreadful cavalcade up the main street of a small county town or country village, the deer lobbing at a slow pace in the middle of the turnpike, or eyeing the shop windows; the hounds adapting themselves to the circumstances of some back yard and the loud-cracking thongs. He must have disliked, just as we do now, the gardens and premises, the drying yards and building sites which some deer select in preference to the finest champaign country or the shaggiest heaths. But I feel that Mr. Davis was able to cover all these things with a decorum as majestic as his neckcloths. Thus when we read of his lying in a Vale of Aylesbury ditch, after a run which for pace beggars description, with his arm round Richmond Trump's neck—a position full of restless discomfort to both parties—there is something chivalrous and romantic about it all which redounds to the credit of both Mr. Davis and the gallant Trump. Pictorially it is all but a subject for Sir E. Burne-Jones rather than for Caldecott or Leech. It is related that on one festive occasion he was 'drawn' at the White Hart at Aylesbury. No subaltern or undergraduate could have barricaded the door in quicker time with the washhand-stand and the chest of drawers. But we may be certain he stood the siege with the air of a knight of the Round Table, and I have no doubt that Mr. Davis could direct the operations of a whipper-in in a punt without the slightest sacrifice of dignity.

Mr. Bowen May, who began his stag-hunting with Lord Maryborough when William IV. was King, and who still notes with an observant eye all that belongs to his favourite pursuit, agrees with Mr. Cordery that the deer now are as good but no better

THE GENTLEMEN WHO RIDE THE DEER, OVER-RIDE THE HOUNDS, OR RIDE OVER OTHER GENTLEMEN

than they were in Davis's time. He once asked Davis about the pace of a pack of hounds, and Davis replied in a letter that the Queen's hounds were the fastest pack, in his opinion, and that nine miles in the hour was about their best pace. But this pace was far exceeded by Richmond Trump's day. When Mr. Davis lay in the ditch with one arm round Richmond Trump's neck, as already related, he pulled out his watch with his free hand, and timed the run. Nobody but Davis could have done so. It was all over grass, and Davis only weighed about 10 stone, and had it all to himself on the Clipper, an animal up to 16 stone. I have found the entry in his diary, March 13, 1832. 'Richmond Trump at Lillie's, ran one hour, took at Twyford between Bicester and Buckingham—ran twenty miles in one hour.' In his horse-book I find that the Clipper was bought in the Christmas quarter of 1831 of Mr. Anderson for 120 guineas; he was sold again at Tattersall's in the summer quarter of 1834 for 24*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

Richmond Trump had been out twice before that season, and started on his career as the Richmond Knobber. After the Aylesbury performance, however, he was renamed Richmond Trump, after a popular fighting man of the day, who doubtless much appreciated the delicate compliment.

The present Lord Lichfield kindly sent me two or three long letters from Davis to his grandfather, who, as Lord Anson (afterwards Lord Lichfield) was appointed Master of the Buckhounds in 1830. These letters, alas! perished with many other papers I valued in a disastrous fire in my London house two or three years ago. The letters described two or three especially good runs they had had, and Lord Lichfield had probably kept them on that account. The writer of an article in 'Baily' (1867) says that Davis thought less about the horses than the hounds. Yet these particular letters, I remember, went into some detail about the horses which he himself and the men had ridden, and the way they had carried them. He was especially pleased with the performance and promise of a young chestnut which Lord Lichfield had just purchased. Lord Lichfield rode to hounds very well himself, and possibly Davis may on that account have made a point when writing to him of telling him a good deal about the hunt horses.

Davis's diaries and MS. books are very well kept, but the comments are lamentably few, and he confines himself generally to the bare facts of the day—where they met, how long they ran, the expenses, and so on. It is worth remarking here that in 1832

they must have been less particular about the public and their hunting appointments than in these days, and also that whenever Davis left his deer out he always, or nearly always, tried for his deer the very next morning. We did not do this in my time; but I was very fond of hunting an harboured outlying deer, and we had some capital runs with them. I remember a capital deer called Lord Clanwilliam, which we ran from Maiden Erlegh to Easthampstead, and left him out. We found him a fortnight later in the Easthampstead woods, and he ran his old line back, almost stick for stick, and we took him close to where we had turned him out. This is something like the Ripley deer experiences of November 26 and December 3, 1832.

On May 2, 1829, Davis enters in his diary—it is almost the only entry where he commits himself to an observation: 'Turned out an elk at Swinley; he wobbled away—I could not call it running—for half an hour, and took him at Bagshot. The hounds would not hunt him.' At the end of the season he enters that the elk and a deer called 'Etonian' are to be fatted for his Majesty and 'Reading' for Lord Maryborough. But he adds that the elk was not fatted, but was ultimately sent to the Zoological Gardens.

In those days the Queen's hounds moved about and saw a great deal more of other countries than they do now; they used to be taken to the following places for about a fortnight at the time: they used to go to Sir Robert Throckmorton's at Buckland near Faringdon during Lord Granville's mastership; to Hampton Court and on to Epsom in Lord Rosslyn's time. The deer during these outings to Epsom, Bartlett tells me, were kept in loose-boxes belonging chiefly to trainers. And for many years, as everybody knows, the Queen's hounds used to go down to the New Forest late in the season.

I find in Mr. Davis's diary that on New Year's Day, 1828, the buckhounds met at Salt Hill and hunted an untried Richmond havier, and that Prince Dom Miguel of Portugal hunted attended by Prince Esterhazy, Duke of Wellington, Lord Maryborough, and so on. Charles Greville tells us that when George IV.'s wardrobe was sold in 1830 everybody was surprised at its variety and profusion. Besides costumes of all the Orders in Europe, all the coats he had had for the last fifty years, about 300 whips, canes without number, there were a dozen brand-new pairs of corduroy breeches which he had had made to hunt in when Dom Miguel came to England, but never wore.

I read somewhere or other that a great many pictures of

Davis were painted at different times. I cannot say I know of many myself, but his brother was an artist, and painted him several times on Hermit, the grey horse he is riding in the well-known engraving of the Meet of the Buckhounds on Ascot Heath during Lord Chesterfield's Mastership. I shall have more to say about Hermit later on. Then there is another engraving of him on Columbine, a short-tailed mare which went to Badminton and bred some capital coach-horses. The Duke of Beaufort was telling me about her only the other day, and I have the entry now before me in Davis's horse-book. For Michaelmas quarter 1830, under 'Horses sold' he notes: 'Brown mare Columbine and foal to the Duke of Beaufort, 19*l.* 5*s.* 0*d.*' Sir F. Grant's picture is at Bretby, but I don't know where the original of the Columbine picture is, although I think this was painted by his brother.

Mr. Tattersall has a very good painting of him on horseback by an artist called Webb; and at Eaton there is a water-colour drawing of him by the old Deighton (I think) which the Duke of Westminster tells me is excellent. I believe, though, that the best and best-known engraving of him is on Traverser, also after Sir F. Grant. I don't know where this picture is, but without placing it in such company as Titian's Charles V. or Velasquez's Don Carlos at Madrid, or Stubbs's Duke of Hamilton in the green coat on the chestnut hackney, or Regnault's Marshal Prim, if the painting is as good as the engraving it must be a very charming and distinguished equestrian portrait. People who have not got it and care for sporting engravings should buy it; Mr. Harvey, of St. James's Street, who admires it very much, tells me it is getting very scarce.

In my time the reduced photograph from the engraving was popular at Harrow. I had one in my room over the mantelpiece. How often in the horrid stress of iambics have I looked to Mr. Davis on Traverser for inspiration! I used to look not only in vain, but waste my time in thinking that Traverser was the sort of horse I should like to ride hunting on some day, and Mr. Davis's the sort of seat I should like to have.

How well Sir Francis Grant has put him on the horse! His length of limb guarantees that smoothness of seat which Don Quixote impressed upon Sancho as being the peculiar attribute of a great gentleman. When some one asked Sir R. Sutton whether a stranger out with his hounds could ride, Sir Richard said he did not know, adding 'I should think so, for he hangs a good boot.' So did Charles Davis.

Davis was in the most literal sense of the word picturesque; and he was becomingly aware of it. 'Davis,' says a gentleman who knew him well, 'was always fond of a grey if he could get one to suit him; I think he thought himself better looking on one.' George III.'s choice was inspiration. Nature had dedicated him to scarlet and gold, and had given him the right colouring and complexion for scarlet. In the February number of 'Baily's Magazine' for 1867 a pleasant *requiescat in pace* article appeared upon Charles Davis. The writer ('The Gentleman in Black') had known the subject of his memoir well for many years, had ridden for several seasons with the Queen's hounds, and all he says has the value which nearness and the habit of personal intercourse alone can give. This is what he says of Davis's appearance:—'He was very tall and thin, probably 6 ft. 1 in height, and only weighing 9 st. and a lb. or two. He was a good-looking man with a large handsome nose, and good dark eyes and eyebrows. The expression of his face was severe and serious, latterly with many lines about the mouth, unless when excited by conversation on his favourite topics. When not officially dressed he had a very gentlemanly, almost aristocratic appearance, and always appeared to advantage amongst the frequenters of the stand at Ascot.'

Appearing to advantage in the stand at Ascot, or indeed anywhere else, is eminently satisfactory. It also appears that he had 'the nobleman look' which Pope instanced in Lord Peterborough. 'In plain clothes,' says his biographer in 'Baily,' 'he looked like a peer of the realm.' This is a pleasant tribute to the looks of the House of Lords, but it would probably be nearer the mark to say that all peers of the realm did not look like Davis. In externals, at all events, and indeed I think in character, Davis had the knack Mr. Emerson somewhere or other lays stress upon, of never reminding us of others.

The glories of Royal Ascot, says his biographer, were very near his heart, although as far as the racing went, if 'The Gentleman in Black' is right, he can neither have amused himself nor others very much. 'He spoke,' we are told, 'of the old days at Ascot, when royalty was regular in its attendance, and when the aristocracy and beauty of England walked up and down the course between the races;' 'rather of the glories of the past, Lords Jersey and Verulam, the old Duke of York, of Zinganee, and the Colonel, and Mr. Petre's Cadland, than of the present. Racing had in his mind become vulgarised and common,' and so on, and so on. A little of this is all very well, but

Cadland and Zinganee and the aristocracy might get very tiresome.

Davis kept his figure to the last, and was one of the few men whose legs were sufficiently straight and clean on the inside of the knee joint to wear becomingly the skin-tight leathers which were generally the fashion in his best days, and which have remained the fashion for the royal servants. In those days the hunt servants wore very much shorter and closer-fitting coats than they do now—hardly any skirt; the old yeoman pricker tunic pattern of coat was retained for very many years; and I remember when first I hunted with the Buckhounds, in '79 I

HER CHEERFUL SPIRITS AND DASHING RIDING

believe from Aldershot, thinking that Goodall's rather short close coat and tight leathers gave a rather postiliony look. Whilst I was Master I lengthened the coats very much, both in the waist and in the skirts—a long coat seems to seat a man better on his horse, and it is certainly comfortable and more becoming to the average figure. At the same time, when I look at Mr. Davis in his short coat on Traverser I am inclined to think I made a mistake. The slimness and youthfulness of his figure up to the very last were in great measure due to the simplicity of his life and the regularity of his habits. He was very moderate in eating and drinking. He liked a little wine, and accepted little presents of wine from his field, which he much appreciated. Dr. Croft tells

me he never remembers his having anything to drink at a meet or on the road home, nor would he allow his men to do so. Davis did not approve of ladies going out hunting with the Queen's hounds. He made an exception in favour of a Miss Gilbert, 'on account of her cheerful spirits and dashing riding'—qualities which are apt to inspire a huntsman with suspicion rather than confidence—but especially on account of her Spartan endurance of long rides home at hounds' pace, of which Davis himself was a great exponent.

Davis was very particular about feeding regularly and punctually, and would allow no noise in the kennel. The whips were sent in before feeding time to prevent a note. He exercised his hounds all the year round, and went out himself with the young hounds four times a week, and with the old hounds twice a week. He took them chiefly into Windsor Park till July, by which time they were broken to fallow deer, and Davis used to go off to Newmarket to stay with his brother-in-law, Edwards, the King's trainer and jockey. So far, I have not been able to find out anything about him at Newmarket.

When the Druid visited the Ascot kennels in the sixties, just before Davis's retirement, he was very much taken with the Rockwoods. Rockwood came of the old Goodwood sort which Davis declared lasted the longest. Rockwood himself ran right up in his sixth season. In colour, George Bartlett tells me, Davis preferred a good tan. George IV. liked a light-coloured hound, so that he could see them better, and wished him to stick to the Goodwood lemon-pye which for some years distinguished the Royal pack. 'But,' says Bartlett, 'Davis wouldn't have them,' and Davis was the sort of man who had his way. For change of blood he went for choice to the Badminton, Belvoir, and Brocklesby kennels. But I am sorry myself that the lemon-pye has been lost.

Traverser was given to Davis by Lord Granville, and was one of the last horses he rode. Dr. Croft says that he made a noise, but that this mattered little, as at this time his men did all the fast work. A whistler of Traverser's scope and quality, ridden by an artist of Davis's weight and knowledge of the country, will always beat an average sound horse—at least, that is my experience. Excepting Hermit, Davis rode all his horses in a single rein snaffle. 'His hands,' writes Dr. Croft to me, 'were quite in the right place, and his horses seemed to take hold of him just sufficiently to keep him in his favourite position. I consider he rode with rather long stirrups, as his position when galloping was

standing.' Somehow one never quite associates a single snaffle with hands. In the picture of Davis and Columbine, he is standing up in his stirrups. I am sorry to say he has his cap off, which I don't like; and in a little loose engraving I have of him, cut out of the 'Sporting Review,' or some similar publication, after a picture by his brother, he is standing up to 'Hermit' and going great guns. Once hounds are away and settled, I confess I like to see a long, thin-legged man sit right down in his saddle, even if he has not, like Mr. Varnish in 'Market Harborough,' the air of playing a favourite instrument. The standing-up seat, with your horse moving like clockwork and going right into his bridle, is to my mind the seat for a critical time, when it is a matter of lifting hounds and taking them on to a holloa. But all agree that whatever Charles Davis did on a horse was right. You could not by all accounts get him out of drawing with his horse, your eye, or the circumstances.

Some people invest every horse they ride with character and morals. I do myself, and although I have suffered some literally stunning disillusions I shall continue to do so. Davis had favourites, but, according to his biographer in 'Baily,' spoke very little about his horses or their peculiarities. He accepted them as horses, and turned them to their best account. But having no sentimental prepossessions he had no prejudices. Sir Tatton Sykes would never look at anything over 15.2. The present Lord Lonsdale has fixed an arbitrary weight—a horse must scale 10 cwt. as a minimum to carry him—but Davis told the 'Druid' that he had been carried equally well by horses of all heights from 14.3 to 16.2, although as a long-legged man he liked a 16 hands to 16.2 horse. He spoke most of Hermit's performances, for instance, but mentioned an instance of his having been beaten on Hermit by a little roan mare, nothing more than a pony, belonging to a trainer called Dessy. 'The Gentleman in Black' was so carried away by Davis's account of this animal and the persuasions of her owner that he bought her. As he found she could only carry his boots, he only used her as a covert hack, and and I dare say often wished he had never seen her. But he adds, with noble conviction: 'She was the best horse I ever had, and Davis's opinion of her merits was correct to the letter.' I have heard it questioned whether Davis was a very good judge of a horse, but he certainly knew if they could go, and only rode and kept horses with mettle.

I have before me Davis's horse-book, giving an account of all horses purchased and sold for the use of the Royal Hunt

from 1825 to 1843. Now, the Master does all the buying and selling, and returns the £ *s.* *d.* amount of horses purchased and sold in his quarterly account; but in those days a different system of accounts obtained, and it would appear that Davis did most of the buying and selling. Davis gave very good prices, from 80*l.* to 150*l.*, for hunt horses. He never kept horses he did not like, and looked on the first loss as the least. For instance, he must have made a pretty clean sweep when first he was appointed huntsman, as the proceeds of 'useless' horses sold in the mid-summer quarter of 1825 realised 310*l.* 12*s.* Like everybody else, Davis had his losses; but, on the whole, he appears to have been a good salesman. In 1841 he sold a horse called Adam Brock for 315*l.* He had bought him with two others—Troy and Hogmagog—in 1835, for 420*l.*, of Anderson. It is true that Hogmagog had died incontinently, and that Troy was sold in 1836 for 21*l.* to some one in Bagshot. And now for Hermit, whom he considered the stoutest and best hunter he ever had. Hermit was by an English horse out of an Arabian mare. Some would have it he was out of a 'Trumpator' mare, but, as a matter of fact, he was bred by Mr. Gates, of Brookwood Stumps, near Woking, from a white Arabian mare. The mare had carried a trumpeter in a dragoon regiment in India, and was brought to England with the regiment. Gates sent the mare to Grey Skim, who then stood at Petworth; so Davis was indebted to the Wyndhams for his favourite horse and for his favourite hound blood.

Hermit was six years old when Davis bought him of Gates in 1832 for 150 guineas. I have before me the entry in his horse-book. The horse had been leading gallops for thoroughbred horses. Harry King rode him the first season with the buckhounds. He was a very wild horse at first, but King was a fine horseman with good hands, and soon got him right. The story is that on one occasion the field had been stopped by a canal somewhere in the Harrow country, and the hounds had got a great start over a fine country. Davis, probably aware of some danger ahead, bade Harry King try to stop them. By this time they were flying like pigeons over the grass more than a mile away. To his surprise—for Davis thought his hounds were very fast—he saw Hermit gaining on them; and Harry King ultimately stopped them, although I think they must have checked or dwelt. Anyhow, when King came back, Davis said to him that the horse seemed to go a fair pace, which King admitted, and from that time on King rode him no more. Davis rode him for nine seasons; he broke down through injuring his coffin bone

jumping down a deep place into a lane. His appearance is well known to most people who look at hunting engravings, from Sir F. Grant's picture of Ascot Heath.

Hermit shows a great deal of Arab—a lovely head and a bump on his forehead. He carried, as the dealers say, 'two good ends,' and was a beautifully coloured horse, with no thickness or muddle in his white and markings. When a grey horse of that glorified rocking-horse type is as good as 'Hermit' was, there is nothing to my mind so attractive or so becoming. Davis was quite aware of it. The 'Druid' noticed portraits of him on Hermit in nine positions when he went to see him at Ascot.

HARRY KING ULTIMATELY STOPPED THEM

Charles Davis's horsemanship was as stainless as King Arthur's morals. But I imagine his riding appealed to the head rather than the heart. As we have seen, the expression on his features was severe and serious, and I cannot help thinking that his riding to hounds may have been a little wanting in geniality—perfect in form and satisfying in result—but somehow wanting in that impalpable quality which makes riding over an intricate country with certain people so amusing. In a point-to-point steeplechase Jem Mason rode Lottery over a locked gate 5 ft. 6 in.

high off a newly-stoned road in preference to a hairy bullfinch at the side. 'I'll be hanged,' he said to his friends when they were walking over the ground, 'if I am going to scratch my face, for I am going to the opera to-night;' and Lottery jumped it like an antelope. There was no shadow of turning about Davis, but he would never have said that. Doubtless had it been a question of rescuing the Trump or the Miller he would have ridden over the gate, but he would have done it with the somewhat dismal zeal of a permanent official rather than the zest of a man of pleasure. I admit 5 ft. 6 in. high and the take off would make most people feel serious.

Perhaps, too, Davis took himself a little seriously. The even and deserved prosperity of his career, his converse—almost identity—with great personages, and the responsible authority of his position may easily have induced a certain semi-royal aloofness. Davis, I feel confident, was never in anything like a scrape himself—this is of itself quite a misfortune—and I question whether he ever had much to do with the scrapes and shifts of others. Under the startling influence of gratitude, Tom Oliver once swore a great oath that he would fight up to his knees in blood for Jem Mason, who had won him 100*l.* with Trust-Me-Not, relieved him of the constant society of the bailiffs, and set him again on his rather unsteady legs. But I question whether anybody ever had occasion to enter into such savage covenants for Davis. We might have asked him to stand godfather to our firstborn or act as trustee to our marriage settlements—if in order—but we should not have written to him as Tom Oliver did to Mason, to say we were in short street and entertaining the sheriff of the county. Davis would not have known what to do. Trust-Me-Not, I am sorry to say, after distinguishing himself at Harlesden Green and one or two other meetings, broke Jem Mason's leg at Derby.

But I have already exceeded the space at my present disposal, and I must finish up. For some years before his actual resignation, failing health and increasing years had led to arrangements with King by which Davis only went out hunting and remained out for his own pleasure. But in 1866 he had a bad fall and hurt his leg, and at the end of that season he asked leave to retire and went to live at Sunninghill. He died there on October 26, 1867, of bronchitis, in his seventy-ninth year. Charles Davis left no family.

'Il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire,' but within the possibilities of this unimpeachable aphorism it was manifest that his death had

made a gap, and that his life had made a quite particular impression upon a considerable public.

> Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
> Vitabit Libitinam.

Davis's was a conspicuous career, many things conspicuously English had contributed to his renown. But the distinction of his looks and ways, the elegance of his seat, the scarlet and gold of his public duties, the bold serenity of his horsemanship are not of themselves enough to account for the vitality of his prestige and tradition. All these things we admire in horse- and hound-loving England—all these things will be associated with and ornament Charles Davis's memory and profession. But there is something else of Charles Davis which I like to think lives to inspire and to encourage. There is the staidness of his private life; there is the conduct of responsible duties; there is the example he has left us of endeavour to provide things honest in the sight of all men.

FINS

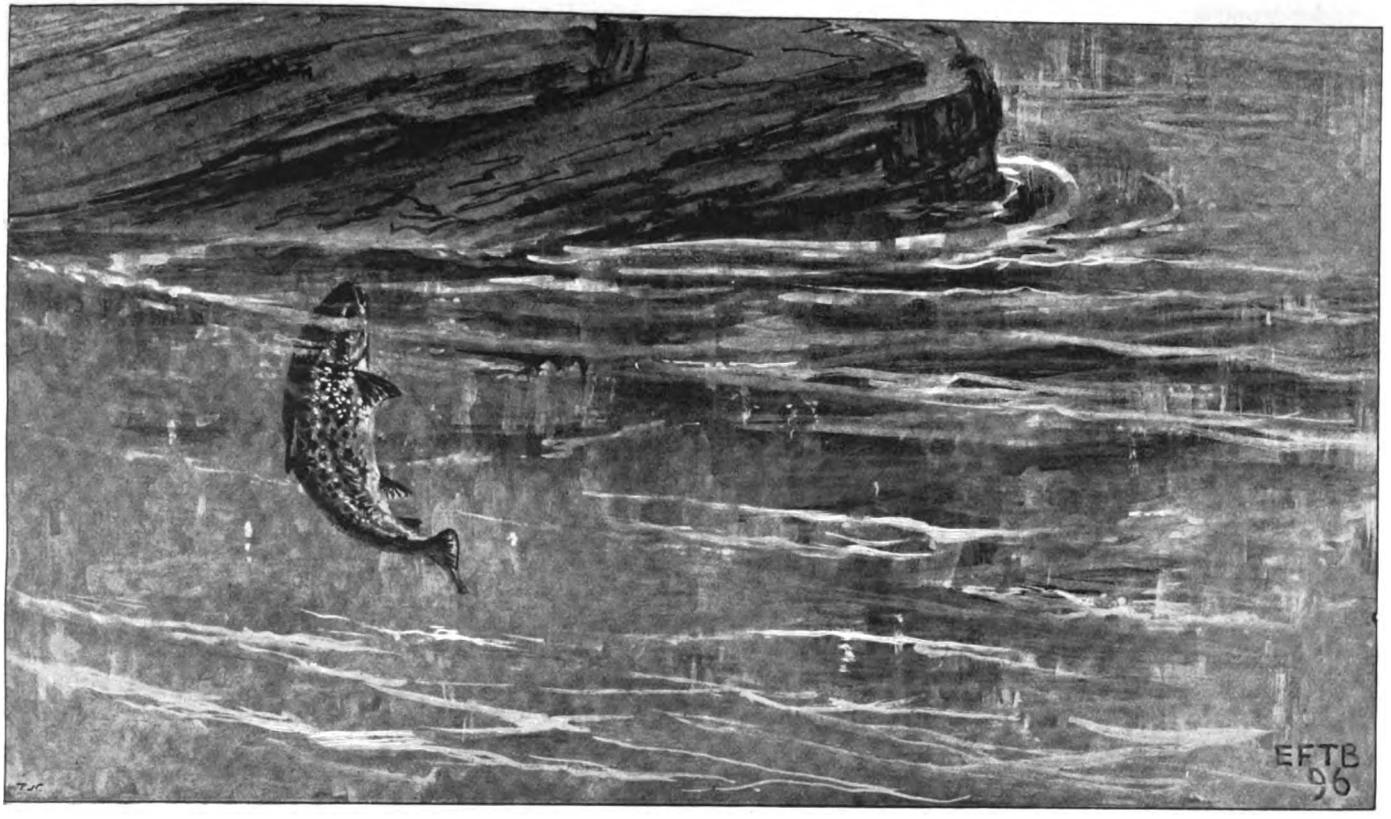
BY E. F. T. BENNETT

FINS and wings, fish and birds, water and air, each of these pairs resembling the other, and so enabling us to study the more mysterious water creatures by what we can observe with greater ease in those that live in the air. Birds are heavy in the air, fish are light in the water; birds become light in the water and fish heavy in the air; and both pass through their own element in a way that is similar yet not the same. Fish use their tails and birds their wings as propellers, so when under water the diving bird flies with its wings, and when out of the water the flying fish floats on its great pectoral fins, and is driven forward by the force exerted by the tail before it left the water.

A bird like the gull with slow wing strokes and its habit of sliding through the air with motionless wings helps us to understand the use that a trout makes of its pectoral and ventral fins.

To raise itself from the ground a gull runs along first with uplifted wings, following up the impetus thus gained by powerful downward strokes, which quickly take it to a great height when its flight can be changed to floating on outspread wings. Suspended thus in the air it is really from the weight of its body gliding down an inclined plane often at great speed. This falling force is easily directed upward by altering the angle at which the wings are set, and thus the perfection of aërial navigation depending on a heavy body and horizontal sails is attained. The tail though never used as a propeller is in constant use, acting either as a rudder or balance or as a powerful brake.

The trout swims through the water with its tail. It does not



IT PAUSES UPRIGHT TO TAKE AIM

use its horizontal fins as propellers, and when going at great speed the tail, actuated by the lateral movement of the backbone, is alone in action.

The nearest approach that we can make to this movement is with a single oar at the stern of a boat, which closely imitates the zigzag course of the upper ray of the fish's tail. A fan-like set of rays, the outer being the stiffer, while the inner ones are split into two about halfway, make an elastic framework over which is stretched that wonderful membrane that becomes at its edge so fine that it is almost as impalpable as the water itself. The whole structure from its tough beginning at the body to its broadened soft ending forms a very perfect propeller.

It is in the horizontal fins that we see the likeness to wings, for the fish sets them to the different currents it is in, and rises and falls by their help, as the gull does when sailing in the air. A trout, however, can raise or lower itself in the water with no noticeable movement of fins or tail, and as it certainly does not depend upon an air-bladder to effect this, it must employ some other means.

To answer any puzzling question in natural history it is well to look for similar instances in other cases, and here we find the whale lowering its vast bulk through the water with ease, even after taking in gallons of air, which must make its body more buoyant. Now to do this it contracts its skin, and so lessens its bulk, becoming at once heavier for its size and able to sink. To raise itself its muscles are relaxed; its bulk is again increased, and so it becomes lighter. The trout is a mass of muscles supported on a slight framework of bones, and as it floats when dead we may conclude that like the whale it has the power of contracting and expanding its body. When death relaxes its muscles the trout floats, and when alive it can so regulate their action that it is able to rise and fall without using fins or tail.

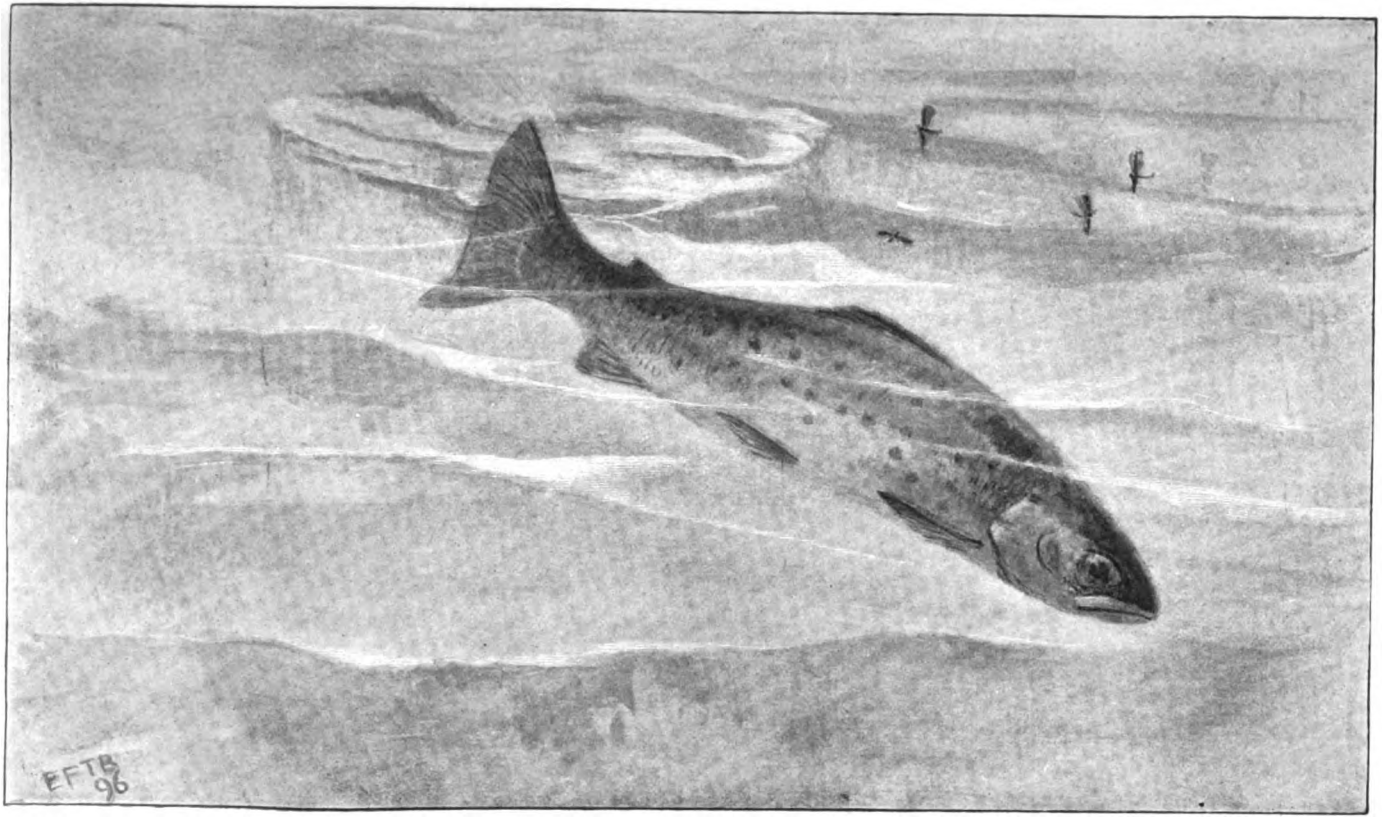
In a stream, however, the fins are all in use, and though the unconscious contracting and expanding of its bulk may be going on, they are its chief aids to reach any desired position or object. The angler well knows the resistance that can be offered by them, and the fish takes advantage of every current, setting its fins and straining rod and tackle in every possible way. To appreciate fully their effective force the fact that the fish is about the same weight as the water should not be lost sight of. The back fin acts as a keel, and with the tail and anal fin helps to balance the fish, which, strange to say, is top-heavy in the water. We are so wise that we never would have thought of making such a creature, and

yet Nature points out to us in her quiet way how very little we know and how much we have to learn.

There has been so much said on the subject of up and down stream fishing that straight across casting seems to be little practised. Yet for the angler naturalist this is the best of all ways to see what a trout does. The killing point is in a space a little above or below an imaginary line from the angler straight across stream. It is often impossible to approach a trout from below, and so it must be fished for either from above or from straight opposite. Of course, up-stream fishing is the most killing way to fish, on the whole; yet, in straight across, less line is shown to the fish than in up-stream fishing, and a single fly can be offered in the most natural way possible. The man who faces up-stream only must often be casting on water that is flowing from him; but, of course, the true up-stream man knows this, and turns his face down stream in such a case. With a background favourable to the angler, cross-stream fishing is certainly the most interesting way of all; but a favourable background must be secured, even though kneeling in the water or lying flat on the bank has to be resorted to.

With all conditions favourable, the angler can wade in and get quite close to the fish without causing alarm. In a stream near a rock or bank a trout is well on the feed, and with tail in constant action it keeps its place in midwater to an inch. A fleet of duns is passing over its head, and as it singles out its prey it rises by setting its pectorals and ventrals to the current, while the action of its tail quickens. The pace of the water carries the fish down stream as it pauses upright to take aim. The jaws open and close, and then all the outspread fins are laid flat and the downward header is taken, often at an angle to the upward rise. To the down-stream fisherman this header is the rise, but the up-stream and cross-stream men tighten their lines the instant that the fly is taken, for they can see what the other seldom can.

In quite still water trout cruise about, fanning their tails and fins, and taking the flies without any fuss. When a party are so occupied, the dry fly, if well put on the water, is confidently approached, the jaws move, and the fish as he proceeds to lower himself is surprised to find that his freedom is gone. A wild rush is made, and the fight begins. In such still water every fin can be studied, and as the fish cannot get help from currents, his resistance is more deliberate, and it often takes a long time to tire him out. A favourite way to try to escape is by swimming slowly along, followed by a rush and spring out of the water. This



THE DOWNWARD HEADER IS TAKEN

violent exertion soon ends in defeat, and the trout with side up is landed.

A trout has eight fins—the pectorals and ventrals, the anal, caudal, adipose, and dorsal. The first four act more or less horizontally, although this is not the only motion they are capable of. The remaining four are set vertically, and acting with the others complete the wonderful balancing and motive power of the fish.

In sharp turnings the lateral action of the backbone shows how the driving force is communicated to the tail, and when extra power of stroke is wanted the anal fin and after part of the body really constitute the propeller. The adipose fin is too pliant to be of service, but in the pike we find this and the dorsal represented by one large fin set near the tail, and forming with the anal and tail, or caudal fin, a propeller which gives the pike the power of making a quicker sudden rush than any other fresh-water fish. The long shape of the body, too, is well suited for the dart-like flight through the water to which this fish trusts for safety and the capture of its prey. The pectoral and ventral fins are used especially in backing water, and the fish can disappear quietly in a ghost-like way by their help. The rush of this fish, whether it be from fright or when a bait tempts it from its lair, is a thing to see and remember.

The pike has seven fins—the single dorsal, caudal, and anal making on occasion a splendid propeller. The four others, besides being used for backing water, seem to suggest almost walking power, and are used for slow backward and forward progression in the water.

We see that in the water fish have little weight, and the frightened flying fish, shot out of the water by the action of its tail, becomes in the air a heavy projectile. Its great pectorals are spread, and its leap lasts as long as the forward force is greater than the force of gravity. So it does not fly as a bird flies, but floats through the air like a trout in the stream. This wonderful leap, which for convenience we may call flight, has a disappointing finish, for it ends in an awkward fall, which shows plainly how unlike true wings even these great fins are. The sailing of a gull on different planes of air helps us to understand the sailing of a trout in different currents of water, and so we see that fins and wings are near relations. The great fins of a flying fish are set high as in a bird, and consequently, although top-heavy under water, this wonderful fish's centre of gravity is lowered the instant it leaves the water.

Both air and water have weight, and the same creature may be said to be heavy or light according to the element it happens to be in at the time. The diving bird becomes light and flies with its wings under water, and the flying fish becomes heavy and floats on its great fins through the air.

Wings for the air, fins for the water, and their action remains the same when the wings are used under water or the fins in the air.

The article on dry-fly-fishing in the March number of the BADMINTON MAGAZINE shows that there is a great deal more in fishing than in merely catching fish, and indeed there is so much more that if, like old Izaak, we could be content with a brace or two of fish, we would have time to notice what Nature is doing always day and night, and so add to the delights of our sport.

Who shall say that training a pair of clever setters in February with no gun in hand is not as good sport as shooting birds over them in September? So a brace of trout taken with the dry fly out of a clear, basin-like pool after two hours' work may have given more true sport than the three dozen when the river was in flood, caught very possibly with a worm. Still, worm-fishing is good fun to many, and good sport too. But sport is sport, and means perhaps above all things fair play to man and beast and bird and fish.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

I CANNOT, of course, pass over a Royal victory in the Derby without comment; and yet what is to be said about it that has not been said already? It was a memorable scene, and nothing could have been more worthy of a Prince than some remarks he made when on a kindly mission to the East End on the Saturday after the race. I am glad to make record here of the words spoken:—'It is always a matter of satisfaction to an Englishman to succeed, if possible, in anything he undertakes, and to have won the Derby with a horse bred by myself was very gratifying to me. But, gratifying as that was, the enthusiasm and kind feeling displayed on the occasion surpass, to me, even the pleasure and gratification of having won the Derby.' A better and more exciting race than that between Persimmon and St. Frusquin was never seen, and it was doubtless that which stirred the multitude at Epsom on June 3 so keenly. Had the horse won in a canter by any number of lengths, I do not think the cheers would have been so tumultuous. The best of it all is, from the point of view of pure sport, that the desperate struggle in the Derby will merely add to the deep interest of the next race in which the pair meet, if happily all goes well with them. It was vastly in favour of Persimmon that he had been specially prepared for the Derby, whereas St. Frusquin had been trained for a race—and had won it—as early as April 15. Exactly a fortnight later, on the 29th, he was again brought out to win

the Two Thousand Guineas, and there was an idea of running him yet once more, for the Newmarket Stakes, on May 13; but when the time approached he was withdrawn, because the going was so cruelly hard; for, as Mr. Leopold de Rothschild observed to me, though St. Frusquin would assuredly have won without effort, a gallop on the course in the condition it then was would very probably have jarred the colt and detracted from his chance for the Derby.

Persimmon, therefore, had the advantage of freshness. He was trained entirely for the Derby, growing fitter and fitter day by day without being called upon to race in earnest. Easily as St. Frusquin won at Newmarket, especially the first event, the Column Produce Stakes, a race is a race. We talk about an apparently effortless victory as 'a mere exercise canter for the horse'—that is a phrase often heard—but a race doubtless takes something out of an animal: he cannot be kept at the top of his condition for a couple of months; and I am inclined to believe that the advantage of freshness just referred to meant quite the neck by which St. Frusquin was defeated. This is my opinion, and let me add it is entirely a matter of opinion. Experts will differ about it, and no doubt some will even maintain that St. Frusquin's races 'opened his eyes,' as the saying goes, and did him more good than harm. I do not think this. There can be no doubt that he ran far better in the Column Produce Stakes than he did in the Two Thousand, and it is very likely that this latter race took a good deal out of him. Would he have run better in the Derby had he been eased from the 15th to the end of April, and then worked uninterruptedly with a view to Epsom? That is a question of the past; the question of the future is what will happen when next he and Persimmon meet, and perhaps they will do so within a few hours of the appearance of these lines—necessarily written within a week of the Derby day.

Persimmon is the bigger horse; he matured later—so far, that is to say, as a three-year-old can be said to have come to maturity; for that he is in truth a long way from it is proved by the weight-for-age scale which makes a three-year-old 20 lb. behind a five-year-old over the Derby course at Derby time: if 'Derby time'

were June 1, it would be 20 lb.; if the day before, 23 lb. It may perhaps be inferred, therefore, that there is more scope for improvement in him than in St. Frusquin. Thus believers in Persimmon, when next he and St. Frusquin meet, will base their confidence on the notion that he has 'come on'; believers in St. Frusquin will hold that he was possibly a little overdone at Epsom, and that when really fresh and well he will wipe out the neck defeat and discount the improvement. If, however, the two are to run in the Princess of Wales's Stakes on the 2nd (a point that will be settled before these Notes appear), it is difficult to see how St. Frusquin is to acquire freshness; and over the flat Leger course, if they wait till September 9, Persimmon's length of stride will be in his favour—more so, I fancy, than it would be up the Bunbury Mile hill at Newmarket. There is not much time to let St. Frusquin down between Derby and Newmarket July. But if he and Persimmon meet in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, what will Regret do with 12 lb. the best of the weights? Men who are interested in the Turf will have discussed this question at length before my Notes reach them. We can only hope that all three will run, and that they will do so when they are acknowledged to be so fit and well that no excuse is possible.

I fancy it is not generally known that Sir Walter Scott played golf. My friend, Mr. Hedley Peek, however, lately came across the following letter, addressed by the great novelist to a Mr. John Cundell, of Hope Street, Leith, author of the 'Historical Sketch of the Game of Golf,' the volume to which Sir Walter refers. Mr. Peek's informant, I should add, was the grandson of the recipient of this letter.

'Sir,—I should esteem myself happy if I could add anything to the elaborate account of the game of golf which you were so good as to transmit me, as I am still an admirer of that manly exercise, which in former days I occasionally practised. I fear, however, that the activity of other gentlemen has anticipated any remarks which I can offer, especially as I have no books by me at present. The following particulars I mention merely to show that I have not neglected the wish of the gentlemen golfers. I should doubt much the assertion that the word "golf" is derived from the verb "to *gowff*" or strike hard—on the contrary, I conceive the verb itself is derived from the game, and that "to

gowff" is to strike sharp and strong as in that amusement. If I were to hazard a conjecture, I should think the name golf is derived from the same Teutonic expression from which the Germans have "*Colb*," a club, and the Low-Dutch "*Kolff*," which comes very near the sound of "*golf*." The exchange of the labial letter *b* for *lf* is a very common transformation. If I am right, the game of Golf will just signify the game of the Club. I have visited the Old House, No. 77 Canongate, and I see the scutcheon with the arms still in high preservation; but it appears to me that they are not older than the 17th century. There is a Latin inscription, mentioning that Adam Paterson was the name of the successful heroe in the game described as proper to Scotchmen. I would have taken a copy of it, but my doing so attracted rather too much attention. It would be easy for any expert plasterer to take a cast both of the arms and inscription to ornament your club-room; it is really a curious memorial of the high estimation in which this game was formerly held. I fear, Sir, the Club will think me very unworthy of their attention, but if anything else should occur in the course of my reading I will not fail to send it to you. I am, with best wishes for the sport of the "Gowff Club" in the field, and their conviviality in the club-room, very much your and their obedient servant,

'WALTER SCOTT.

'I should have said that from the Inscription it appears that Paterson gained as much money at a game of gowff as built his house. There is no mention of the King having played either with or against him.'

Edin., 9 June, 1824.

The pleasure of country life is enormously enhanced if one knows something of the birds which throng the hedgerows, fields, and woods; and the ignorance of the average man on this subject is really remarkable. I need not have limited the observation by speaking of country life, for innumerable birds are also inhabitants of towns. Few people realise how many species and varieties are to be found, for instance, in the London parks, and a thoroughly knowledgeable article on the subject would make delightful reading to a multitude of bird-lovers. I am ashamed of my own poverty of information about birds, and am endeavouring to correct the deficiency by means of an excellent book published by Messrs. Cassell, 'British Birds' Nests: How,

When, and Where to Find and Identify Them,' by Mr. R. Kearton, illustrated by admirable photographs taken by the author's brother, Mr. C. Kearton. No attempt is made at picturesque detail. Each of the birds included is dealt with briefly under classified heads: 'Description of Parent Birds,' 'Situation and Locality' (of nests), 'Materials,' 'Eggs,' 'Time,' 'Remarks.' As for some birds, such as the sparrow, it would be almost easier to say where they do not nest than to give a list of places where they do. So far as it goes the book is worthy of all praise; but, of course, one would like more anecdotes, and something more than the bare recital of the birds' make and shape. Mr. Kearton, however, enables his careful readers to identify the birds he describes, and this is much. To author and illustrator the production of the book has been a labour of love. Mr. R. Kearton seems to have thought nothing of sitting out all night to watch some bird or nest that had interested him, and his brother on at least one occasion had to take a photograph standing in a river waist-deep, with the swirling water nearly reaching his camera. Descents of cliffs and so forth were also frequently dangerous in the extreme; but the results obtained were worth the risk and trouble, and one can scarcely say more in praise of the volume.

'G. R. M.' kindly sends me this most extraordinary anecdote:—'Reading the article on "Hawking" in India, and the curious accidents in the Notes at the end of the May number of the BADMINTON MAGAZINE, reminded me of the pleasant days we used to have out hawking with Colonel Sam Fisher, the Commandant of the 15th Bengal Irregular Cavalry, in pre-Mutiny days in the Punjab, and of a most curious result of a second fall which once happened to him. Sam Fisher began his army career in the 3rd Light Dragoons, in which regiment he served in Afghanistan, under General Pollock, in 1842; he was subsequently transferred with an unattached majority to the Bengal Irregular Cavalry, and at the time I knew him, 1854–56, he commanded the 15th Regiment, stationed near Lahore. He was the beau-ideal of a cavalry leader, of grand appearance, about six feet high, weighing under twelve stone, a fine rider, good shot, and with a stud of some dozen Arabs, and a similar number of hawks, was always eager for a few days in camp, to hunt the mighty boar or hawk,

deer and obara, which were plentiful in those days within a few miles of the capital of the Punjab. He was as hospitable as he was jovial, and, whenever getting up a party for camp, used to send round to the various regiments and batteries to ask any of us who liked to join—let him know how many to expect, and he would provide the commissariat and a mess tent: each man taking his own camp equipage, liquor, &c., camp fashion, as in the good old days of John Company.

'The ground was bad for riding, and this, added to the necessity of keeping the eyes constantly fixed on the hawks, accounted for numerous falls; and Sam Fisher one day in a run fell heavily on his head, with the result that he almost entirely lost his memory. He had no bones broken, but he could not remember current events: for instance, though it was during the first winter in the Crimea, and our thoughts and conversation daily led to some discussion about the siege of Sebastopol, he couldn't remember a single thing about it. Well, we got him on a charpoy (native bed), and kept him quiet about a couple of hours, till the sun grew less powerful. We then thought it advisable to make for his bungalow, some eight miles off, and to find a doctor. Fisher insisted on riding his pony home, and J. Y. W. (a brother officer) and I rode with him. When we started his "knowledge box" was all wrong. Before we had gone far it began to get dusk, so much so that Fisher did not see a heap of "kunkur" (metal for repairing purposes) on the side of the road, and his pony fell with him over it. He got up, a bit shaken, but with his *full memory back again*, and we had the satisfaction of leaving him at his bungalow "quite fit." That was a wonderful mode of recovery from a severe brain shaking. Poor Sam Fisher, I regret to add, was murdered by the mutineers in Oude in 1857.'

There are, I suspect, readers to whom a *menu* is not altogether uninteresting, and it may gratify them to know how the Royal owner of the Derby winner regaled his guests on the evening of the great event. Here is a facsimile:

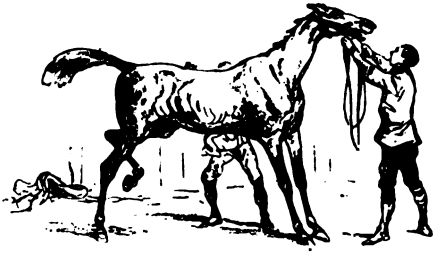
Marlborough House

Diner du 3 Juin, 1896

Turtle Punch.	Tortue Clair. Consommé à la d'Orléans.
Madeira, 1820	Petites Truites au Bleu à la Bordelaise Filets de Soles froids à la Russe.
Marcobrunner, 1868.	Côtelettes de Volailles à la Clamart. Chauds-froids de Cailles à la Lucullus.
Château Margaux, 1875	Hanches de Venaison de Sandringham, Sauce Aigre Douce Jambons de York Pöelé au Champagne Sorbets à la Maltaise
Moët et Chandon, 1880.	Poussins rôtis au Cresson Ortolans rôtis sur Canapes. Salades de Romaine à la Française
Still Sillery, 1846.	Asperges en Branches, Sauce Mousseuse Croûtes aux Pêches à la Parisienne. Petits Soufflés Glacés à la Princesse. Gradins de Patisseries Assorties.
Chambertin, 1875.	Casquettes à la Jockey Club.
	Drouettes Garnies de Glacés variés. Gauffrettes.
	Royal Tawny Port (50 years old). *Royal White Port* ,, ,, *Sherry, George IV* *Magnums Château Lajit, 1861* *Brandy, 1848.*

Persimmon, designed by Messrs. Ortner and Houle, was shown with Watts in the Prince's colours, and these cannot be indicated here.

Up to the time of writing the cricket season has been a strange one. To begin with, the bat seemed to be having all the best of it. 'Centuries,' in the slang of the day, were common, and some of the averages, notably Abel's, very remarkable. But by degrees things altered. It was noted one morning that on the previous day twenty-three wickets had fallen for two hundred runs—at the rate of eight and a fraction per wicket; and then one afternoon occurred the collapse of the Australians, which will, I suppose, always be quoted when cricket curiosities are under discussion. The Australians had done so particularly well hitherto that the getting rid of them for eighteen runs was an amazing incident. Pougher's record—three overs, no runs, five wickets—is, if my memory serves, not only unprecedented, but unapproached in first-class cricket; though, let it be added, good judges who were present at the match tell me that J. T. Hearne's bowling was certainly no less admirable. It is doubtful whether a stronger team of batsmen has ever come from Australia than that which is now here. Their weakest point is wicket-keeping: Blackham is not easily to be replaced. Their fielding is especially smart, the way in which they return the ball being a lesson to cricketers in general.



THE

BADMINTON MAGAZINE

August 1896

THE GROUSE

BY ALEXANDER INNES SHAND

'THEY are the Hieland hills,' said Baillie Jarvie very seriously, when he was guiding Frank Osbaldistone to keep tryst with Rob Roy. The worthy Baillie was familiar enough with the unkempt Celts who drove shaggy black cattle through the streets of Glasgow; but even he, though well friended by the Macgregor, shrank from venturing behind the dusky barrier which divided civilisation from savagery. As Macaulay remarks, no one cared for scenery in those days, and what we now admire as the grandeur of nature brought many unpleasant experiences to the adventurers. There were bridgeless rivers with perilous fords or ferries: the rills turned to cataracts when the rains were on, washing away whole yards of the break-neck path into the flood which foamed in the depths of the glen. Dirk and claymore flashed out on slight provocation; and the hardships were even greater than the dangers. The castles of the chiefs stood far apart, and were by no means comfortable even when you were assured of hospitable welcome. In the shealings and wretched change-houses the wayfarer had to be content with bannocks of oats or barley, with goat's-milk cheese, and perhaps with the unwonted luxury of 'braxy' mutton, from some sheep that had come to an untimely end. There might be collops of venison, if the good man had had luck on the hill; but the fortunate

possessor of a musket or gun seldom cared to waste powder and shot on the muir-fowl. In short, with the stranger who had rashly committed himself to the Highlands, the one consuming desire was to get safely out again.

As to the grouse, they were by no means so abundant as might be supposed. The balance of wild nature had never been disturbed, and the birds were kept down by innumerable enemies. The eagles and peregrines were left undisturbed in their eyries from generation to generation; they increased and multiplied amidst legions of the smaller hawks; the carrion crows went hunting for eggs indefatigably, and where the young broods had chipped the shell and were fluttering among the tender shoots of the heather, there were foxes and wild cats continually on the prowl. What a magical change has been wrought by roads, railroads, &c., with the preserving that followed as a natural consequence! We may cry a coronach over the departed eagles and falcons, for they leave a sad blank in the poetry of these northern scenes, but the grouse may crow merrily over their disappearance. The keeper and the bloody-minded Saxon shooter are really the best friends of the grouse. It is true the birds have to pass through a fiery ordeal in the first weeks of the season, although sometimes rains will abate or nearly quench the fury of the furnace. But when they have 'packed,' they are safe for the rest of the year, except from casualties to solitary birds in the black frosts, and in the moors where the system of driving has been introduced, which the grouse must resent as diabolical and unsportsmanlike.

Nowadays the flight of Southern sportsmen to the North comes off more punctually than the migrations of the swallows. Formerly the educated Englishman had a faint idea that there were such back-of-the-world districts as Lochaber, Badenoch, and Braemar. Doubtless, he would have known even less of them had he not read the story of the successive rebellions. Now the names of all the more famous moors and forests are familiar in Saxon ears as household words. You see them staring you in the face from the land-agents' placards, as you take your strolls in Piccadilly or Pall Mall; and sometimes they come to tantalise you sadly when detained unseasonably in town, with a waft of the peat reek or a fresh breath of the heather, though a good moor need seldom go-a-begging. In these dismal days of agricultural depression, your only safe landed investment is the mountain or the moor—if we may make a bull—the loch or the river. The crack salmon stream runs over golden sands, and the

THE BURNSIDE

grouse crow joyously over the heather that is far more profitable to the proprietor than wheat.

The mountain landlord has no reason to complain of his rents; yet to us the marvel seems to be that the highest are not even higher. The cost of each brace of birds to the lessor of the shootings may be anything that a statistical fancy chooses to fix it at. What is that trivial detail to a capitalist? He is not bargaining for the table in Leadenhall on his cook's behalf. The sorrow of many a South African millionaire or exotic speculator from Wall Street or Nevada—not to speak of somewhat smaller men—is that he must dine on a chop and tapioca when he could afford fricassees of pearls. It must be the best economy to take those internal complaints in time by a judicious and agreeable course of treatment. There is nothing in this world like a month on the moors, for health, happiness, and innocent exhilaration. There is nothing more certain to stave off the consultation which sends the patient on wearisome voyages round the world, or drives him to cessation of labour, and the consequent *ennui* which dismisses him as surely to the grave by a more circuitous route.

Some people object to the Highland climate. It certainly has not the sunny monotony of the Soudan, or even of Sicily, but really its charm is in its infinite variety. It rains a good deal, no doubt, but the rain does no one any harm so long as he keeps on the move. We confess that one may get tired of confinement to the shooting lodge when the water is plashing steadily against the windows. More especially when tantalised by a rising barometer, till tempted to take it out of doors like the Aberdonian farmer and ask it 'whether it winna believe its own een.' But life can never be worth the living without the alternations of fear and hope. You look implicitly forward to the ecstatic morning, when the moors will be bathed in a blaze of sunshine. We love to be out in all weathers—except when remorseless downpour has made shooting and walking alike impracticable—nor do we know what kind of weather is most likeable. Perhaps that sunny clearing up of which we have spoken, when Nature has gone in most effectually for an autumn cleaning, when the heather is steaming in the warmth, and the heat has been drawing up the mists till they hang in fringes and festoons from the waists of the mountains; when distances are so deceptive that you fancy you might see a blue hare on the new-bathed rock a couple of miles away; when each rill has swelled to a torrent, and the torrents are still coming down in speat. Indeed, the worst of

such a morning as that is the walking; for the plunging knee-deep through the foaming burns and the staggering about as you toil up over the slippery heather roots are apt to tell severely on the back sinews. As for the sport, in the circumstances, the less said about that the better; the old birds are as wild as hawks, and even the young broods are nervously restless; but what else can you expect while the waters are draining off and the weather is clearing up? Damp it may be, below and around, but the air is exhilarating as dry champagne. You stick to the low beats, and come home in high spirits.

Should the weather 'hold up,' as the gillies say, in a day or two you have a change with a vengeance. You like sunshine, you say, and towards luncheon-time you have almost enough of it. For sultry closeness commend us to the depths of a highland glen, locked in upon all sides by beetling hills. The very sheep are too listless to feed, and lie languidly chewing the cud in the shadows of the rocks. The panting setters are puzzling on a scentless quest among the ferns and rushes that skirt the burn. On the upper grounds they have plunged their muzzles eagerly into each shrunken puddle, and you felt strongly tempted to follow the example. They tell us now that there is nothing like cold tea to walk upon, and that merely moistening the lips is more efficacious than swallowing. It may be so, but we are old-fashioned enough to prefer spring water cold as snow, when you have swept aside the covering of duckweed, qualified with a dash of Lochnagar or Glenlivat. We doubt if the slight stimulus spoils the shooting, and you should have time enough to recruit for any consequences before you turn out again. But we have no doubt whatever of the propriety of a moderate luncheon, with due regard to the afternoon work and the dinner. The little group by the burnside or the bubbling spring, with the gillies seated within speaking distance, the dogs already gone hunting in dreamland, the contents of the scanty bag displayed to careless advantage on the greensward, would be a peaceful study to inspire the sympathetic genius of a Landseer. Then the subsequent siesta when you sink back on the bed of heather, when the pipe drops from the yawing mouth, and the drowsy eyes fail to distinguish whether it is lark or raven that is floating against the cloudless azure, and next the awakening, with the warning that it is time to move on, for every earthly pleasure must have an end.

Then there is the day when it is blowing half a gale, when you follow the birds to the more sheltered beats, though the winds twist and turn so perversely in the corries that it is hard to

say when the dogs may run them up or where shelter may be found. When you top the crests the views are preternaturally clear, and you look away down heathery vistas over emerald straths to the woods and the cornfields of the far-away lowlands. Most picturesque of all, perhaps, is it when the hills are shrouded in floating veils, fitfully lifting or thinning, when the guns and their attendants are veritably children of the mist. Very perplexing is a dense Highland fog, and it may puzzle the most experienced hillman. But in any case, should he have altogether lost his bearings, he can seek a rivulet flowing in the right direction, and follow it down to the lower levels. Sometimes the mist will come up with a suddenness altogether inexplicable. We have been shooting on a sunny day, with every promise of the continuance of the beautiful weather. The atmosphere over a half of the heavens has darkened with startling rapidity. We have seen the wall of mist travelling up like the mysterious pillar of cloud that guided the tribes in the wilderness. We have shot a grouse and have run forward to pick it up, lest we should have had to grope for the bird in utter darkness.

Not the least of the pleasures of the season's grouse-shooting is in anticipation. The keepers have been forwarding reports, which generally are rather inclined to be rose-coloured. Sometimes, indeed, they are bound for their own reputation's sake to paint the outlook in the blackest hues. The deadly epidemic has been abroad, and the hillsides, and more especially the burnsides, are strewed with bleaching skeletons. The 'Old Deer-stalker,' whose knowledge and experience were unrivalled, used to say that it made periodical visits every five years, passing regularly from north to south, though with greater or lesser severity. Be that as it may, like the visitations of the Indian cholera, which cuts a clear road through a cantonment, the grouse disease goes on a sharply defined trail. When death has been busy on one side of a strath, the other has shown no signs of infection. As the scent of the sleuth-hound is baffled by the flow of water, the plague-angel seemed to be stayed at the passage of some stream. But fortunately the depressing announcements of a virulent pestilence are rare. From the platforms at Euston or King's Cross forward the sportsman is hoping and believing the best. In peaceful slumbers in the bed he can now hire for five shillings he has pleasant dreams. If the man from West London is wise, for many reasons he will go North several days before the Twelfth. Even to the young and robust, dinners, crushes, or late parliamentary sittings, are indifferent training for long days on the moors. And for

mere pleasure's sake it is a pity to miss those preliminary surveys of the ground which help to get him into condition. Anticipation comes to its climax on the eleventh, and you are bound to walk off the excitement. The watchers have come in with the latest news—we should be sorry to say that they enter for a competition of mendacity; the head-keeper is full of bustle and self-importance; and as for the dogs, they know better than anybody that grouse-shooting opens on the morning of the Twelfth. They are jumping off and on to their couches, and dancing clamorously up against the prison bars. If the kennels are close to the lodge, the chorus of melody is deafening. Those dogs are taking it out of themselves tremendously, but it cannot possibly be helped.

We know that old sportsmen maintain—perhaps they are gouty, and certainly they are growing lazy—that it is a grave mistake to make an early start. Perhaps, and theoretically, they are in the right. But, in the first place, if a crack shot wishes to make a record bag, it is clear that, if his range is unlimited, the longer he labours the more he will do. In the second, even if the muscles should be failing towards midday, there is no time so delightfully exhilarating as the freshness of dawning day. Moreover, even if you meet with indifferent luck, you are breaking and scattering the broods you may drop into in the afternoon. As matter of fact, we have had capital sport in the early morning, when the scent was lying, and the coveys as well. But the mere tale of the birds you bag should be a very secondary consideration. You are breathing laughing gas—a pure Highland elixir—absorbing it at every pore. You feel as if you were being wound up to walk on for ever, and are only impatient to get to business. But it has been arranged that you start homewards, and the beat begins six long hill miles from the lodge. The ponies plod forwards and upwards, for you have prudently spared your legs, though you long to be striding through the heather. The grouse are there in plenty: there can be no question of that. Possibly, however, you may have to reconsider those first pleasing impressions. Now a well-grown covey goes fluttering across the track, and the old cocks, who seem to know that you are harmless so far, crow challenges from the knolls within easy gunshot. But all waiting must have an end, and the time has come when you are to take your revenge.

There are few more exhilarating moments in the memory than the first throw-off on a fine Twelfth. The dogs slipped from the couples, after the repressed impetuosity that has been fretting them to fiddlestrings, break away on a mad range as if they

AGAINST A WALL OF MIST

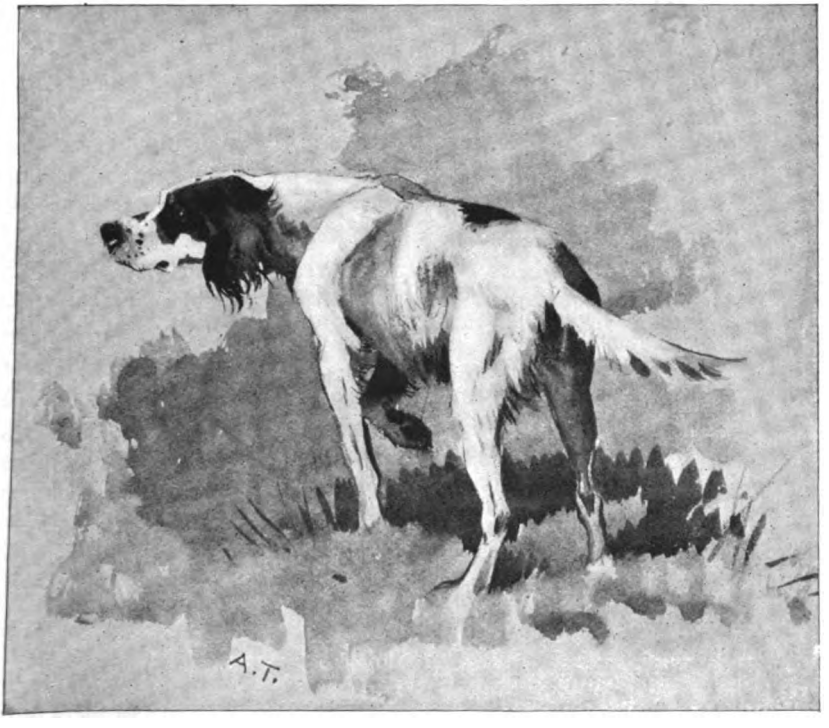
meant to leave the country. If the steadiest are intoxicated and forget themselves shamefully, you may reprove, but in your heart you cannot blame. Juno overruns the scent, if she ever caught it, and dashes headlong into a scattering covey. Scandalised, she drops to a penitent down-charge, and looks wistfully after the birds as if she hoped to make atonement by marking them. Reproof and slight salutary correction bring her and her comrades to a more chastened frame of mind. Highly bred and carefully educated, instinct and education immediately assert themselves. Soon Juno, after some free but cautious ranging, slackens the pace and is drawing again. Suddenly, and as it chances, against the skyline, she stops and stands dead at point. The form of the dying Gaul, or even the Venus de' Medici, never surpassed in beauty that sculptured image of animated life struck into electric suspension. Not a tremor of the tail, not a visible trembling of an eyelid: and her kennel companions, backing and crouching, are equally entrancing pictures. For now that partridges are walked up on closely shaven stubbles and in beggarly root-crops, and only retrievers are allowed to cut into the game, it is an additional attraction to grouse-shooting that you can watch the working of the dogs. But while we have been talking, the old cock who has been running ahead is up and away, indifferent to the fate of his family; as for the motherly young matron, though she lingers longer, fright likewise with her gets the better of affection. Neither of them takes anything by their heartless desertion, and the newly made orphans, rising by one or twos, are spared, for the most part, any experience of the sorrows of existence. It is then, when you can slip in fresh cartridges fast as the others are ejected, that the breech-loader comes in specially handy. With the muzzle-loader, what with the measuring the charges of powder and shot, with the ramming home and the adjusting the caps to the nipple, two-thirds of the covey would have escaped to give sport on some future occasion. And then the worries of the old muzzle-loading in wet or cold; when even a heavy loading rod would hardly send down the wads; when the closed breech grew warm and the nipples began to clog; when the best patent caps gave flashes in the pan, and, being unprepared, you missed the most tempting opportunities. All that is a divergence, but by no means a digression; for it is not the least of the charms of present-day grouse-shooting that the gun has apparently been brought near to perfection.

Could we only have gone on as we began, with such wholesale slaughter, the bag would fill fast enough, although the sen-

sitive sportsman would soon be put off his shooting in sheer satiety of easy butchery. But there is small chance of that, except perhaps on some of the crack East-country moors, where the birds in a favourable season seem to lie as thick as the fleas in a Spanish feather-bed. In the morning the broods are on the feed and on the move, and towards a sultry noon they somehow manage to secrete themselves, effectually as the needle in the truss of hay. Where they contrive to hide is often a mystery which experience and local knowledge fail to solve. Evidently, as they must be looking out for cover and coolness, the best chance must be in the hollows by the banks of the burn. The somewhat disheartened dogs waken up to fresh life, as they have opportunities for lapping and voluptuously bathing. It is pretty to see them winding and drawing among the fronds of the bracken that mingle with the heather sprays, and in the tufts of sedges and rushes. What with the heat and the damp the scent is uncertain: now a chuckling snipe will rise where a solemn stand made you confidently hopeful of a covey, or a wild duck or brace of teal may flutter up from the pool round the corner. Towards afternooon and in the cool of the evening you are pretty safe to come in for the cream of the sport. The scent is good, for the birds are shifting, and the broods that were broken about in the morning are to be found scattered along the slopes. It is then that condition begins to tell. The man who would make clean shooting should not only be going strong on his legs, but should be as keenly expectant of each chance as when he made his start in the morning. When you feel fagged, and, after some desultory and perhaps indifferent shooting, the weary flesh gets the better of the fervent spirit, the most perfect gun loses its balance, as if lead had been running down towards the muzzle, and the shot takes to skimming the heather, while the grouse fly away unharmed.

But whether you are to congratulate yourself on good practice or console yourself for discomfiture, the bath, the dressing, and the dinner are the common goal to which the thoughts of all have latterly been tending. There are few enjoyments more enviable than those of the well-spent evening after a hard and happy day on the moors. The luxury in the mountain palaces of millionaires is not to be despised: the *cuisine* of the foreign *chef*, the costly wines in a well-selected cellar, are not to be sneezed at; for it is seldom you come to a feast with an appetite so keenly appreciative. Above all, in voluptuous hill villas, with their suites of bed-rooms, you have the refining presence of beauty, the prettiest of all table de-

corations. Yet, for old associations' sake and sundry other reasons, we rather incline to the primitive shooting lodge, cramped, cabined, and confined as it is, where the peat fire, with a blending of sea-coal or bog-oak, is smouldering in the single sitting-room; where the loose *costumes de soir* are rather careless than *soignés*; where you may dispense with any *menu* of the meal, because the dishes are heralded by savours from the adjoining kitchen; and where the wines of Champagne and Gascony are succeeded in due course by tumblers of the native toddy. You talk of the day, you talk of the morrow, and if you do fall asleep over the pipe or cigar, no one cares to reproach you for a breach of good manners.



HADJ ANO

BY R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL

THE sun had set and darkness was coming on apace by the time we sighted the welcome lights of Brown's farm.

It was the second evening after landing in Tunisia, and the previous two days had been spent in journeying hither from Bizerta, through delays incident to mud, swollen rivers, poor mounts, and erratic guides.

'We' consisted of my interpreter-servant and myself. He was a Maltese whom I had taken on at Bizerta on the recommendation that he knew Arabic and had been a fireman on board an English steamer. He only joined me just as I was starting on the march with my two ponies. I presently found that his Arabic was merely the Maltese dialect of it, and his English was limited entirely to such words as he had been accustomed to hear in his capacity as stoker; he had a very fairly complete vocabulary of oaths, and a few such phrases as 'stoke up,' 'bank the fires,' 'go ahead,' 'stop her,' and so on. It is true he had one extraneous English sentence, 'She walks in the street,' but this he used more as a form of salutation than anything else.

'Stoke up' came to mean, with us, 'Pack up and march'; 'Bank the fires' implied we might halt and encamp; and with this limited language, eked out with signs, we got along very well—all things considered. At any rate, we succeeded in arriving at the right place—wet and tired, it is true, but satisfied in the result.

On reaching the farm I found a note from Brown bidding me welcome, and explaining that in his enforced absence in Tunis two French officers, who were also guests of his, would be glad to help me in the matter of sport. The officers, in fact, received me at the door, and did the honours of the house with the greatest goodwill; but I missed from the scene the familiar form of Hadj Ano, whom I had known there on previous visits. He was an educated, high-caste Arab, who acted as farm bailiff to Brown. He was an Algerian Arab, and therefore a sportsman and a gentleman, and very far superior to the more servile local Tunisian natives.

The following morning, soon after dawn, saw us on our way to the snipe ground which lay at the foot of Jebel Ishkel. This was a mountain whose purple crags rose high above the plain, very much like Gibraltar in appearance.

What curiosities to me my French companions were! And I, no doubt, was equally an object of interest to them. Their get-up for snipe shooting was their uniform képi and jacket, with baggy linen overalls, and capacious game-bags and guns slung on their backs, and they rode their corky, half-bred stallions in regimental saddles.

The open yellow grass plains and the distant rounded mountains, in the crisp, clear atmosphere of the early morning, brought out a strong resemblance between this northernmost part of Africa and its southern extremity. As I jogged along with my two foreign companions, I seemed to be once more with my old Boer friends starting out on shooting horses for the veldt. But instead of the silent whiffing of Boer tobacco there came from my companions an incessant jabber, and a string of questions as to whether, in passing through Paris and Marseilles, I had seen this or that singer or danseuse, and what were the latest stories now being told.

This seemed to be the only interest, not only of this pair, but of half the officers one met in the colony. My present friends were a captain and his subaltern, both of them far older than would be the case in the similar grades in our army, and the captain was pretty well furnished with adipose tissue. Probably both of them had risen from the ranks; at any rate, their intellectual training was not of a very high order, and their ability as horsemen was on a par with it.

Presently we reached a river which had to be crossed before we came on our ground; it was about fifty yards wide, and just fordable by a man on horseback. The captain, who was leading,

pushed in first, while Pierre, the subaltern, jibbed on the bank. As the captain's horse began to clamber up the far bank he placed his back at such an inconsiderate angle as to permit of

THE CAPTAIN, WHO WAS LEADING, PUSHED IN FIRST

the rider slipping off over his tail into the muddy stream. Having thus deposited his burden, the horse turned round and recrossed to rejoin us. As he ranged up near me I caught him and led him over again. Meantime Pierre was still niggling

vainly at his mount, which steadily declined to brave the water, and eventually I had to go back and fetch him along.

At last we arrived near the snipe ground, and when we had off-saddled and tied up our horses we started to walk the bog in line. We had hardly taken our places before the birds began jumping up in front of us, and the promise of sport raised our spirits to the highest; still, the birds were wild, and at first my shots were few and far between. Not so those of the Frenchmen, who fired on sight at every bird, distance being no object. But suddenly our sport was interrupted: a fiendish noise of neighing, screams, and snorting rose from the group of bushes where we had left our horses. The captain, who was nearest to that point, climbed on to the intervening bank, and, giving a mighty yell, dashed forward in the direction of the noise, quickly followed by Pierre and myself. And then we found that Pierre's horse had slipped his head-collar and the captain's had broken away from the twig to which he had been tied, and the pair of them were now having a real good set-to—hoof and tooth—as hard as they could go. It was a great fight, and was all the more amusing to watch, as the two owners kept skipping round, at a very safe distance, hurling stones and abuse with equal futility at their pugilistic quads.

At length, by using large branches, we succeeded in separating and securing the combatants; and although they were covered with scratches, bites, and contusions—happily none of them were very serious—having tied them up properly and out of sight of one another, we once more resumed our shoot. But it was in reality a hopeless game, for as we walked on we had to wait continually for one or other of the Frenchmen. The fat one was a slow mover, and the other was desperately afraid of getting bogged; both talked incessantly at the top of their voices, and fired whenever they could find an excuse; consequently the snipe, of which there appeared to be any number, kept jumping up at eighty yards in front of us in a most disgusting manner. However, I noticed with great satisfaction that they did not go far, the majority of them pitched again in the end of the long narrow bog we were walking.

Presently Pierre, through excessive caution, got bogged; finding the ground on which he was standing quaky and yielding, he had stood still, fearing to move in any direction instead of stepping off, and when he felt himself sinking, his first act was to jam his gun muzzle downwards into the mud, and his second to issue a succession of piercing yells which speedily brought us to

his assistance. We soon lugged him and his gun from the slime—which, after all, was not by any means a dangerous bog—and deposited him on the bank to recover. Presently he reported himself fit to proceed, but he elected to move in line with us, remaining himself on *terra firma*. I earnestly begged silence now, as we were drawing up to the end of the beat, and for a short distance all went well save for the noisy floundering of the captain, who was rapidly getting rather done in spite of our slow pace through the hummocky reeds.

Presently a great common heavy hawk flapped his way lazily over—a shout of warning from Pierre, and bang! bang! bang! bang!—four barrels of snipe-shot at fifty yards' distance had the effect of making him smile as he winked the other eye. It did not make me smile, especially when one of them, noticing that I had not taken part in the volley, said, in a tone of remonstrance, 'Surely it amuses to shoot the large bird?' But I had my eye the while on the smaller bird, Mr. Snipe, and I could see him slipping away in twos and threes, and soaring high for a distant flight.

At length, step by step, we drew up towards the end of the beat—it would soon be a matter for standing still to let the birds get up one by one: slower and slower we went. Suddenly Pierre on the bank began a hurried appeal at the top of his voice to us to come for a real chance of 'gibier,' and he started running along the bank past the end of the bog; a moment later and the captain was pounding and splashing after him straight through the middle of the cover. Snipe were rising like a cloud of flies all round him, the air was full of their 'scape' of alarm. For a moment or two I could not find words adequate to the occasion, and then I took myself, figuratively speaking, by the throat and held myself down till I was calmer.

And what were these two idiots after? I looked over the bank to see them stalking with elaborate precaution towards a bush on which were perched a flock of starlings! I left them to their fun, and walked back myself through the bog, and succeeded in getting a few shots at birds we had walked over, and found myself with three couple in the bag by the time I got back to the horses.

Here I was presently joined by my friends, who had succeeded in getting a brace and a half of starlings, half a couple of snipe, and the same number of greenfinches.

Then we saddled up and recrossed the river, this time without accident. Then when I proposed trying another little

bog I knew of, the Frenchmen would not hear of it—for one thing they were evidently quite beat with their exercise up to

IT WAS A GREAT FIGHT

date, and for another they argued that *déjeuner* would now be awaiting us at the farm. So I determined to try the bog by myself, in reality much relieved at their determination.

I had not turned from them many minutes ere I noticed a small Arab evidently trying to overtake me. I waited for him, expecting he might have marked down some game near by, but he said not a word until he had come up sufficiently close to touch my stirrup. Then in a low voice he asked in Arabic if I were English; on my satisfying him on that score, he merely said, in a lower voice than before, 'Hadj Ano,' and pointed to a distant clump of trees. I guessed that my friend must be there, and had sent this mysterious little messenger to tell me. So, accompanied by the boy, I rode in that direction, and as we approached the place a figure came out to meet us, which I soon recognised as Hadj Ano himself. He was a fine, tall, well-proportioned man of about forty, with the typical high-caste Arab features. Except for a turban, he was dressed in European shooting clothes, and carried in his hand a gun belonging to Brown. He cordially greeted me (he spoke French like a Frenchman) and led the way to the grove. Here I found a delightful little camp of two Arab tents, one of which was occupied by the Hadji himself, the other by some three or four Arabs who were with him.

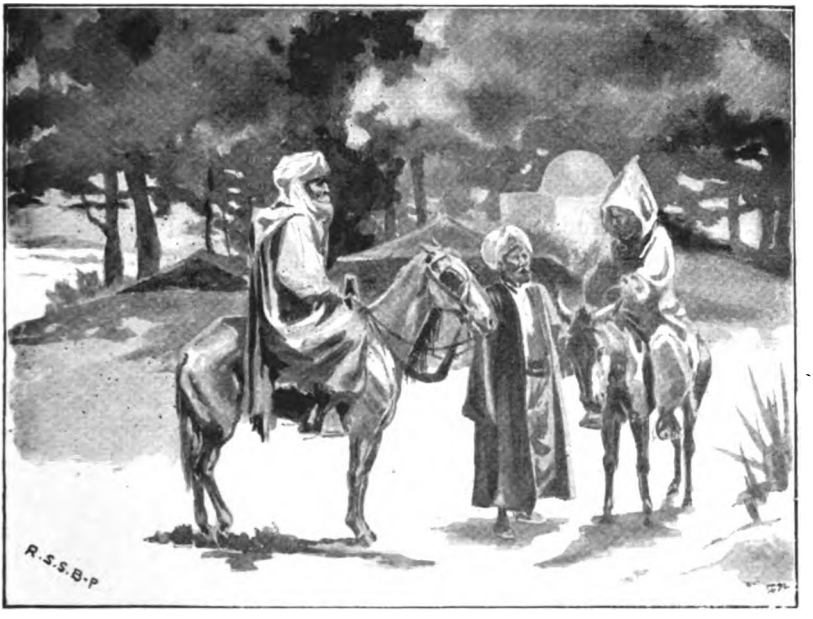
In a few minutes some of these men had taken my horse and were grooming and feeding him, while another was preparing some food for me.

After some mutual inquiries I asked the Hadji how he came to be camped out here instead of living in the farm as usual, whereat he laughed and said that he did not care for French officers, and while they occupied the farmhouse he preferred to camp outside; and, knowing the dislike that the Algerians have for their French masters, I thought no more of the matter. He said he had heard of my arrival, and had sent the boy to bring me to him if I should be working alone.

We had an excellent *déjeuner* of Arab dishes, in which 'khus-khus' (a kind of semolina and chicken curry) figured as the *pièce de résistance*, and after a short rest we started out for a bit of ground which Hadj Ano recommended—open stony ground with patches of tufty, coarse grass and clumps of thorn bushes, through which there meandered a stream which every now and then opened out into a green, tussocky bog.

It was ground that might and, as we very soon found out, did contain many varieties of game. Shortly after commencing our beat, with two Arab boys as game carriers, we put up a fine little covey of partridges some distance out of shot, and almost immediately afterwards the Hadji knocked over a hare very

neatly. Then there fluttered up from a bush between us a woodcock, and crossing me gave me an easy shot which brought him into the larder. A little further another hare fell to my companion. Then we came to a small hollow, evidently well watered, filled with thorn bush, rank yellow grass, and a few green bushes which looked like holly. Hadji Ano and I stationed ourselves outside this cover and sent the boys in to act as spaniels. Presently, with a silent whisk, a rich brown woodcock flitted past me, and then so suddenly changed his course as to escape the shower of shot with which I saluted him. But no



HADJ ANO'S CAMP

less than three more birds came out of the same spinney, two to me and one to the Hadji, and these were all accounted for. As we went on a tempting reach of reedy swamp received our attention, and here we had some very pretty snipe-shooting. Alert they were as in the morning, but they did not fly far on the first rise, and my present companions, keen and silent, were very different from the noisy Frenchmen. As a consequence we soon began to run up quite a little bag. We had no dog, but slow and careful walking got the birds up nicely, and the Arab boys were as sharp as needles in marking and retrieving fallen game.

Anon we came to a long and narrow belt of thorn bushes lining both banks of the streamlet. Hadj Ano took one side and I the other, the boys working along in the bush, tapping as they went. Four shots at intervals from Hadj Ano's gun began to make me impatient of my own silence, but at last a long bill rose within the thorns and came to my side, and gave an easy shot as he turned to wing along the side of the cover; almost where he fell another rose, and gave a long shot for my left barrel. I should probably have missed him had it been my right, but, as it was, he too bit the dust.

On and on we went, getting every now and then a shot at cock, until at length the sun began to sink towards his setting, and we had wandered far from camp. Then we turned and, as far as the light would allow us, shot our way back towards the tents. Out of a reedy pool we got a mallard and his mate, and a little further on a woodcock, probably a wounded one, rose from bare ground at our approach, and fell, after a twisty flight, to my second barrel. Soon after the sun had set a whistle of golden plover sounded suddenly near, and as they rushed overhead we stopped a couple and a half.

That was our last and perhaps most satisfactory shot of what had been in the end a very satisfactory day.

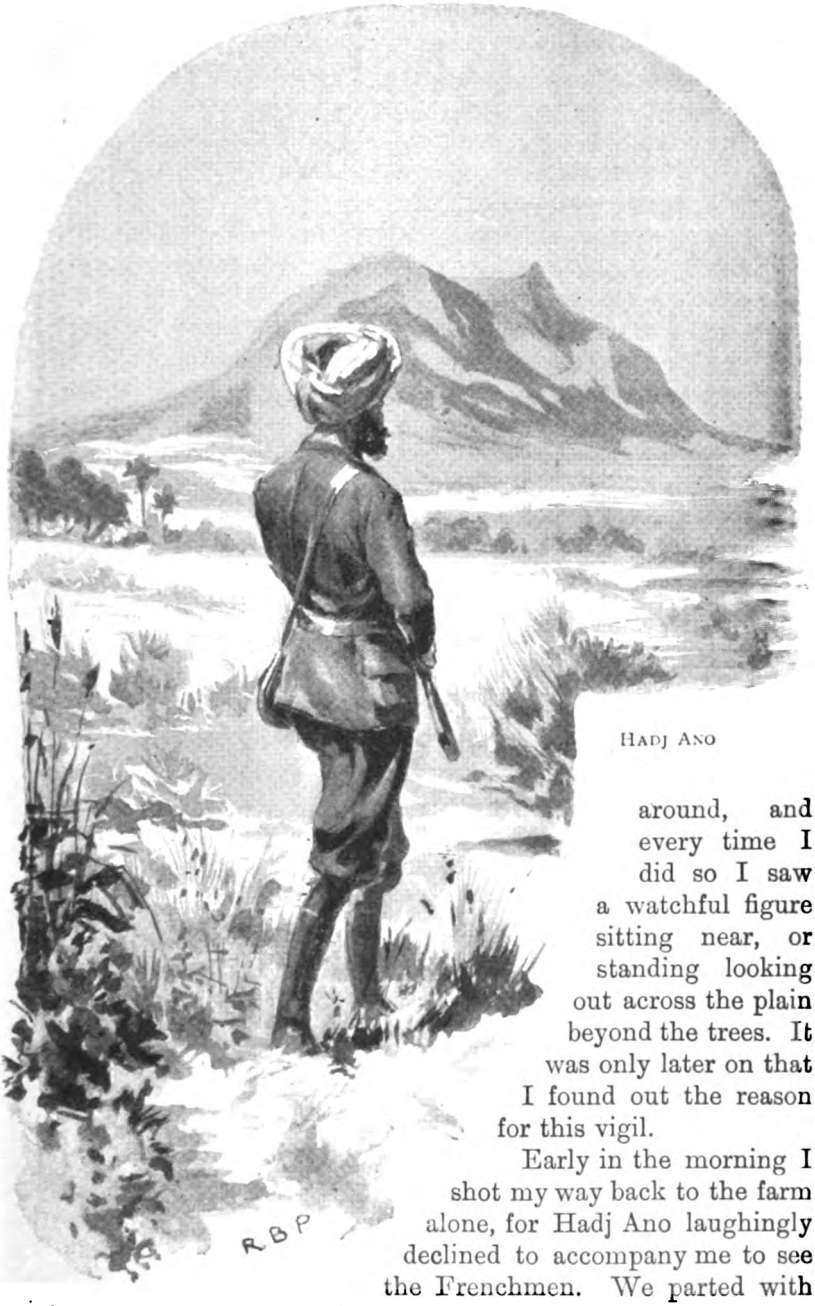
Darkness had set in before we reached the trees where lay our camp. As this was still some five miles from the farm, and my pony was feeling one of his legs after the marching from Bizerta, I gave way to the suggestion of Hadj Ano, and made up my mind to spend the night in camp.

A note to this effect was despatched by one of his men to quiet the anxiety of my French friends at the farm, and I sat down with a clear conscience and an appreciative appetite to the repast prepared by the Hadji's cook-boy. Hadj Ano had meanwhile changed his shooting clothes for his native Arab dress which he always wore at home.

Then followed one of those delights which only come too seldom into one's experience—to lie at one's ease in the cold, clear night by a warm and cheerful camp fire. The restfulness of it appeals to every joint in the tired sportsman's frame, while his mind is amused by the quaint tales and plaintive songs with which the Arabs pass away an hour or two.

Then, warm and sleepy, one rolls into one's blanket to sleep off all fatigue and gather fresh energy from the pure fresh air of one's bedroom under the stars.

Often during the night, as is my wont, I awoke to glance



HADJ ANO

around, and every time I did so I saw a watchful figure sitting near, or standing looking out across the plain beyond the trees. It was only later on that I found out the reason for this vigil.

Early in the morning I shot my way back to the farm alone, for Hadj Ano laughingly declined to accompany me to see the Frenchmen. We parted with a cheery hand-wave, meaning soon to meet again; but we have never met.

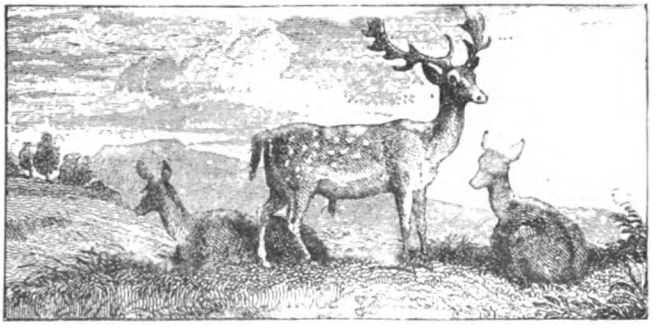
A few months after this I chanced to read 'La Dépêche Tunisienne,' and came across a column describing how the police had made a raid on Brown's farm with the object of capturing 'the renowned convict Hadj Ano.' My friend, it appeared, had been a chief of high standing in Algeria, where, in accordance with a tribal custom, he had worked off an old family blood-feud with a neighbouring tribe, and, after a well-fought single combat, had slain his man. But he had forgotten that Algeria was now a civilised country—a part of France in fact—and the result was that

> The coroner he came, and the justice too,
> With a hue and a cry and a hullaballoo,

and poor Hadj Ano was sent across the seas to expiate his crime on board the hulks in New Caledonia.

By some means he ultimately effected his escape and returned to his people; but, finding Algeria too dangerous to live in, in safety, with a few trusted followers he moved across the mountains into Tunisia. Here he made the acquaintance of Brown, and his sportsmanlike and gentlemanly character, combined with his intelligence and education, made him at once a useful bailiff and a pleasant companion on the farm. His faithful people watched over and guarded him, and the country Arabs for miles round knew his story and passed him warning when French officials of any kind were moving in the direction of Brown's farm. At length fate went against him. Somehow, whether by bribery or other means I have never heard, the police managed to keep their movements secret, and having surrounded the farm during the night, seized poor Hadj Ano at the dawn of day, and took him back to prison.

What was his subsequent fate I have never heard.



BASEBALL IN ENGLAND

BY RICHARD MORTON

FOUR years ago, when a handful of enthusiasts inaugurated a game of baseball in Battersea Park, they were warned off the ground by a policeman who scented danger to life and limb. Argument availed nothing, and six Americans who desired to play their national sport had to seek another location where rules and regulations were capable of being stretched by more tolerant officers of the law. Clapham Common was selected for a renewal of the experiment, and there they were allowed to pursue the tenor of their ways. The authorities who permitted the innovation were rewarded by the fact that the records of the season contained no account of broken bones, and the local coroner held no inquiry into loss of life on the diamond field. To that extent the baseballers had vindicated the character of their game, and their immunity from injury had led to a little admiration, besides winning a few converts. At first the cricketers and other sportsmen on the common had been distinctly disdainful, not to say contemptuous. The cheering, when there was any, was sarcastic and derisive; for the Clapham folk felt that they had progressed beyond rounders, and somewhat resented a fantastic display of the schoolboy recreation by able-bodied men. At the first blush this attitude was somewhat reasonable, for six men were not able to do proper justice to baseball, and the complex points of the game suffered in consequence. Gradually, however, persuasion induced several recruits to try their 'prentice hands, and then the common became more lively. One or two matches, played by nearly a full complement of men, attracted quiet attention, and the afternoon audiences grew larger every day. With numbers came interest,

and enthusiasm followed. At the close of the season it was no unusual thing to find a crowd of a thousand people watching a Saturday afternoon game. The more palpable successes in the field were warmly appreciated, even little intricacies were observed and mastered by the spectators, and the humour and spirit of the play won quick recognition. A game against Buffalo Bill's cowboy team, played in the arena at Earl's Court, did much to popularise baseball in London, and for the first time it was largely noticed in the daily press. In the ensuing season of 1893 the Clapham Common team formed themselves into the Thespian Club and joined the National Baseball Association of England, an organisation controlling clubs in the North which had been in existence for some years. The Thespians won every game, and wound up a successful year by winning the championship.

From these small beginnings resulted the London Baseball Association, a league that now possesses its own park and controls the affairs of over a dozen clubs playing in and around the metropolis. Public interest has been drawn to the game, and it is significant that when interest once arises it is never lulled. Baseball captivates spectators on account of its ever-varying features, and enchants the amateur because he finds it requires more skill than any other game he knows. It is a sweeping assertion to make, but no baseballer will gainsay it. He will go farther, and assert that there is no sport in the world offering a player so many chances to distinguish himself.

A cricketer is liable at first to depreciate baseball in his own mind, but when he attempts to participate in a game his opinions undergo a quick change. One or two things, from his point of view, are distinctly startling. The first is that the pitcher, whose position is tantamount to that of the bowler in cricket, is able to make the ball break in the air. When seemingly coming in a straight line towards the bat it will take a sudden twist, curve outwards and back again, crossing the plate in such an unexpected manner that the batsman will be totally unable to hit it, and a 'strike' is scored against him. A bowler frequently finds it difficult to get a break on a ball even when the ground is best adapted to assist him. A competent pitcher never fails to make his ball break in the air exactly as he requires it, and in the manner best calculated to fog the striker.

Another extraordinary feature is the quickness and sureness of the throwing. A thrown or hit ball is seldom muffed in the diamond field. It is always in play, and flies about from base to base in a way that would be bewildering if the players did not

reassure an onlooker by the very precision and regularity of their movements. The ball is always trying to beat the base-runner, and equal dependence is required upon the man who throws and the fielder who catches it.

A similarly characteristic point is that the batsman's display is not restricted to a couple of innings. In an advanced game he can safely depend on being called upon to wield his club four or five times. With teams less practised, and where the scoring is faster, he may bat six, seven, or eight times. Occasionally even the limit of nine is reached.

The fundamental rules of the game, shortly stated, will explain how this may occur. A game at 'ball' is played by eighteen men, nine on each side. There are nine innings to be played by each contesting team, but it is not necessary to put out nine men to complete an innings. Three men being out finishes each innings, but five or six men usually come up to bat before three of them are retired. There are dozens of ways of putting a man out, and a batsman who becomes a base-runner requires all his wits about him when he sets himself to make the circuit of the bases.

The batsman's weapon is a club made of hard wood (ash is almost universally used), and it must not be more than forty-two inches long, nor more than two inches and a half in diameter at the thickest part. It must be quite round, and string may be wound around the handle, or composition applied, for the purpose of affording a firm grasp. The ball is similar to a cricket ball, only slightly smaller and lighter, and it contains an ounce of solid rubber in the centre. This makes it speedier and more springy.

The pitcher delivers a ball to the batsman, who must stand facing the 'home plate,' and across that plate the pitcher must pitch the ball, at a height not above the batsman's shoulder nor lower than his knee. No restrictions are imposed upon the pitcher as to his methods of delivery, beyond that he is only allowed to take one step. He is permitted to throw, jerk, bowl, or toss the ball towards the home plate, and the batsman is bound to strike at a ball fairly delivered. Assuming that the latter player succeeds in hitting the ball, he immediately drops his club and runs for the first base of that diamond planned out as the field. If the ball reaches the hands of the fielder placed as guardian of the first base before the runner succeeds in reaching his position, the latter is out. If, however, the runner successfully reaches first base, he is entitled to start for second and third bases and the home plate in their regular order when-

ever he thinks he has a clear course. As a rule, he waits until the pitcher delivers the ball to the succeeding batsman. When he sees the pitcher's hand make the motion for delivery, he starts his run. If the batsman happens to hit the ball into the part of the field where the runner is, that player finds himself handicapped; for he has to race the ball and reach his next base before the fielder guarding the position succeeds in securing the ball. If second baseman scoops up the ball and stands with one foot on the base ready to touch the advancing runner, a humorous bit of play is sometimes brought off. There is not a second to spare, but half of that time might give the runner his base, if he can steal that infinitesimal period from the fielder. The runner, therefore, while still a dozen feet or so from base, throws himself flat upon the ground, and, with the impetus acquired, slides with extended hand to the bag which marks base. If the baseman is not prepared for the move he may be unable to stoop quickly enough to touch the runner with the ball until the saving hand has touched the bag. A fraction of a second lost in stooping downwards may give the runner his desired position.

Assuming that the base-runner has succeeded in sliding to his second base, he may attempt to annex third by another amusing trick. If he is an artful player he will appreciate the fact that he is behind the pitcher, who holds the ball and is about to pitch to the next batsman. The runner will move a few feet along the road to third base. The catcher signals to the pitcher, and that gentleman turns quickly around. The runner is off his base, the pitcher immediately throws the ball to the second baseman, and our runner incontinently returns to his position. Everything being safe again, the ball is returned to the pitcher. Directly it is on its way back the runner again artfully moves forward on his road. He makes a feint to run, stops, and seems to hesitate. The pitcher has been bitten once, and does not care to throw the ball on another fruitless errand. So he half turns his back upon the tricky runner and prepares to shape for the pitch. Like a shot the runner makes a bee-line for third base. There is a cry from catcher, and the pitcher faces round and throws the ball to the third baseman. It is then again a question whether the ball will safely reach the baseman's hands before the runner arrives. It is a race between man and ball.

For the purpose of following out a run we will take it for granted that the runner is lucky, or rather that he has correctly timed himself and is safe on third base. The feat is chronicled as a stolen base. He awaits his opportunity to reach home.

The pitcher delivers a ball to the batsman which that individual misses. Perhaps it has been pitched a trifle wildly or in an unscientific manner, and the catcher (who is practically wicket keeper, only there are no wickets) has been unable to handle it. If this should be the case, before the catcher can retrieve himself the man on third base will have started for home. Or he may be able to reach that goal by reason of a hit by the batsman. Once, however, a man has made the circuit of the bases in their proper order and has succeeded in getting to the home plate, a run is set down to his credit, and so added to the score of his side.

It will be readily recognised that a great deal depends upon the men guarding the bases. Above all, they must throw swiftly and straight. For instance, if a batsman hits a ball towards third base, that baseman must scoop it up and hurl it safely right across the diamond into the hands of the first baseman before the runner succeeds in getting to that position. It is always a murderous-looking throw, that one across the field, but the players think nothing of it, and receive it as safely and as quietly as though it were tossed across a room by a girl. Pluck and self-dependence enter largely into an accomplishment of this kind. The baseballer's maxim is that nothing is impossible to a man who tries hard.

Another governing principle among players is that personal interests must be subordinate to the good of the team. In no case must individual sentiment or ambition be allowed to dominate. A batsman, when there are men on bases, must hit the ball with the idea of advancing those in front of him. He must take his chance of getting to first base. The men on bases are nearer home than he is, and he must help them to complete a run.

As an instance, if a batter hit a ball along the ground in the direction of third base, he would be pretty sure to reach first base before the ball could be fielded and thrown across to the first baseman. But if a runner stood at third base waiting to make a final dash for home, that ball batted in his direction would assuredly prevent a safe arrival there. Whereas if the batsman hit the ball towards first base the chances are that he himself would be retired, but it would be a practical certainty that the runner on third could reach home and complete a run for his side. Such a hit, successfully carried out, is called a sacrifice hit, and goes down to the credit of the batsman in the analysis.

The most exciting period in a game of ball is reached when two men are out, two men (or three) are on bases, and another

man steps up to bat. Everything depends on his coolness and nerve. If he is lacking in these qualities he will inevitably and ingloriously 'strike out'—*i.e.* he will three times miss hitting a properly pitched ball. The pitcher is straining every nerve to deliver balls at a proper altitude that the batsman is duty-bound to strike at, or to induce him to strike at deliveries which do not comply with the rules. If the batsman strikes at any pitched ball and misses it, one 'strike' is called against him. If he omits to hit a ball properly pitched, another strike is counted by the umpire. Three strikes called on a batsman put him 'out,' and in the instance under consideration such a call on him makes him third man out and brings the innings to a close, leaving two or three disappointed runners standing at bases which they may have striven might and main to attain.

But, assuming all three bases are occupied, and the batsman hits the ball, what a cheer goes up, and what life and animation there is in the confines of that diamond! The batsman runs towards first base, runner on first makes for second, man on second starts for third, and the runner on third sails vigorously homewards. On the other hand, a fielder scoops up the ball and at the same moment must make up his mind at which base it is most required. Like a flash, he hurls it to second base, for he sees that the runner from first is liable to be late. It is neck or nothing, and if the second baseman after catching the ball is unable to retire the runner advancing to his base, he must, in the moment that he perceives the position of affairs, be prepared to throw the ball to another baseman in the hope that some other runner may be retired. If the fielders are able to beat one man the innings is at an end. If the runners beat the ball and succeed in advancing themselves one base each, the result is that one man has completed a run and the bases are still full. Then the next batsman steps out to continue the fray, and the same exciting line of play is repeated.

These incidents are ordinary features frequently repeated in the course of the two hours or so that a baseball game occupies. It is a point in favour of the sport that a match never takes longer than two hours and a half, so that a summer evening, after a day's work, is sufficient for even a championship contest. From the call of 'play' to 'time' things are always on the move, and a game short in duration is unquestionably packed full of interest. And there is no possibility of a drawn game. If the score is equal at the end of nine innings played by both teams, each side plays another innings, and the runs scored therein decide the

question of supremacy. If those two supplemental innings again result in a tie, two more are played, and so on until a definite finish is arrived at. If rain stops play after each side has played five innings, the score is taken on the last equal innings played.

The scoring is one of the most interesting features in this new importation from America (where the wooden nutmegs come from, as Mr. Penley would say). Every detail of play is recorded, and a man's mistakes are tabulated as well as his successes. When the system is more thoroughly understood it is a certainty that cricketers will use it in preference to their own bald way of stating incidents. A line in a cricket score may read, 'Lockwood, *caught* Stoddart, *bowled* J. T. Hearne; 30.' This, as far as it goes, is all well enough, but there is so much that is left out! There is no mention of the fact that O'Brien missed Lockwood before he had scored, and that somebody else failed to take a chance when his score was ten. These are items that go to make cricket history; but there is no record of them in the analysis. Again, we will imagine a case where Smith, for instance, is *run out*. Nothing else appears on the sheet. It simply says 'run out,' and the brilliant play of Brown in retrieving the ball and smartly returning it to Robinson, who, in his turn, snapped it up at the wicket and whisked off the bails, is not set forth to the credit of those heroes. Their deeds blush unseen. The man who catches a ball is thought worthy of mention, but the man who muffs one does not suffer by publicity.

Things are different in baseball scoring. Four small squares represent an innings, one square for each base and the home plate. A diamond left blank in the middle of the square is the place where a run is recorded if made. Each square has to be filled in with a note of the manner in which the base was attained. If first base is reached by a hit, a dot is placed in the first square. If the same hit carries the runner to further bases, two, three, or four dots are used in the correct places to denote the fact. If a man is retired by short stop fielding a ball and throwing it quickly to second base who touches the runner with it before he gains his goal, it will be seen that two men have aided in the play. This is recorded right across the squares opposite the retired man's name on the score sheet in this manner: 5—4. The numbers indicate the position of the men on the field, 5 being short stop and 4 representing second baseman.

On the other hand, if short stop missed the ball and thereby allowed the runner to reach the base, a figure 5 would be placed in the square, signifying that the base was attained through an

error by short stop. All these errors and 'assists' are put to the fielder's debit and credit in the summary, and are duly reckoned up at the end of the season.

There are many other features of the score sheet that might well be considered by the M.C.C., but for the present it will be sufficient to point out that every item of play on the field is carefully chronicled, whether it be good or bad, and in this way only does it appear to a baseballer that a player's standing can be correctly gauged. There really seems a deal of common sense in this contention.

While baseball is the national craze in America, its wildest well-wishers in Great Britain do not anticipate any such success on this side of the Atlantic. In the United States a match between two championship teams will draw the whole population of the town in which it is played. The people make the occasion a public holiday, they shut up their shops and stream away from the fields. The streets are deserted, and the chimneys leave off smoking, for nobody stops behind to keep the fire going. The town is left to the lame, the halt, and the blind. Only on the ball ground is there life, and it is there in full force. Epsom race-course on Derby Day, or a bank holiday at the Crystal Palace, alone presents scenes to equal a baseball crowd. Enthusiasm, excitement—delirium almost—rule the day, and the district is base-ball mad. It is a day for the 'cranks,' and they make the best of their opportunity.

In England, cricket has too firm a hold on public taste ever to be displaced. Baseball cannot do that, and its promoters are the first to recognise the fact. Their idea is that their pet sport may figure as a very good second-best summer game. It is easy to learn, and easy to play, given that the beginner has plenty of pluck and application. He must not think he is returning to the rounders of his callow youth. Baseball is certainly founded upon the familiar principles of the crude schoolboy game, but they have been altered, adapted, repaired, extended, clipped and improved out of all recognition. Emphatically baseball is not a resurrection of rounders; it is its apotheosis.

NIGHT SHOOTING IN INDIA

BY COLONEL T. S. ST. CLAIR

THE satirical observation, attributed to our neighbours across the Channel, that whenever an Englishman has no other occupation he at once says, 'Let us come out and kill something,' is a direct and therefore complimentary recognition of the love of sport which is one of our national characteristics. But it is as erroneous to think that a truth thus epigrammatically expressed can possibly impart more than a distorted impression of what sport really is, as it is to imagine that killing is its essence. Our success in holding our own, and perhaps more than our own, all over the world is, I think, greatly due to our inborn determination to excel in competition with all adversaries, whether the struggle be on the battle-field with odds against us, or on the ocean in conflict with the elements, or in the more peaceful pursuits of trade and of sport. It is not only the natural craving of Englishmen for manly exercise in the open air, but it is the feeling of overcoming, either by skill or by stratagem, the wonderful instincts of birds and animals that imparts that particular sort of excitement which sport alone affords. Fair play is the keynote of sport, and is the essential factor in a true sportsman's enjoyment of the death or capture of his prey; and therefore—and this is the point I wish to lay stress upon—in the attendant associations and in the contributing circumstances consists real sport, and not in the actual killing.

I have opened a paper on night shooting in India with this brief definition of sport, because I am anxious to establish that its special charm does not consist in midnight assassination, as I have heard it termed, but in the singular opportunity it affords a lover of nature—and there are few true sportsmen who do not come under this heading—of observing jungle life under natural

conditions, unaffected by the disturbing influences necessarily accompanying almost every other method of shooting, and that it is in these associations that the true interest lies. It is not a popular form of sport. The difficulty of aiming correctly in the dark, also the necessity under ordinary circumstances of remaining in position until the morning, with the uncertainty of the result, both in seeing and in bagging game, all contribute to render night work distasteful to many Indian sportsmen, who are apt to regard a method of shooting they do not practise as an interference with day shooting, much as an enthusiastic fly-fisherman at home will denounce the minnow or the worm, even when the fly is impossible, and will relegate to perdition the 'pot-hunter' who falls below the sporting standard he has established.

I have, for two reasons, always felt bound to acknowledge that night shooting is not the highest form of sport. Firstly, it seems to be hardly fair play that an animal should not have some period in every twenty-four hours free from danger, during which it can feed and drink in security. Secondly, it is the cause of many poor brutes being wounded without coming to bag. When night shooting takes the form of absolute security to the sportsman, as is the case with masonry loop-holed constructions in the jungle, used by many Indian rajahs solely for 'midnight assassinations,' I can heartily join in its condemnation; but, as generally practised by Englishmen, I must confess to its extreme fascination, and I trust I may be fortunate enough to obtain the suffrages of my readers on this point.

It is principally in the hot weather, when water is scarce and the jungle comparatively open, that night shooting is adopted. The drinking pools are then so few as to be well known, and the usual plan is to 'stop' other waters, in order that, by denying their use, animals may be induced by thirst to come to the watched pool. A fire by the water to be stopped is often sufficient, or a couple of natives are left for the night, to smoke and chatter as they well know how; but it can be readily understood that this is, at the best, but a rough and unsatisfactory method of procedure, rendering game very shy, and that there must always be the greatest uncertainty about the result of a night's watch over water. If it is intended to remain for some days in the neighbourhood, it is better to leave waters unstopped and to trust to chance. The favourite pool and spot for drinking can generally be ascertained by the footprints. Sitting over a 'kill' or in a fruit-tree for bears offers a greater chance of seeing game, but neither is equal in certainty of sport to day shooting, provided

that the animal has been marked down and proper arrangements made.

It is necessary to provide, as near as possible to the water to be watched, cover of some sort, certainly from view, and, if it can be managed, of some solidity, as a protection from a charge. I know one case of a tiger, mortally wounded, jumping at the flash of the rifle and just clearing the sportsman and his shikari, being found dead in the morning only a short distance off. This cover should be raised if possible above the ground, to lessen the chance of detection by smell and to afford greater security; and if the pool has been the regular resort of any particular animal, it is always desirable that the cover should be constructed a few days before it is to be occupied.

I always endeavoured to be in position some little time before sunset, in order to have daylight for the completion of arrangements, and also to avoid disturbing any animals that might be moving early towards the water, which impatience to drink often impelled them to do. The arrangements for comfort comprised a soft seat, a covering from the heavy dew, and refreshments; those for sport comprised a thorough observance of the water and its approaches, and of all bushes and rocks, in order to be able to recognise them again when the light failed, the careful disposal of guns, so as to be readily and noiselessly picked up, with a few extra cartridges placed handy for immediate use.

A moonlight night is essential for correct shooting, and even with a full moon the difficulty of aiming when in shadow must be experienced to be realised. I tried white tape, cotton-wool, phosphorus, and many other devices recommended for night work, but I found that unless the moon actually shone on the barrels it was impossible to tell with any accuracy the direction of my aim. On one occasion, when the moon was full, I had three successive shots at bears, at distances from ten to perhaps twenty yards, and, in spite of the most careful attempts to aim, I missed them all, in consequence of the impenetrable leaves of the fruit-tree in which I was sitting rendering it so dark as to prevent me from distinguishing the end of my rifle, although the bears were as distinct in the moonlight as if it had been day. My last shot was at a she-bear and two cubs. The mother called the little ones up to enjoy a special quantity of ripe fruit she found. I thought it impossible to miss so large a mark, but I did, and it was most amusing to watch the exertions of the mother to hasten the retreat of her progeny by pushing them behind with her nose. After some experience I discarded my

heavy rifle for night work and used a shot-gun loaded with ball. I found that by throwing it up to my shoulder to fire, as I would at a rabbit, I instinctively covered my mark, and made better practice than I had done by vain attempts to make out in the dark the muzzle of my rifle.

Once in position, the most perfect quiet was of course obligatory. I fortunately do not smoke, but I once sat at night with a brother officer who did, and who seemed to suffer agonies from

IT WAS AMUSING TO WATCH THE MOTHER HASTEN THE RETREAT OF HER PROGENY

the deprivation; and it required stern determination on my part to prohibit 'only one whiff,' for which he begged hard. He was, poor fellow, afterwards severely mauled by a charging tiger, and, although he made a good recovery, he subsequently died of heart-disease, aggravated, if not originated, by the ordeal he then underwent. He was carried some distance in the tiger's mouth, his left arm being close to his side and crushed, whilst one large tooth penetrated the lungs and broke two ribs.

As soon as the sun begins to go down, animated Nature seems

to awake, and the feathered tribes of every hue and variety are always the first to refresh themselves, sporting in the water and with each other in the most interesting manner. Quadrupeds then began to appear, of the smaller and more timid description first, followed as it grew darker by the larger animals. The greatest caution marked their advance, and in a moment, at the sound of the approach of some fresh visitor, they disappeared under cover, to reappear again when the coast was clear. To me, the most interesting time was just prior to sunset, when the greatest number of birds and animals drank. As soon as it began to be dark, the water was deserted, and any large animal, from the tiger downwards, might be then expected.

It will give some idea of the experiences of night shooting if I narrate the events of three nights in the month of April 1869, which were recorded by me at the time. I left Deesa, where my battalion was stationed, on the usual commanding officer's leave of three days, having received from my shikari 'khubber' of a tiger. On the first night, after the moon had risen, a large bear appeared on the high ground opposite my position, and began to scramble down the rocks towards the water. As the light shone on me, I refrained from raising my rifle, intending only to do so when the animal was below me and had commenced to drink; but by waiting I lost my opportunity, for, after descending some distance, he turned into the shadow by some rocks and disappeared.

On the second night the tiger came, but unfortunately approached by the higher ground, directly above where I was placed. He soon detected me, and began a succession of growls and roars, moving about above me for a considerable time, anxious to drink, but evidently afraid to descend. There was a substantial screen between me and the water, but no cover of any description behind me, the ground being very open and well lighted by the moon. I turned round where I was, with cocked rifle, waiting events, and was considerably relieved when his growls ceased and he took his departure.

On the third night, at a different water, I underwent a novel experience, the like of which I have never heard; and in order that it may be understood, it is necessary that I should describe the position. The pool was surrounded on three sides by hill slopes, covered with large trees without much undergrowth. It had been a particularly dry season, and water was scarce, and vegetation very deficient, so that animals were compelled to travel considerable distances at night to obtain sustenance. Close to

the water was a large boulder of rock, on which grew a few stunted shrubs. On the top of the rock was a slight depression, and here I took position with my shikari, some twelve or fourteen feet above the water, only partially screened from view, and exposed to the full moonlight. It will thus be seen that I was completely removed from the observation of animals in the pool, but was liable to detection by any on the slopes. The space was very cramped, and I accordingly was obliged to sit upright, my shikari squatting beside me.

The first animals to appear were two porcupines; they were followed by a small panther, that lapped the water like a large

HE SOON DETECTED ME, AND BEGAN A SUCCESSION OF GROWLS AND ROARS

cat only a few yards from me, but at which I did not fire for fear of disturbing the tiger. After the panther left, some time elapsed without further visitor, and I was beginning to anticipate a blank night, when my shikari touched me on the arm and whispered, 'Janwar arta, Sahib'—'An animal is coming, sir.' I soon detected in the distance the tread of some animal on the slope opposite me, cautiously advancing a few paces at a time, and then stopping to reconnoitre. It is needless to say that both I and my shikari remained in the moonlight motionless, as if we formed part of the rock. I soon made out the indistinct form of a sambre, the

largest description of Indian deer. As I watched him, I heard a stealthy footstep descending the slope behind me, and then the advance of a third sambre on the third slope, and soon I found that instinct had caused these animals to approach the water concurrently from all sides, as the best means of discovering hidden danger. I can only imagine that my raised position and the absence of any wind prevented me from being discovered, for as the sambre came nearer their caution seemed to decrease, and they rushed the last twenty yards or so into the water in their impatience to drink. The vanguard consisted entirely of females with their fawns, not a stag being with them, and nothing could exceed the fascination of that fairy-like moonlight scene, some thirty of these beautiful animals of various sizes sporting in the water within a few yards of me, and entirely unconscious of my proximity.

I watched this interesting sight for at least half an hour, I should imagine, until my upright motionless position in the moonlight began to become painful, and I thought I would experiment upon them to make them leave the water. I accordingly, very cautiously, without moving my body, felt on the rock for small stones, which I flipped at the deer, hitting them on the head, ears, and body, but without causing them to do more than shake their heads as if to get rid of a fly. The stags were now coming down, the younger animals in front, the older ones behind, but all advancing as the females had done, singly and cautiously from different quarters. Finding that small stones were disregarded, I thought I would try the effect of noise, and I accordingly whistled one note. This they took no notice of, so I ran down the scale without producing upon them the slightest effect, and I hope I shall be believed when I state as a fact that I eventually whistled the whole of our regimental March Past air quite loudly, sitting in the moonlight, exposed to view, and within a few yards of these large deer sporting in the water, without causing them to be alarmed, or even, so far as I could observe, to take any notice.

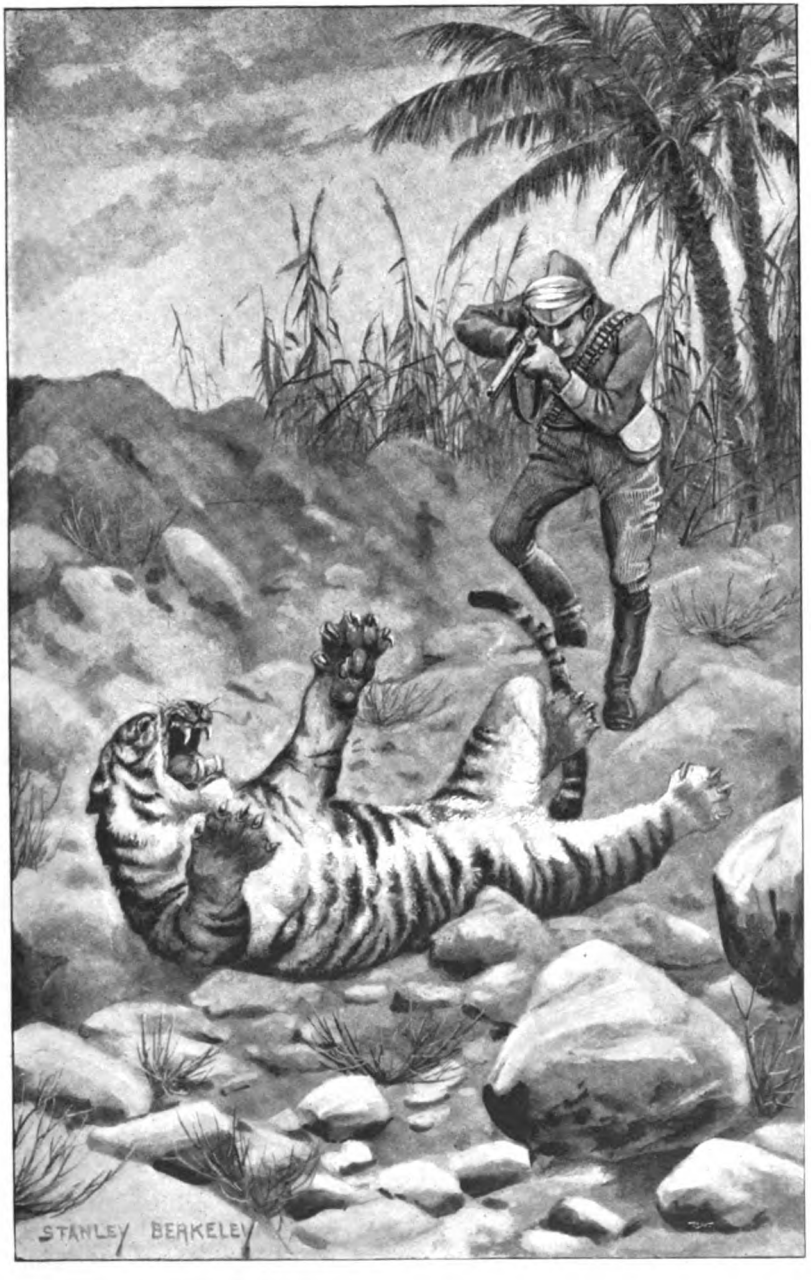
My shikari, crouching down as well as he could, was in fits of silent laughter, and whether he was seen or heard by one of the advancing stags on the slope, or whether I made some movement of my body, I cannot tell, but in a moment alarm was taken, and the whole of the deer rushed pell-mell out of the water and up the opposite slope, and the most singular sporting adventure I ever experienced terminated. I was particularly struck by the thorough confidence in their own sagacity shown by these

sambre, as if the usual precautions to prove the safety of the water which they had adopted, together with the knowledge that their rear was well watched and protected, rendered them unable to conceive the possibility of danger, and to disregard what, under other circumstances, would have alarmed them at once. Perhaps, also, the scarcity that season of both water and grass was the cause of greater boldness.

The next morning I bagged the tiger, and, although I am only now writing about night shooting, I may be permitted, perhaps, to tell the story, especially as it was the sequel to these three blank nights. As I was returning for some breakfast, preparatory to riding back to Deesa, disgusted with the thought that I might have easily bagged either the panther or the best head amongst the sambre, we passed the fresh pugs (footsteps) of a tiger. It was decided that I should go on to refresh myself after my night's vigil, leaving my shikari to see if he could make anything of the pugs; and as I was finishing breakfast he appeared, beaming all over, and followed by some beaters, by which I knew at once that there was good news. It seems that, when following up the pugs, he came upon the tiger in a nullah. The animal gave a roar and went up the watercourse, and as the sun was then well up, my shikari knew he would not go far, but would probably lie up in the first convenient piece of cover.

I started without delay, and was posted up the hill at the head of the nullah, which there contracted to a small opening of a few yards. On the sides of the nullah were some scrub bushes which partially concealed the ground; but about sixty yards from me was a clear opening, and I mentally decided that if the tiger came up the nullah I would shoot him at this spot. Almost as soon as the beat began I caught sight of him some distance down the hill, coming on at a trot, and stopping every now and then to listen. His last halt was fortunately in the space between the bushes I had already selected, and when he stopped he turned his head round and growled at the beaters, presenting an excellent opportunity. I hit him behind the shoulder with one of Forsyth's swedged shells, which failed to explode. It was a little high, and broke his back, rolling him over, so that I lost sight of him. I picked up my gun and ran to the head of the nullah. As soon as the tiger saw me he began to roar, and, even with his back broken, tried to come at me, raising himself partially and pawing with his forepaws, but a shot through the head finished him.

The tiger measured as he lay ten feet from nose to tip of tail. He had a beautifully clean and well-marked skin, with a perfect



THE NEXT MORNING I BAGGED THE TIGER

set of teeth, not one being missing or even discoloured, and his head, preserved by Messrs. Ward, of Wigmore Street, now adorns my dining-room. I judged him to be a young animal, but my shikari pretended to be able to tell from the markings on the top of the head that he was fourteen years.

I thus exemplified the truth of the general opinion amongst Indian sportsmen that, for the bag, night shooting cannot compare with day shooting; whilst I equally established, to my own satisfaction at least—and I trust also to that of my readers—the special attractions of the former sport.

ON ROWING CAMPS

BY H. COFFEY

Pictures in the mind are drawn,
Camp and stars and frosty dawn.
Camp Song of the Dee.

ALTHOUGH rowing holds such a prominent place among British sports, it is noticeable how little of the spirit of adventure and exploration is connected with it. Adventure and exploration mean hard work; and as soon as your public-school man has given up racing, he considers that his time for steady disciplined toil has gone past. Practically, he gives up rowing; inasmuch as a paddle to a picnic cannot be called 'rowing,' in the true sense of the word. After the fierce delight of racing, he finds paddling over the same water time after time, for the mere sake of exercise, tame. There is no doubt that it is so; then why should he not go further afield, and pit his strength and cunning against the forces of Nature, even if he has no longer time to train for that most exacting of sports—a boat-race?

There are some few watery-minded vagrants in whom the instincts of the prehistoric nomad are not yet extinct. They live in a state of chronic rebellion against the limitations of civilisation; their lungs revolt against their daily portion of unnecessary carbon; and their souls abhor the unseemly miles of bricks and mortar. At certain seasons amongst these gather quiet meetings in attics and lumber-rooms to overhaul the stained old tent, redolent of wood-smoke and strange provisions; and thoughts turn to Thames, or Trent, or Severn, or the other hundred waterways of England that know the plash of oars. Lovely and peaceful though the Thames is, it lacks the elements of sport—risk and difficulty. Let us, therefore, turn our thoughts farther afield, to waters where the camper is still welcomed by the local farmer, and ten-shilling fines for damage are unknown. On some

of these waters one may row for a whole day and not meet another boat, and if the muscles be hard and the heart be willing, one will find how merry a rowing camp can be. It is no task to be lightly entered upon by the gilded youth of flabby muscles and easily harrowed nerves. The mere rowing of a laden boat from place to place entails heavy physical work; in addition, no small effort of will is required, to face the labour of pitching tents, gathering firewood, cooking food, and unpacking bedding, when tired out with a row which may have been anything from ten miles to forty.

Then what are the compensations? A freedom unknown to those who seek the shelter of hotels; a saving of expense, which is to many no small object; a cultivation of self-reliance, which is, in itself, a mental training; and that good-fellowship which they who gather round the camp-fire only know. They are tried and trusty friends, whose temper has been proved by cold, wet, fatigue, and every form of ill that tries the stubborn heart of the camper.

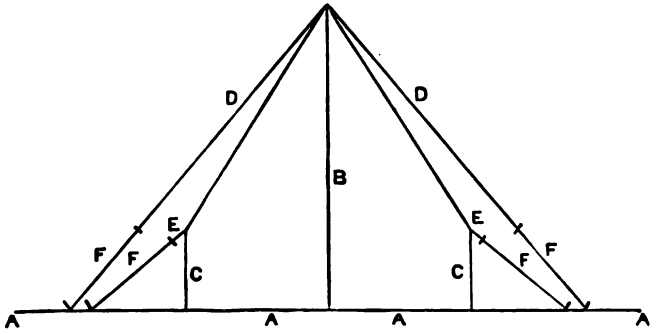
Now the first necessary of the rowing camper is a boat, and the best boat for the purpose is an inrigged or half-outrigged tub four. A craft of this class will carry about 300 lbs. of luggage, in addition to her crew of five men, and still have enough freeboard to go through rapids or fairly rough water. To this capacity, however, there are limits, as we once found in Selby Rack. There were two boats upon that memorable expedition, and a head wind blowing against the tide had made a considerable sea. This, the first boat, being perhaps more skilfully handled, passed through in safety; but the second and more heavily laden soon began to ship water. The skipper, who was stroking, awoke to the danger too late to reach the shelter of the bank. She quickly filled, and the bow man, losing his head, stood up; in an instant she turned completely over. It was Easter time, with hard frost at nights and a keen North-west wind driving occasional flakes of snow across the exposed flats of the East Riding. The water was strewn with wreckage of every sort; hampers and sleeping-sacks, tents and oars, were soon drifting rapidly down with the ebbing tide. It need hardly be said that the water was not tropical. Three of the crew decided so at once; but the skipper and the coxswain were alive to the responsibilities of the case. While the former, up to his neck in water, hurled the smaller articles ashore, and gathered in his mouth the pipes which his crew had forgotten in their haste; the latter, his ulster-tails streaming gracefully behind him, swam gallantly into mid-stream after a

derelict hamper. Eventually, nothing was lost except some iron tent-pegs and a camera. Some day the latter, dug up from the former Ouse-bed, will mark the high state of civilisation to which the river-drift men had advanced. May the sun ever shine on those female good Samaritans who revived us with whisky—hot—after this woeful mischance.

Having chosen our boat, our next consideration is the tent. It should be of the ridge-pole pattern, having a curtain of at least two feet and a roof steep enough to turn the rain. We have made several and found them cheap and satisfactory. We used stout unbleached cotton (cost fourpence a yard). One very satisfactory tent is 12 feet long, 9 feet wide and 8 feet high; in it ten men can sleep pretty comfortably. In order to make it more weather-proof, a fly, or extra roof, was made, fitting above the ordinary roof and guyed at its outer edges, so as to be a foot above it, and to project a foot beyond the curtain. In cold weather a very comfortable form of tent is that used by gipsies, consisting of warm flannel or blanket, pinned over a framework of bent laths, fitted into a ridge-pole about 4 feet 6 inches from the ground. The gipsy tent is warm, is quickly and easily pitched, and will withstand the fiercest gale; its only drawback being the impossibility of standing erect in it. We always found the army bell tent cumbersome and unsatisfactory. It takes longer to pitch than the others, is heavier in proportion to the number of men it will hold, and gives very little head-room; whilst the centre-pole is constantly in the way. A tent to hold a boat's crew of five men should be about 8 feet long, 7 feet wide, and 7 feet high. We have also tried a double tent, but found that the gain in warmth did not compensate for the extra trouble in pitching, whilst the same weather-proof qualities are equally obtained by using the fly. A perfectly water-proof ground-sheet is essential; it serves also to pack the tent in. A flounce should be sewn where the wall of the curtain joins the sloping roof, on to which the rings for the guy-ropes should be securely fastened.

The doors are most easily secured by common safety pins, of which a liberal supply should be carried, as they are useful for a variety of purposes. On our expedition, the poles for a new tent not turning up in time, two oars and a long boat-hook were lashed into position, and served excellently, although, of course, only a makeshift. The poles should be about 1½ inch in diameter, with stout brass sockets at each end of the ridge pole. Iron tent pegs are best; care should be taken that plenty are provided and that they are not lost. It is a hopeless task searching for

sticks with which to peg down a tent after dark. Once on the Derwent we had a terrible experience of this. The leader of this, as of most of our other expeditions, was a reckless individual, well known as an Alpine climber, who has led his devoted followers into many tight places—and, to confess the truth, also out of them. He would not stop until it was dark, and when we did easy, we found to our horror that the tent pegs were lost. A strong gale was blowing, and we pitched under the lee of Dressel Castle. It was a hopeless task groping about for suitable sticks, so we fastened the pole-guys to some scrubby little bushes, which we found growing handy. The tent flapped madly and defied all our efforts, until at last we tied the bottom of the curtain on to the oars and piled all the hampers on top of them. In this way we made things fairly comfortable, when, about midnight, a gruff



FRONT ELEVATION OF RIDGE POLE TENT.

A ground line; B, end pole; C, curtain; D, fly; E, flounce; F, guy ropes.
Scale $\frac{3}{16}$ inch per foot.

voice was heard asking, 'What the blazes we were doing there?' The owner of the voice was accompanied by a thick stick and a dog of forbidding aspect. We explained that we were merely camping. 'Pretty kind of camping,' was the reply, 'in a man's kitchen garden, an' a-tying them ropes on to his gooseberry bushes.' However, he proved amenable to reason, and afterwards turned out a very good friend.

The feeding of the expedition is a subject of great practical interest. Where one has to do all one's own cooking, one is apt to discover strange facts about kitchen utensils. For instance, the common kettle is anathema maranatha. Its spout will pack into no hamper that ever was made, and invariably comes unsoldered at some critical moment. In its place we always use what is known as a 'billy.' It is simply a pot with a half-hoop

handle, like a common pail. A nest of three or four of these, fitting inside each other, and a frying-pan, will serve every purpose. Plates and mugs (in camp dialect, 'tollies') should be of enamelled tin-ware; and a couple of tin jugs for milk. Coffee, &c., should be taken. These, with spoons, knives and forks, should all be counted daily before starting.

Provisions and the smaller impedimenta of the camp are best carried in hampers, broad at one end and narrow at the other, to fit the bows or stern of the boat. They should be two to three feet in length and fifteen to eighteen inches deep. It is a good plan for one man always to pack and unpack these hampers, as it saves a great deal of confusion.

The staple foods in camp are soup, bacon, eggs, porridge and cold meat. Milk, eggs, butter and bread can be obtained as one goes along. Sweets are represented by marmalade and stewed or canned fruit.

Soup and porridge are so important, that a word or two on them will not be amiss. The oatmeal should be put in the water to soak the night before, and when it is put on the fire next morning, one man should be told off to stir it until it is done. No excuse should be taken from him for burnt porridge. Soup is even more important, being the most comforting part of the evening meal. A stock pot is started as soon as the expedition begins. The bones of the cold joints are put into it and allowed to simmer. An hour before it is wanted, a tin of concentrated soup is added, and the whole is thickened with pea flour, lentils, or barley. Almost anything can be put in, in the shape of tomatoes, raw meat, &c.; nothing comes amiss in camp soup, so long as it is well boiled.

It is not a good thing to take uncooked meat with one in the form of massive joints. On the Severn once, a leg of mutton was boiled for hours, and a hungry crew awaited its advent with joyful expectancy, and sniffed the savoury breeze. When the soup was consumed we could wait no longer. The mutton, dished on the bread-plate, was triumphantly produced; the greediest, with commendable discretion, helped themselves to all the outside. The inside was raw. Further comment is needless.

It is a common superstition amongst greenhorns that a large and fierce fire is necessary for cooking. When they have burnt both food and fingers, they will learn from bitter experience that this is not the case. The hot ashes which are the result of a fire do the best cooking. They should be kept from spreading by stout logs placed on each side, which should be held in place by wooden

pegs driven into the ground. Nothing but perfectly dead wood should be used. Resinous wood like pine is best for starting a fire, but hard woods, like oak or blackthorn, burn down to the best ashes. A large supply of wood should be gathered before darkness sets in. One of the first duties, after an easy is called for the night, is to go to the house of the farmer on whose land it is proposed to camp, and to conciliate that important individual by buying a few necessaries. Every respect should be paid to his property and his feelings; and it should always be remembered that one only camps on sufferance. A shilling will procure from him a quantity of straw, which, being put down under the ground-sheet, will make the bed softer and drier.

In choosing a place to camp, first see that the ground is dry underfoot. Trees or high ground to afford shelter from the wind, an easy landing-place, and a supply of firewood are also points to be noted. There is a certain fir plantation on the river Swale—an ideal camping spot—where once we pitched for the night. The trees broke the harshness of the cold March wind, and the fire of glowing pine logs will long live in the memories of those who chanted round that cheerful blaze. Nor less kindly comes back to the mind that sheltered spot at Overton-on-Dee. The wind was broken by the wood at the back; the roar of the weir lulled us to sleep; whilst from the dark pool below ever and anon did the silvery salmon leap, as they fought their way into the desired haven of the higher reaches.

Suitable clothing and plenty of it should be taken. Whilst rowing, shorts and a sweater will be worn; but at night a pair of tennis trousers, a warm vest, and a couple of sweaters will not be too much to put on, before creeping into one's sleeping sack. The latter should be of stout horse-rug or blanket material; and, being folded, should be sewn down the open side and one end to form a bag. One sewn-up rug is warmer than two unsewn ones, as it is impossible to kick it off during the night. All clothing should be carried in sacks, made of waterproof canvas, tightly laced at the mouth; so that in case of wet weather or a capsize, one has dry things to put on. This rule applies to rugs as well as personal clothing. Rugs should be packed into tight rolls, and stowed in long bolster-shaped sacks.

Amongst the general equipment of the camp may be mentioned lanterns (and candles), soap, a hammer, screw key, couple of chisels, pair of pincers, bradawls, some copper nails and rivets, and some sheet-zinc. A couple of axes and a cold chisel are in-

dispensable. The tools are useful for mending boats; and on almost every expedition we have found the need of them. Coming down a rapid on the Dee, a four stove in two of her lower strakes on a sunken rock. The boat was dragged ashore; a fire was lit, and the coxswain's handkerchief, dipped in boiling tallow, was placed over the hole. Over it a biscuit tin, beaten out flat, was nailed, the points of the nails being clenched inside. We found that it made her perfectly watertight; she came down forty-five miles, to Chester, without shipping a drop. On the Swale we had a similar experience, and again on the Severn; the damage in the latter case being caused by an old kettle.

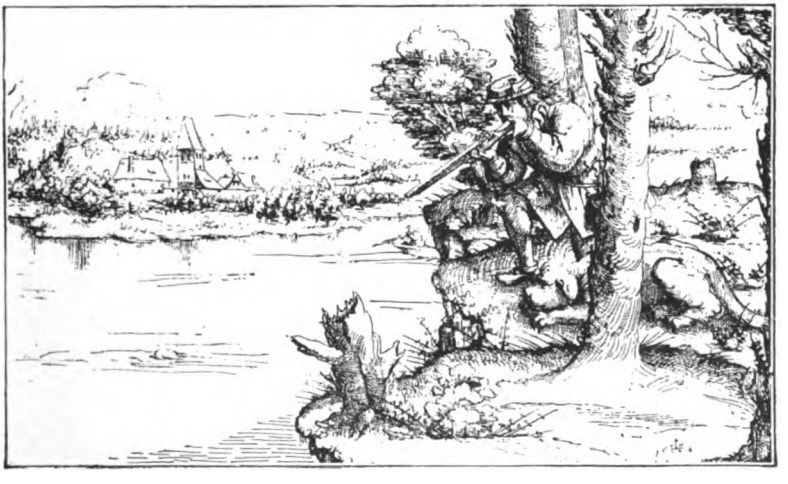
Towing forms a pleasant change from the monotony of heavy work against a strong current. Hence the advisability of taking a tow-line, not less than twenty yards in length. On the banks of most Northern rivers, the interest of towing is maintained by having to pass the line round trees and over bushes; and the circumventing of these obstacles affords great scope for ingenuity. On the Dee there are several rapids, which can only be surmounted with great difficulty. On one occasion, nine men in a row, in prehistoric attire, waded up the bed of the river, carrying the tow-line till it was possible to work from the bank again.

A few words on the negotiation of rapids may not be amiss. Whether going up or down, always steer for the apex of the V-shaped tongue of smooth water. The cox. should definitely and quickly decide what his course is to be, and, having once decided, must never falter. If the boat's bows should take the current slantwise, ever so little, she may be carried round at once, and a capsize, in shallow water at all events, is inevitable. In rough water, or against a head wind, the shelter of the bank should be taken advantage of.

One word on the necessity of discipline. There must be no grumbling. Whatever the hardships or mistakes, all must endure them, and cheerfully do their best. One man should command the expedition, and under him the captain of each boat should exercise absolute authority over his crew. Discipline is most valuable in every phase of camp life, more especially so in negotiating a difficult bit of river, where nothing but prompt and unreasoning obedience is of avail. Volumes might be written on the duty of silence.

At the risk of exciting ribald mirth in the breasts of our readers, but loving the truth above all things, we shall now enunciate a few axioms, which *ought* to be self-evident, but the depth of whose meaning only those who have neglected them

can fathom. And the first of these is—if you want to find your boat where you left her, tie her up securely. Always take a bow-side and stroke-side spare oar. Bellows are better than lungs for starting a fire. Always try to do more than your share of the work; four-oars don't carry saloon passengers. Don't get your blade stuck in the crevices of a lock; this is unwise, and the consequences uncomfortable. Don't forget a knife, a mackintosh, and a pocket-handkerchief. It is impossible for a whole boat's crew to sponge on the cox. for tobacco and matches—for any length of time. Receive the advice of the professional waterman on river expeditions with respectful attention; it is absolutely valueless. The Ordnance survey will be generally found more reliable than the local rustic. It is unkind to take the blankets of your sleeping neighbour because you have brought too few yourself. Lastly, extra baggage in a boat is nothing: be comfortable.



WILD STAG HUNTING

BY VISCOUNT EBRINGTON

BEFORE these pages appear in print, a good many people will doubtless have made their arrangements for a visit to the West Country, in order to see something of that wild stag hunting which of late years has become so well known and fashionable in the sporting world.

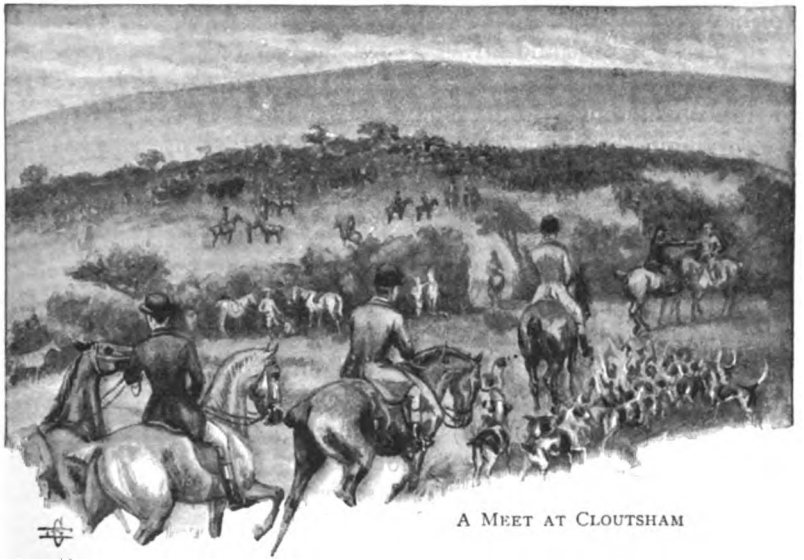
I am afraid not a few go home disappointed. The scenery on and around Exmoor is beautiful enough to please the most exacting, but sport is not always good; indeed sometimes for weeks together it is indifferent. First-rate runs are rare in every sort of hunting, and though one man may have the luck to drop in for two fine chases within ten days, another may return after a three weeks' holiday without having shared in aught but woodland hunting, of which, though never very far from the hounds, he may in fact have seen next to nothing.

Whatever the comparative merits of stag and fox hunting may be, the latter has one distinct advantage: you very seldom exhaust your day with one fox, and though the first found may be a short-running brute, there is always the hope and the chance that a second or a third may show better sport. In stag hunting, however, a second draw is exceptional: the bringing to hand of any one deer is generally a fair day's work for the pack. However badly a stag may run, you cannot pretend you have marked him

to ground and so trot away to another cover; while even if you did you could not in any way depend on finding another, or on there being daylight to kill him if found.

You have to take for better or for worse the deer the harbourer puts you on to, bearing in mind always that the length of the stag-hunting season is only ten weeks at the outside; that it is very difficult to do justice to the whole country in that time; and that the deer preservers in the neighbourhood of each fixture have what they regard as their own deer—often friends of old standing, the neglect of whom would cause bitter disappointment.

There is no preliminary cub hunting with the staghounds. The master will have the pack out three or four times perhaps before the opening day to get the hounds in wind and to blood them if possible; but until regular hunting commences the county is virtually undisturbed, so early in the season the stags do not take freely to the open, and woodland hunting is the rule; good of its kind, and full of difficulties for huntsman and hounds; but alas! not so full of enjoyment for their followers.



A Meet at Cloutsham

The experiences of a stranger during August might be something of this kind.

Arriving punctually at the meet, at say Cloutsham, he would be in time to see the huntsman dismount, and shut up the pack in an outhouse, while the master, after a little coffee-housing, engages in mysterious conversation with a mounted gamekeeper.

Then the huntsman lets out four couple of hounds, remounts his horse and disappears. Half an hour later a glimpse may be caught of him drawing the mile-long cover that clothes the opposite hill, and then for two hours the proceedings to the uninitiated will practically be a blank. Occasionally hound or horn, cheer or rate, will be heard in the distance. From time to time the master and his men will be seen riding hard in various directions; once in a while the tufters will show up plainly against the heather, and then be lost again in the sea of greenwood; once or twice dark forms will be visible across the valley, which may be recognised as deer, and which (though generally hinds) are proclaimed by the spectators to be stags of prodigious size.

All this is not very interesting. By 12.30 the stranger feels less inclined to blame the carriage parties who began luncheon at 11.15, and by 1.30 he is not sorry to accept an invitation to join one of them. But he has hardly got fairly started on his meal before long blasts on a horn are heard nearer and nearer, and the huntsman appears at a gallop, his horse shows unmistakable signs of hard work, and the three hounds following at his heels have evidently run fast and far.

Eager questions are rained upon him; but, beyond uncomplimentary references to hinds and calves and to a 'false old toad' with whom they have been in league, he is too wise to say much, though, as he changes to a fresh horse and lets out the pack, he makes known that he is bound for Lee Corner. Whereon, to the stranger's surprise, a large portion of the field turn their backs on the hounds and betake themselves in another direction, in order, as presently appears, to go by the short cut through the woods, which the huntsman dare not attempt under the circumstances. For the whip is busy elsewhere, and there would be risk that the hounds might cross a line in the cover and break away.

Our friend, like a good sportsman, sticks to the pack, and after half an hour's trot through various narrow and very crowded gateways, along a rough track and across two deepish valleys, finds himself at Lee Corner, where the master and whip and all the knowing brigade are waiting with a couple of the tufters; the other couple having been last seen going out over the wet ground on Dunkery, two miles away, after a hind. The cool air on the open ground is welcome, for the sun in the sheltered lanes has been very hot, our friend's horse is in a lather, and he feels himself as if he would sooner bathe than hunt.

However, the pack are now laid on, and he is not the man to

AN OUTBURST OF MELODY PROCLAIMS A FRESH FIND

turn away; but the ground is dry and they cannot make much of it, for the deer is forty minutes ahead and has gone across the enclosures between the Horner and Hawkcombe valleys. For two or three fields the hounds can be followed closely; but now they disappear, bearing right-handed into a field of standing corn.

This necessitates a détour, but it is plain they have gone into the wood below; and soon the field is jammed, a reeking mass, on a steep and stony cover-path, while the huntsman can be heard casting the hounds up the stream beneath, and the master remonstrates with another crowd of horsemen who are hurrying too close on the path behind them. Anon a hound speaks, and the huntsman cheers him once and again; a second joins in, and very soon an outburst of melody proclaims a fresh find, while yells from the hill behind us show that the natives have viewed the stag crossing the enclosures on the further side of the valley. The field clatter down the path and urge their horses up the opposite steep, the foremost just reaching the top in time to see a tail hound or two disappear into the Porlock covers. Our friend follows his leader for half a mile along the higher path, and when the horse in front of him stops, he finds the whip halted at a spot which commands a great extent of the woodland and affords a beautiful view of Bossington Point across the rich Porlock Vale.

But, beyond the view and a few disturbed wood-pigeons, there is nothing to be seen. Distant horse hoofs are audible on a road below, but, listen as he will, the stranger hears nothing else but the panting of the horses near him, and the conversation of some ladies who are much interested in the defects of the new habit of a mutual friend.

Suddenly a jay begins to swear, and the whip rides on a few paces; then he gathers up his reins, and our friend, who has watched his movements and is close behind, sees an antlered head disappear into the high larches just beyond. At the same time he hears a hound or two speaking, and suddenly realises that the pack are running hard quite near him. Others also have seen the deer and tally him loudly, though he is in fact but a three-year-old, little bigger than a hind. Meanwhile the whip has quietly headed the hounds and turned them back to the huntsman, who retraces his steps a few hundred yards to the combe under the keeper's cottage, and puts the pack on the heel of the male deer, whom the hunted stag has turned out to do duty for him.

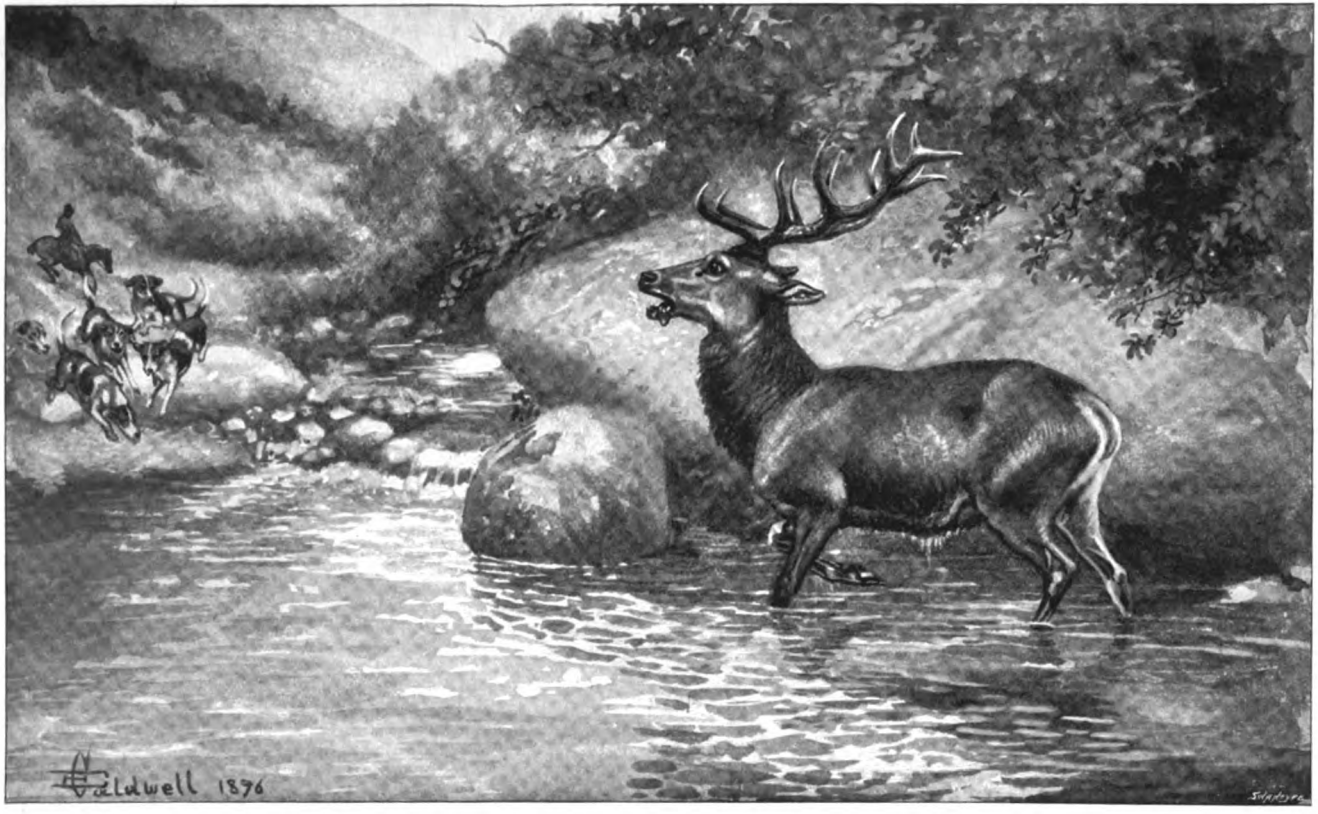
The hounds do not care much about it, but he rides with

them as best he may through the coppice, and soon there is a crash that shows that they have roused something. Our stag it must be, too, for the huntsman blows his horn lustily, and hurries his horse back to the path to follow the pack. These are presently to be seen crossing the road, and people begin to talk about going to sea at the Wear. A strong contingent, however, leaving the road which points seaward, take a different path uphill, and our friend, seeing the whip's red coat in front, follows them. At the top of the cover there is another halt; the whip leaves the ride and pushes his horse through the stunted oaks to a point where he can overlook the combe that runs down to Ashley Combe House. Except that the birds are flying out, there is hardly anything to show that hunting is going on, but watching attentively a narrow space where the foliage is less thick beside the stream, our friend gets a glimpse of a hound's stern waving busily, and he hears the huntsman's cheer.

Next there is a shout from the harvest field opposite, 'There goes up,' followed by much running and gesticulation. The whip knows what it all means, and is off at once; and soon our friend is surprised and gratified at finding himself beside the leading hounds, who are not a hundred yards from the lane up which he is riding and are running hard over grass fields in the direction of the moor.

Unluckily a wide belt of plantation and a road intervene; the hounds are so close to the stag that they push him through the former, and it looks as if he must face the open. But the road is thick with carriages, bicycles, and tourists, and every mouth that has not a sandwich in it bawls at the deer as he shows himself. It is too much—he turns short back—and in another five-and-twenty minutes our friend finds himself again very near the spot where the hounds were laid on, and hears a breathless rustic inform the huntsman that his quarry is down the water, not two minutes before him.

The huntsman does not need the hint to hurry to the rivulet below; the hounds are there already, and of their own accord are casting themselves downward. A glance at the freshly splashed pebbles shows that they are right, and Anthony trots briskly on. Presently the whip's whistle is heard a quarter of a mile ahead; he catches hold of his hounds and gallops to the spot, and in another moment the unmistakable clamour of the bay proclaims that the pack have got up to their deer. The field gather like vultures to the sound, and soon the narrow path beside the water is a mass of hot humanity and perspiring horses. Presently the



HE WAITS WITH HEAD ERECT FOR HIS FATE

hound chorus dies away as the stag, galloping now in, now beside the shallow stream, makes another effort for his life.

The field follow in hot pursuit. Our friend is rather tired of hammering along stony tracks, and drops to the rear of the cavalcade. Suddenly there is a cry of 'Look back!' and he becomes aware that the hounds are running towards him through the wood above. He is watching them eagerly, when a rattle on the shingle turns his attention to the stream, and lo! there is the stag, full of beauty and dignity, as he waits with head erect for his fate. Another minute and the hounds have caught a view; the bay begins again; the deer is quite exhausted now—'properly runned up,' to use the expressive vernacular—and is soon secured and killed; and after his antlers have been duly admired, and his age fixed as positively as though the poor beast had put in a baptismal certificate before he died, the field separate.

The farmers and deer preservers are well pleased at the death of a stag whose size and weight show that he had lived at free quarters on their crops for many a year. The master is not ill satisfied. No one loves a gallop better, and he would have liked to have given the field more fun; but he has killed a stag that wanted killing. The fresh find after cold hunting was very improving for the young hounds; the long bay will have greatly helped to enter the puppies, for it gave them a good view of their game, and only two of them were kicked. Those who hunt to ride are naturally disappointed with what, from their point of view, has been a thoroughly bad day; while those who ride to hunt, though regretting that, thanks to the tourists in the road, the run was nearly all in cover, are gratified at the way in which the hounds have done their work in the face of many difficulties. For strong and sweet as is the scent of a deer, the difficulties have, after all, been considerable. Many hinds and calves on foot in the great cover first drawn; a long start given perforce to the hunted stag; fresh deer roused in the course of the run; the stag turned back on to foiled ground just as he was trying to break to the open; and a broiling sun all day. There is nothing to appeal to riding men in the skill, the patience, the woodcraft, and the hound-work by which success has been obtained; but people who understand hunting know that the result would have been different if either the master, his men, or his hounds had not been up to their business.

Another day everything will go right. The stag will be by himself, will be found directly and break forthwith to the open, when the lay on will be followed by a racing run of from an hour

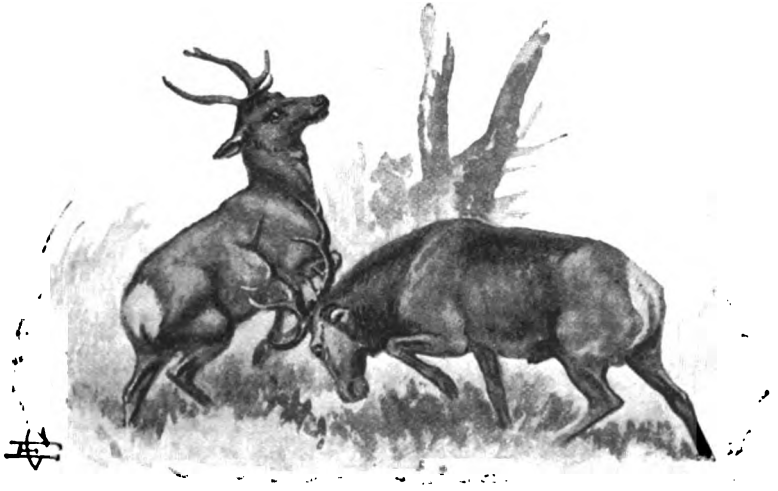
and a half to two hours without a check worth naming. When the line is from the Bray or Bratton Covers to Badgworthy, and beyond, there is little to do but sit down and ride. You must race for the first few gateways through the big enclosures that fringe the moor. But the crowd soon drops off; the wet ground that is encountered pretty early on either course weeds out all horses that are short of condition, and by the end of twenty minutes the field is tolerably select. The only difficulty, and that is no small one, is to keep a good place without galloping your horse to a standstill. If a check occurs you are divided between thankfulness for the breathing time it gives you and fear for the advantage it may be to the ruck in the rear; but the straightgoing deer who show such runs as these seldom 'beat the water' at Farleigh or Badgworthy for any long distance, and the respite, if such there be, is too short to be much use to any but those in the very first flight. The hounds are soon away again, and if they once get a start take a lot of catching. There are some very long and very fast runs on record, notably that from the Bratton Covers to Luckham, on October 9, 1889, when over twenty miles (sixteen from point to point across the map) was covered in two hours and ten minutes.

It was extraordinary how many people got to the end of this severe chase. Just the latter part was not fast, and the hounds had to go much further than the horses down the Horner Valley; but before the field dispersed there must have been over twenty of us on the rectory lawn, which, after allowing for those who joined in after the run began and for others who had posted a second horse on spec. and found him, was more than might have been expected. If by a mixture of hard riding and judicious nursing you can see a day of this sort from start to finish, and are not haunted afterwards by an uneasy feeling that you have been a bit unfair to your horse, there are few events in the way of sport which it gives more satisfaction to recall.

But I am not sure that less exhausting runs do not give more real enjoyment at the time. Here is a specimen of one, taken from the master's diary—not an historical day's sport by any means. But at its close I, at least, was in perfect charity with all mankind, for the hopes, fears, and anxieties of the forenoon were all forgotten in the success achieved before night.

September 16, 1885: *Pitcombe Head.*—The deer had been using a good deal about Yarner, so drew in the covers below for a stag who was there yesterday, but was not forthcoming to-day: probably stared out of countenance by the new keeper, an

amateur harbourer. Then tried the plantations about Silcombe for a stag the real harbourer had slotted in this morning; and then Greenclose Wood, where Mr. S. was now confident of his deer. All entirely blank. By this time it was two o'clock; we had not moved a deer of any sort, and the only other information was that Miles had slotted a stag in the morning near Smallacombe (who might be there or anywhere else within a mile), and that he *believed* he had a deer at the further end of the Porlock Covers, fully three miles away. Pleasant for the master. Mr. S.'s stag, however, might be in one of the larch-clothed combes below Culbone Stables, and these had not yet been drawn for the season, so it was decided to try them with half the pack. A



HE PUTS OUT A YOUNG MALE DEER

lucky hit as it turns out, for by 2.30 a stag and another deer are on foot. At first the stag heads eastward, but presently doubles, and the master gets his glasses on him as he comes back beside the road. Not much of a deer, but one cannot be particular under the circumstances, and if the crowd in the aforesaid road (who by this time are very much on the ride) can only prevent his heading seaward, we ought to have some sport. Vain hope. If it had been the other way about, and we had wished the stag to cross from the sea side inward, one man would have turned him; now fifty cannot do it, and the brute jumps the wire fence into the big plantations where we were this morning, and has now eight miles of almost uninterrupted woodland before him. The only thing to do is to lay on the pack, and that is done

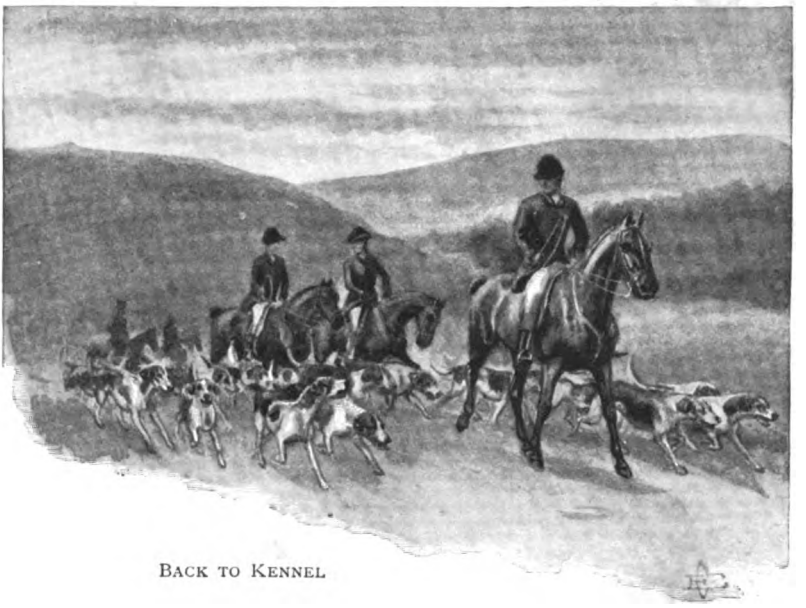
at 2.45. They run him fast for two miles through the stunted firs, near the end of which, after sundry doubles, he puts out a young male deer, probably the Smallacombe 'stag.' The manœuvre profits him little, and he raises our hopes again by turning his back to the woods and going right up to where we met in the morning. But the sight of some horsemen in the road heads him back, and our spirits sink. Presently he lies down and hounds fresh find him. This frightens him, and now he crosses the dreaded highway, regardless of aught but the eager pack in his rear, sinks the hill to the stream below, and goes up the valley beside it. At last we are on the open heather, and know that we must have more or less of a gallop. It looks at present as if Horner were the point; but those who are riding wide to the left on that calculation are out of it, for there are the hounds streaming away to the right and running hard toward the forest wall. The air is getting cooler every minute now, and scent is first-rate on the moist ground. We have a nasty bottom to cross, so the pack have the best of it for the next three or four miles, which brings them to Badgworthy Water, between the Deer Park and Malsmead. They cast themselves down stream and press eagerly on. The stag meanwhile has been seen to come up the water, so every yard they go downward is to his advantage; but nobody is quite near enough to turn them without some delay. However, in ten minutes or so they are running again, and are going quite fast enough for our horses as they carry the scent over Brendon Common into Farleigh Water.

A hound speaks down stream, and the huntsman casts them downward and still downward till we reach a little hamlet. The deer must have left the water here if he had come so far, but the hounds hit no line. He must have broken out behind us, and a long cast is made in the direction where he ought to have gone. No result, and the huntsman returns to the stream at the place where the hounds originally came to it. The deer undoubtedly went a certain distance downward, but he did not go as far as the hamlet; nor has he gone westward. There is just a chance that he left the stream on the east side without the hounds having caught the scent, but probably he is lying fast. The huntsman dismounts and tries the hounds once more down the valley. Stale and foiled though the line is, they can just own it, and carry it the length of two or three fields, at the end of which there is an enormous obstacle across the stream, placed there to prevent cattle trespassing.

No deer would jump that in cold blood, and he could not

have passed right or left of it without the hounds hitting him off he must have backed it and be above us, up stream somewhere.

The huntsman shambles back to his horse and tells his tale. It is more than half an hour since we were first at fault, and with the start he gained at Badgworthy—where also, we remind each other, he went up stream—the stag must be nearly an hour ahead. It is a chance if hounds are able to hit him, for scent at the best is but weak when a deer first leaves a stream, owing to the water that drips off his sides to the ground; it is getting late too, and most of the field have gone home. Still there is another hour of



BACK TO KENNEL

daylight, and it is little out of the way back to kennel to make it good up the valley.

Accordingly the huntsman tries his hounds carefully up beside the little burn; but the odds seem all against us: there are no overhanging boughs or bushes that may have caught a particle of scent as the deer passed, no boulders or fences; there is nothing to have prevented his walking right up in the bed of the stream. For a considerable distance the hounds make no sign. We are just thinking that it is a bad job and that we have lost our deer, when suddenly they become busy, and lo! there is a stag lying on the combe side just in front of us and watching the pack with all outward indifference.

Is he a fresh deer? Impossible to say for certain till he gets

up; but the head is similar to that of our hunted stag, and a fresh deer would hardly lie there with the hounds so close. They are picking out a line towards him too. Surely it is all right. Up he jumps, plunges down the cleave into the stream, dashes through the tail hounds and gallops up the other side as if he were good for another ten miles; but as we make our way to where the track crosses the valley we see him come round, and our last doubts are removed: the poor beast has got stiff while lying down, and cannot face the long ascent. The pack nearly catch a view as he turns, and gain on him all the way as he struggles back through the Farleigh enclosures to the stream. In the water he stands to bay, but only for a very short time. His enemies are too strong for him, and before we can scramble over the fence he is down and dead.

Time 6.10. Only ten minutes from the fresh find. A most satisfactory finish; but it was a near thing, and it is almost too dark to count the hounds by the time they have had their reward and can start on the ten-mile journey back to kennel.

Hæc olim meminisse juvat. May every sportsman who visits the Devon and Somerset take home with him the recollection of some days as good.

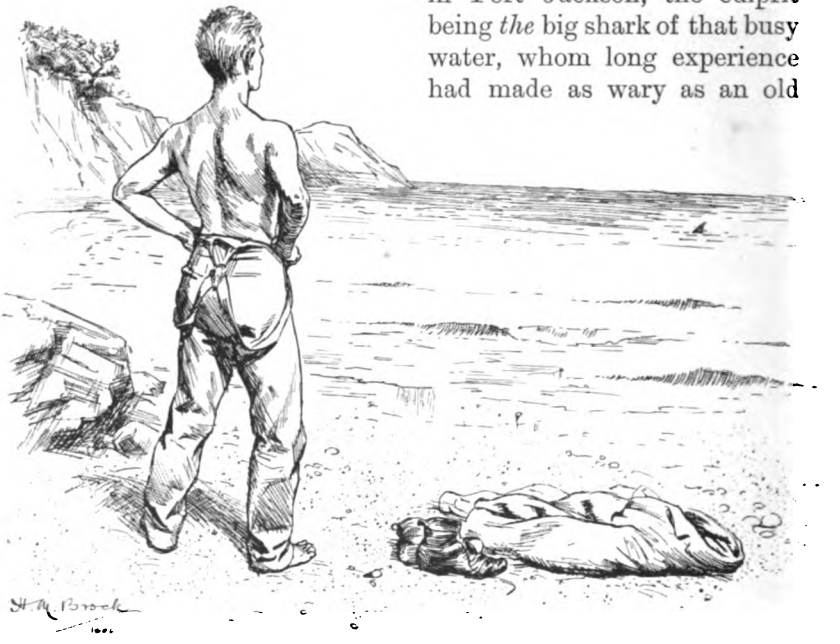
SHARK FISHING

BY H. R. FRANCIS

IT has often struck me as singular, nay, almost unaccountable, that our adventurous countrymen, to whom we owe so many stirring narratives of wild sport by sea and land, and who are ready in its pursuit to go anywhere and do anything, should have told us so little of battles with the shark. True, we have had some interesting notices of that hugest of the race, the tiger-shark of Ceylon, whom you harpoon instead of hooking, and expect to tow your boat about at best pace for an indefinite time. Occasionally, too, there comes a tame newspaper account of an overgrown basking-shark, too lazy to fish for himself, who has blundered into some poor fisherman's nets and pays for his helplessness by being made a sea-side exhibition. I remember, as a child, creeping at Brighton into such a wretch's maw, comfortably lined with green baize. Those who have made ocean voyages have, of course, been introduced to the 'salt-sea shark,' whose hankering after rancid pork causes a welcome excitement to break the monotony of a long voyage. But to none of these can I seriously incline. In fact, an unexpected *rencontre* with a big shark, even when attended with no danger, is generally the reverse of pleasant.

You are contemplating 'the glassy, cool, translucent wave,' which promises you a delicious bath in some silver-sanded bay, when suddenly you become aware of something like a flat black stick erect above the surface and moving slowly about. A shark's back-fin, by all that's uncanny! Or your boat is anchored—as mine has often been—off some point where the tide runs briskly, and snapper and king-fish are strong on the feed. You are fast

in a good fish and pulling against him till the line almost cuts your fingers, when there comes the glimpse of a grey side upturned, a quiet boil in the waves, and you nearly fall backwards as you haul in, hand over hand, the head of what you had fondly regarded as your own captive, the body being in a shark's maw. Some friends of my own, who had hit on a good pitch for snapper, actually had seventeen fine fish successively carried off in this summary fashion, leaving their heads behind. This, however, was in Port Jackson, the culprit being *the* big shark of that busy water, whom long experience had made as wary as an old



A SHARK'S BACK-FIN, BY ALL THAT'S UNCANNY!

trout of Test or Itchen. I do not think that one of my voracious enemies at Botany Bay would have shown the same caution. He would have taken hook and all at the second or third offer. Yet this, perhaps, would hardly have pleased me better. If your line is a strong one, as it ought to be—my own were always of picked hemp, laid and twisted by a cunning hand—you will as often as not hook the shark who takes your bait, or your fish, in such a way that he shall be unable either to break it, or to bite through the three strands of brass wire with which, at least, your hook should be armed.

In this case, as Scott sings, 'a weary lot is thine.'

Ten to one, Johnny, as the Botany boatmen call him, will not

leave his happy hunting-grounds in the neighbourhood of your boat, and will simply cruise about within a few yards, keeping a continued strain on your arms and tackle, but otherwise not appearing to recognise your existence. I have had one of the largest size maintaining this wearisome pressure for a full hour, till I actually rejoiced when my hook—not a shark-hook proper, but strong enough for snapper or even king-fish—at length gave way. Oddly enough, this fish gave me no more trouble, and I had a rare afternoon's sport in the undertow beneath the rocks amongst snapper, nannyghai, rock-cod, and sundry other fish of wondrous shapes and colours, whose very names I have now forgotten. Perhaps my enemy had not wholly escaped fatigue. But I had no joy of this and similar chance encounters. The shark fishing which I really enjoyed—the tiger-hunt, as it were, of the sea—was systematically pursued, always with a fair measure of success, and occasionally with grand results after an exciting campaign. My theatre for these performances was Botany Bay, no longer then a place of detention for the unruly patriots who 'left their country for their country's good,' but teeming with those greedy sea-monsters whom I easily persuaded myself that I did the public a service by pursuing and destroying. Why this carnivorous population swarmed so in that bay I could only conjecture, for swarm they certainly did, not here and there, but everywhere, from the Heads all round the sandy sweep of the shore. It was probably due to the abundance of food; the flat-head alone, to say nothing of larger fish, mustering in prodigious numbers; perhaps also to the gradual shoaling of the water, which made it a secure anchorage for the tendrilled egg-cases of sharks and a nursery for their young. Whatever the cause, they seemed to have made that bay their headquarters. And though the shark fishing which I shall attempt to describe was directed against one only, and that the largest and fiercest kind, yet there were sundry other species which deserve a passing mention. There was found, though rarely, its proper habitat being Port Jackson, that curious survival, oldest of existing vertebrate forms, the 'Cestracion Phillipsii,' its mouth armed, not with teeth, but with beautifully adjusted rollers, ridged and knobbed with the most finished regularity for the crushing of shell-fish. There was the small, lank sand-shark, of no more dignity than a dog-fish, whom I noticed too little to be able to describe him after so many years.

I have also taken casually several of the hammer-headed species, though not enough to be able to speak, with any certainty, of the size which they may attain. I should not, however, from

all I could see or hear, credit them even at their full growth with very large dimensions. Lastly in the deep water about the rocky heads lurked a large and formidable sort of ground-shark, called by the Aborigines (*vulgo* 'Black-fellows') a wobbegong. This ugly wretch in many respects diverges altogether from the ordinary shark type. Instead of the conical snout with the cruel mouth far overlapped by the projecting nose—an arrangement which somewhat hinders the fish's onset by forcing him to turn on his side—he has a square-cut head, the upper and under jaws level, and displaying rows of strong teeth accurately interlocked. He can thus secure his prey without leaving the ground, and, in order to 'take them in' more easily, his lips are garnished with a fringe of wattles closely resembling filaments of sea-weed, the wavy vibration of which doubtless lures inquisitive little fishes to their own undoing. This species is happily rare. I caught one over ten feet long outside Botany Head, and had a horror of his tribe ever after. When I had hooked him, I thought for some time that I was foul of the rock, and when he stirred at last in answer to resolute tugging, it seemed as if I had moved some heavy inanimate object. He showed no fight—sedentary habits not being conducive to activity—and was soon floating helpless alongside. Two or three well-aimed thrusts of the lance seemed to finish him, and as the boat was a large and strong one we actually contrived to heave him aboard, though the slightest resistance on his part might have rendered this impossible. But when I had placed a stout mop-stick between his jaws he stuck to it with such desperate tenacity that three of us combining our forces actually turned him over by it without compelling him to quit his hold. Oh those terrible jaws! They gave me a hideous vision of some bather hopelessly imprisoned in their iron grip and gradually absorbed by his immovable foe.

But it was not the torpid wobbegong for whom I fished with eager assiduity, but the fierce and active Botany shark, closely akin to the ocean species, though I think rather more bulky. I should observe that these sharks appear to run in sizes just as the grayling do in our English streams. Passing over the small fry, mischievous, but not available for sport, we had the school sharks, running generally from five to seven feet in length. Amongst hundreds taken I do not remember one between eight and nine feet. Yet I am bound to admit that this remark is utterly illogical, unless it may suggest conjectures as to the reason why sharks of this particular size should have been so rarely encountered. I remember meeting an officer at Barnard Castle who

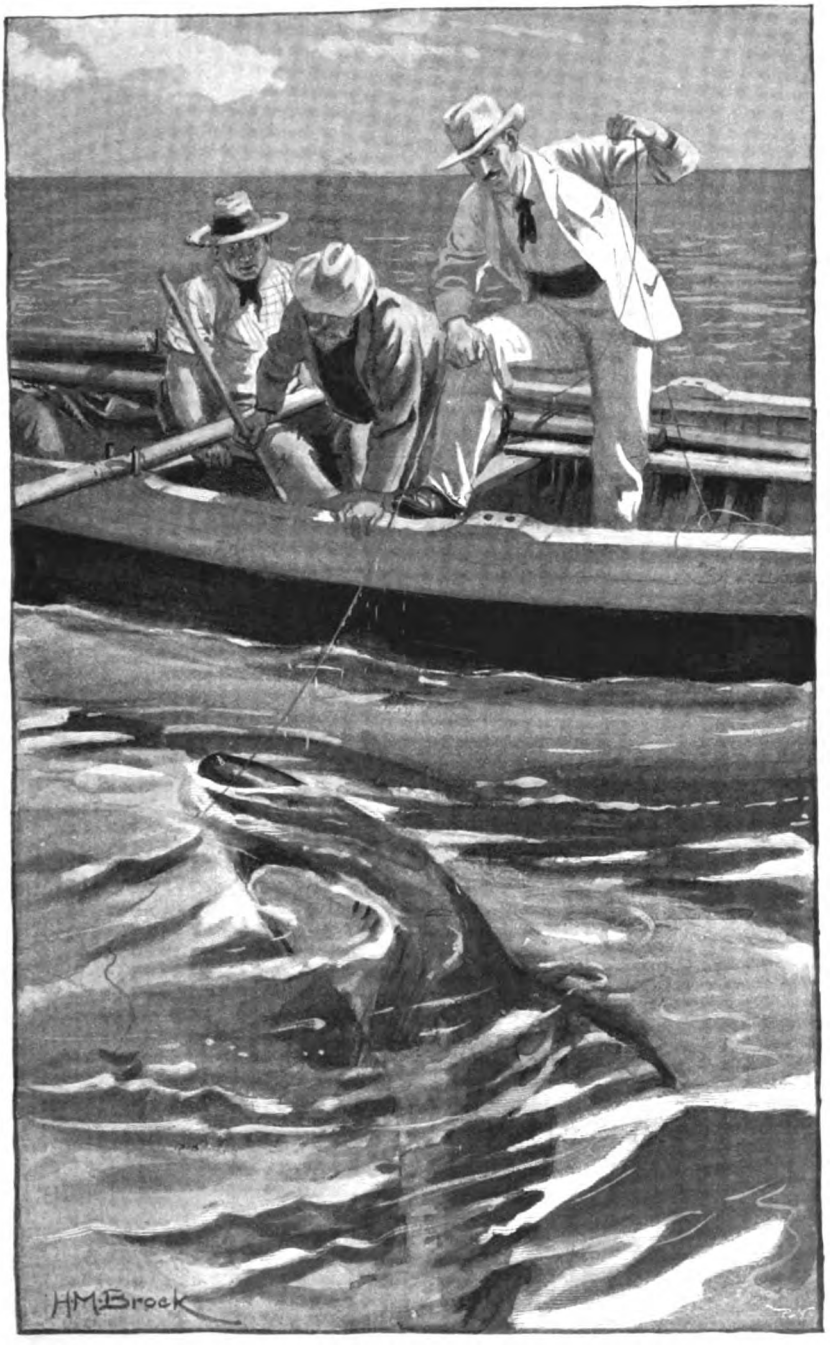
wished to obtain a certificate of his being alive at a certain day (I think with a view to drawing a pension) and who waited for that purpose on the Rev. Mr. D——, the eccentric incumbent. He returned in a towering passion. He had called on (say) July 2, and his reverence positively refused to certify that he had been alive on the first! I had to give him a note to a friendly magistrate, some miles off, explaining the circumstances. And now I should emulate this example of clerical obtuseness if I failed to perceive that a ten-foot shark must have passed through a nine-foot stage of growth. So I had best shelter myself under the safe statement that I never killed a shark of that particular size. Thus in fact it was, but the cause of 'this thusness' utterly baffled me.

About ten feet in length they were fairly common, and livelier I think on the hook than the heavier fish which ran from fourteen to fifteen feet. Beyond this I would not attempt to classify. I have seen a great grey shadow extended in mid-water beside my boat, and apparently equalling it in length, and have no reason to doubt that specimens might be found measuring over twenty feet, but I have never known any of this size actually caught. The largest I ever had hold of, though but for a moment, was one that fell foul of me in the Botany water, between headland and island. I had hooked a huge ray, of whose species I cannot be sure, though I had one good view of his breadth of back; but he was so strong that I was forced to let him run seaward from the bay, and cast the boat loose to follow him if needful. Just as he reached the outlet he was seized by an enormous shark and carried off before my eyes. Something of course had given way, but what, or how, I cannot now remember—perhaps hardly knew at the time. But the bulk of the mouthful amazed me. Another shark of extraordinary size once escaped me in a very provoking manner when fairly hooked on strong tackle.

I was accompanied that day by my kinsman and contemporary D——, a good sportsman all round and my master in the art of shark fishing, which he had practised for years before I visited the colony. We were honoured with the presence of the then Governor, Sir John Young, afterwards Lord Lisgar, and his accomplished secretary, Mr. Turville, both desirous of taking part in the Botany fishing. We had a roomy boat, with two good local fishermen to row her, and began operations according to our usual custom by catching a few dozen flathead in the shallower water near the inmost sweep of the bay. We now proceeded to kill and open two or three of our largest fish, throwing the insides

into the deepening water ahead of us. Our usual experience had been that the taint in the water would at once draw round us sundry 'school' sharks, who would give us some lively exercise at starting. It was no rare occurrence to have three of these hooked at the same time, their independent movements producing a curiously intricate sample of plaited lines, which could be untwisted only after a free use of the lance and waddy. The latter weapon—a club used by the Black-fellows to test the hardness of each other's skulls—is excellent for giving a shark his *coup de grâce*. The extreme sensitiveness of his nose renders him an easy victim when you assail him on that tender organ, and, in the long unheard language of the P.R., 'get home on his smeller.' After a little preparatory blood-letting with the lance we used to count on the waddy as a 'successful settler.' But on the special occasion to which I was referring when I was lured into this digression we missed our usual skirmish with the school sharks, and found ourselves challenged at the very outset by one of truly formidable dimensions. He lay not two feet from the surface, and seemed to be measuring himself against the boat. His appearance was somewhat unexpected, but our strongest shark line lay already coiled for a throw, armed with a powerful shark hook on some ten or twelve strands of brass wire. Let me pause here to remark that a bunch of wires like this, the strands not twisted but laid parallel to puzzle the shark's teeth, is to all intents as strong as the chain generally used and much more manageable. Baiting was the work of a minute, and was done in what I consider the best style, viz. by passing the hook through some tough portion of three or four carp-shaped fish in succession and carrying them down below the shank, so as to leave the entire hook clear. You are thus more certain of a good hold, though I must admit that a Botany shark seldom fails to fasten himself very effectively even when the hook has been buried in a chunk of solid fish. 'Never throw a chance away' is a good motto for all anglers. The shark whose proceedings I have now begun to recount somewhat discursively had moved a little in advance while I was baiting, but was still within easy reach of a throw, and D—— showed him the bait in capital style. He took it at once, and in due course was firmly hooked.

The Governor was content to be a spectator, and the line was handed to our other guest, who at once brought his weight to bear on the shark. I had now no doubt of the fish's ultimate capture, powerful as he was, though I expected a long fight and was quite prepared to see our boat towed about the bay. But the result

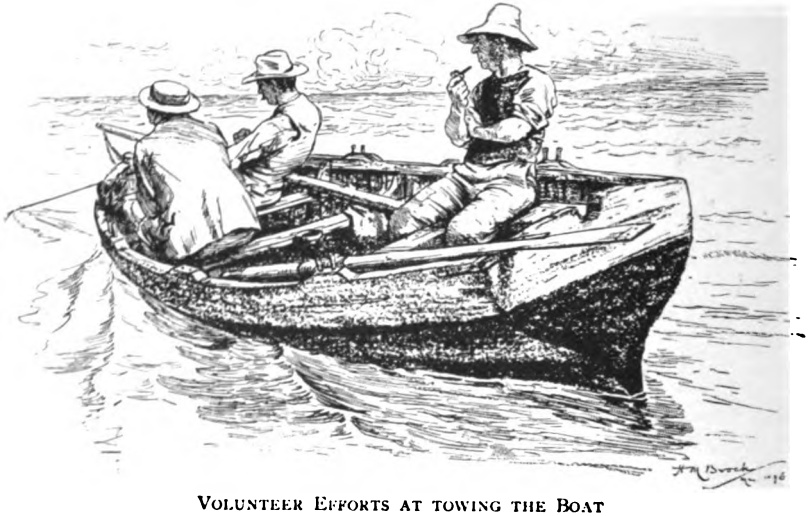


MADE A RAPID RUSH TOWARDS THE BOAT AND BIT THE LINE IN TWO

quite baffled all calculation. The enemy abandoned the usual tactics of his tribe, made a rapid rush towards the boat, and, before the slack line could be gathered in, bit the line in two *above* the wire, carrying off the hook and a yard of brass arming to be digested at his leisure. I could only console myself as Sydney Smith is said to have done, when a missionary friend was starting to visit some cannibal islanders, by hoping that his meal might disagree with him. This was the only instance I ever witnessed of a shark showing cunning in escape. Generally speaking, they fight in a sullen, stupid fashion, keeping a heavy strain on the line, but exhibiting none of the varied and startling dash which gives such a lively character to the records of tarpon fishing.

Still the events in shark fishing were sufficiently frequent and the battles fierce enough to make the sport tolerably exciting. My course of proceeding was generally as follows. After a little preliminary pot-hunting—for I liked to carry away a basket of flathead with perhaps a pair of the delicious Botany soles—I would signal to the sharks by opening and washing out a few of the largest fish at the boat's head, sometimes adding bait chopped small to serve for what Australian fisherman call berley. This signal was never long unanswered, and, as I have already said, when there were two or three lines out and a school shark on each, the fun was apt to be fast and furious. But as we dropped into deeper water the rank and file of sharkdom seemed to draw off and sturdier champions took the field. Now was the time for stronger tackle and keener encounters. A ten-foot shark is a lively customer, and will at times dash about more freely than is the manner of his tribe. The first I killed of this size—I was then in my novitiate as a shark fisher—astonished me in more ways than one. I remember, lang syne, being requested to do the honours of Father Thames to a certain Baron de P——, who talked largely of his exploits in pike fishing, as if a 'beau brochet' were a familiar object. After much pains in teaching him to work a gorge-bait—it was too early in the year for spinning—I was glad at length to see him fast in a four-pounder at the edge of the weed-bed opposite Bisham Abbey. When the fish made a mild rush on being hooked the Baron's tone betrayed a mixture of alarm and perplexity. 'Mais il tire! mais que faut-il donc faire? Mais il tire, il *tire*! Mais c'est incroyable!' My feelings on finding myself for the first time hauling in earnest at a big shark were hardly more dignified than the Baron's. As I literally leaned against the strange weight, I was ever on the point of

saying, if I did not actually say, 'How the wretch pulls!' His volunteer efforts at towing the boat gradually reduced his strength and so far relieved the strain on my arms; but I was right glad when D—— said, 'Now I think you may hand the line to me and try your hand with the lance as soon as I bring him within distance.' A few minutes sufficed to haul the enemy within reach of a thrust, for D——'s experience had taught him to spare his own arms and double the pressure on the fish by passing the line outside a stout thole-pin. Had the shark made a rapid outing—by the way, they seldom do—I was warned to keep it wet at the turn. But the occasion did not arise. 'Johnny Shirk'—I never heard the word shark from a Botany boatman—was by this time



VOLUNTEER EFFORTS AT TOWING THE BOAT

in a bad way. How curious, by the bye, is the tendency of the folks in New South Wales to sharpen and shorten a few of the longer and broader vocal sounds! Crick for creek, brim for bream contrast strangely with the general dialect of the colony, which tends slightly to a drawl, not as pronounced as that of New England, but with something of the same humorous twang. But to return to my shark, who now appeared to be, if not actually *in extremis*, at least open to final and summary proceedings. He lay with his head near the bows, and, as the boat got way by sculling at the stern, floated helplessly alongside. I had the lance in hand—a very business-like weapon, with a keen olive-leaf head, surmounting a yard or more of stout wrought iron, which capped a handy wooden shaft. Now, it seemed, was my time for glory; it

never struck me that shark-sticking, like other trades, might require some apprenticeship. So I made a furious thrust at my exhausted captive, which I fully expected would end our long struggle. The lance passed right through him, somewhat behind the right place, which should have been the very thickest part of his body, but with an effect which was startling if not satisfactory. As if he had been galvanised into convulsive movement, he whirled round on his own axis so rapidly that he literally wrapped the tough iron of the lance round his body, while the shaft, wrested in a moment from my hands, was set whirling about like a huge flail, to the great peril of my skull. D——, who was enjoying a quiet chuckle over the result of my awkwardness, was forced to give him line; he was 'in his flurry,' as the whale-fishers say, and must have room to work the fit off. But the effort, no doubt, shortened his resistance, and in a few minutes more he was brought back to the gunwale and finished *secundum artem* by two or three blows with the waddy on his too sensitive nose. It has often struck me since, when sharks of the largest size have been cruising about in the neighbourhood of small boats, that this sensitiveness is a great protection to the poor fisherman. Dame Nature did kindly when, Thetis-like, she held this fell warrior of the sea by the prominent snout to harden the rest of his frame in a bath of cartilaginous apathy. If would be a terrible thing if an overgrown shark, like one of Sir S. Baker's vicious hippos, or those headstrong sperm whales of whose charges against ship or pinnace Mr. Beale gives such a thrilling account, were to run full butt against any boat which he dreamed hostile or suspicious. But his nose is an effective bar to any sporting attempt at negotiating timber. It is more tenderly susceptible than an infant's skull or the cucumber skin of a negro. Should he once run it against a wooden wall he were but a gone shark. The delicate tissue of nerves in his 'leading feature' enables him to detect from afar the slightest taint of blood—guides him, in fact, as Waterton plausibly but erroneously deemed the Vultur Aura to be guided, by scent to the spot where food is to be looked for. Thus the shark fisher gains a double advantage; he attracts his game without delay or difficulty, and has nothing to fear from its wild strength beyond 'a flash of its saucy tail,' as Hood sings, which can inflict no damage beyond a shower-bath. But though he is so far 'on velvet,' he will 'find his work cut out for him' (like Mr. Smith of Smithville in the forest primæval) when he has hooked a really heavy shark. A ten-foot specimen is not to be despised, especially as he has a certain vivacity of movement,

which I have illustrated from my own experience. But one of fourteen feet and upwards, if a less lively, is a far more powerful enemy. I must confess that with sharks of this size I had myself very poor success.

D——, on the contrary, who not only was better versed in this special department of shark warfare, but had, I think, something of the good luck which Cicero declares to be indispensable to a great general, repeatedly brought such captives home in triumph. The difference between the two sizes may at first sight appear moderate, but the ratio is about that of ten to twenty-seven, and allowance has still to be made for the more bulky shape of the larger fish. I need not trouble anglers with a formal application of the law of similar solids; they will at once recognise how wide is the difference between a trout of ten inches and one of fourteen. When you have a fourteen-foot shark fairly hooked on sufficient tackle, your course of proceeding is sufficiently simple, though at times tedious. You have first to let him tow you, and when he appears to have had enough of that you begin to tow him. There is one satisfaction in shark fishing which is wanted in the livelier *chasse* of the tarpon, lately made so interesting to British readers—your captures are of some value, beyond that of honorary sepulture by the foot of a fruit-tree. In the first place, the livers yield a surprising quantity of a very pure oil. The wicked, indeed, say that it has a large sale under the imposing title of 'Cod Liver Oil,' so well approved of doctors and nurses. *Quien sabe?* In Elaine's touching words, 'I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.' I am content to believe that, if it passes current as a substitute for the costlier fluid, Shark Liver Oil must be a good deal like it. Perhaps it has the same medicinal qualities, in which case we need not go beyond the Hudibrastic dictum:

> If 'tis *idem*,
> Why then, tantundem dat tantidem.

Beyond this more or less valuable oil, the shark may boast a curious medium of exchange in his fins, for which the ubiquitous 'Chinee' is always willing to trade. They have that gelatinous character which is with him the supreme merit of food. I am afraid that D—— and I made an 'alarming sacrifice' of profits derivable from this source. There was, in fact, only one consignment of fins, and as that brought a return in the shape of a small chest of really good tea, our failure to repeat the transaction looks as if shark fishing was a bad commercial training school. On one occasion, however, my own tenacity of our booty of captured

sharks, in order to utilise their livers, proved a saving clause. We had begun the day by a very successful take of choice fish for the table before attacking the sharks, and had sent our boatmen ashore with a goodly lot of these to be packed at the hotel, ready for distribution when we got back to Sydney. On his return we went for the sharks with less than our usual success, killing a great number, but none, as far as I remember, of more than

THE UBIQUITOUS 'CHINEE' IS ALWAYS WILLING TO TRADE

'school' size. However, when we reached the farthest point on the Sydney side of the bay—I have an odd fancy that it was called 'The Colonel'—we had a good lot of 'shark ballast,' closely packed. D—— was minded to throw this over and start with a clean ship for snapper-fishing, but yielded to my plea on behalf of the Botany fishermen, to whom the 'sharks' would be of some value. We had hardly gotten our lines out when we became aware of a sudden and alarming change in the weather. The wind had become icy cold—I have known such a change exceed 35° in an hour—and began to blow great guns. We were under way in a minute, hoping to run along the shore and reach Botany before the full weight of the gale was upon us. I made a shift to steer, lying flat with my legs among the sharks. D—— was

seated amidships among the slain, his teeth grimly set, holding on to a mere corner of the jib not as big as a pocket-handkerchief, his arms showing a heavy strain, though partly eased by the cleat round one end of which the sheet was passed. Our boatman was, I believe, horizontal, but I will not pretend that I thought much about him. I have been in a hurricane since that day, but have never had the horrors of wreck so vividly before me, knowing as I did the probable alternative to drowning. But that fearful run was happily a short one; our boat drove deep into the ooze and weed, which are thickest at that bend of the bay; we tumbled out into muddy shallow, and after an easy wade to the neighbouring shore, D——'s first word to me was, 'I believe those dead sharks were the saving of our lives.' In truth, without that extra ballast it seemed that our boat must have been turned bodily over by the fury of that 'southerly buster.' This is a digression, but perhaps not a useless one. Should any reader of these pages find himself on a hot, close day warring on the Botany sharks, let him not forget—as on that occasion we did—to keep a bright look out to seaward, and if he sees a yellow haze forming in the offing towards the south, let him lose no time in making for the shore. The fury and suddenness of the cold blast which follows that warning appearance can hardly be exaggerated. Happily it comes but rarely, generally after a long spell of hot summer weather. There is, as far as I can remember, no time of the year when the Botany waters, especially in the neighbourhood of the Heads, will not afford good fishing for a great variety of large game fish, the best for the table in my opinion being the 'Sergeant Baker'—a dark rock-fish, akin to the gurnard—the Nannyghai, the snapper, and a dark species of rock cod. But when, in Homeric phrase, 'your dear heart is satisfied' with these, it is pleasant to be always able to fall back on a few hours' sport with the ubiquitous sharks. I think most anglers will feel with me that there is something satisfactory in having a heavy fish to pull at, even though he is not of the build which is said in romantic phrase to 'grace your board.'

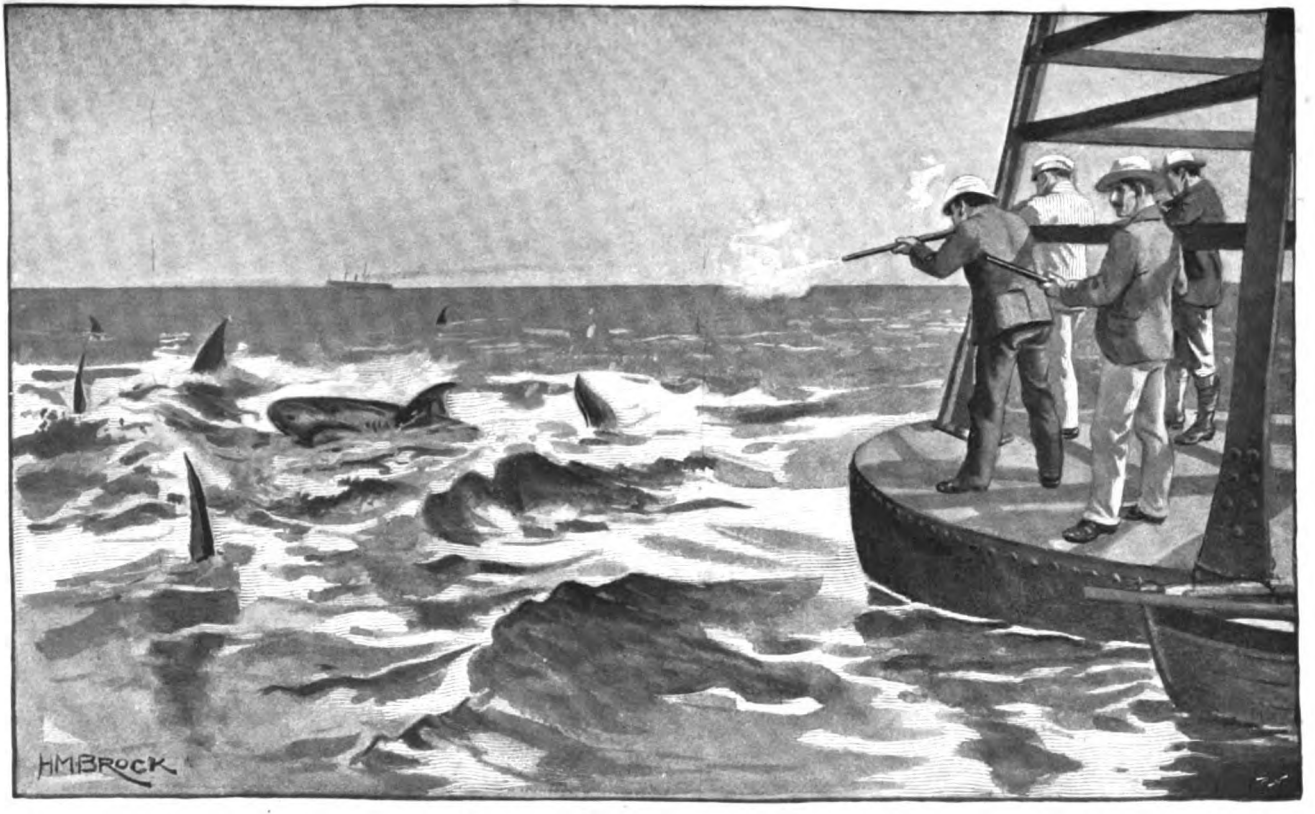
A genial and accomplished writer, who, under the *nom de plume* of 'Snaffle,' has given us interesting records of many varieties of sport 'quorum pars magna fuit,' has touched, in an episode as it were, on a phase of shark warfare which he witnessed off the Mauritius, where a Mr. R—— conducted operations against the enemy on a system of his own. It cannot be pronounced a failure, as the inventor had killed a hundred sharks by it. But it appears to me somewhat cumbrous and complicated, wanting in

the sweet simplicity of my Botany procedure. Mr. R—— started from the lightship which lay some two miles outside the harbour, having brought to it a precious boat-load of half-a-dozen pariah dogs—sorry brutes, no doubt, but with warm blood in their veins. These were tied in two lots of three, each lot being fastened to a long line. They were tossed overboard, and, floating under the ship's counter, were put out of their misery (curious euphemism!) by a ball through the head. This, remarks the visitor, who is recording Mr. R——'s procedure, not his own, was rather a butcherly business, but the bloodshed was needed to attract the sharks, which as yet had made no sign. Line was paid out, till at length a shark's stiff black fin showed in the vicinity of the bait, which was then slowly drawn under the ship's counter, where the shark, fearing to be left in the plight of Mother Hubbard's dog, showed his white belly as he seized the bait. Just then a gigantic black harpooner struck him truly and deeply with his heavy weapon—a *coup* well worth a sportsman's recording. All hands were set to haul on the wounded fish, his tail was duly noosed, and he received the contents of two rifles, which might be considered either as a *coup de grâce* or a funeral volley, for at this point the shark gave in, and the *monster*, who proved to be over eight feet long! was hauled alongside. Surely this was a case of 'much ado' if not 'about nothing' yet for a very small result. But we have another account from Mr. R—— himself of a wholesale *fusillade* of Mauritian sharks, which, if not an example of high-class sport, must have been exciting, and was picturesque enough to secure an artistic record in the 'Graphic.' I borrow the words of his own description: 'A cattle-ship arrived from Madagascar with a dead bullock on board. I begged the body, and had it moored near the Bell Buoy outside the harbour. Then half-a-dozen of us went off in a boat, and, standing on the platform round the buoy, fired regular volleys into the sharks which had collected in large numbers. Their blood attracted others, and in half an hour the scene beggared description. The water was churned up into blood-stained foam, in the midst of which the black fins sailed to and fro.' These words, let me remark, are in themselves a picture. 'Besides those we picked up, we must have killed a dozen which were torn to pieces by their brethren.'

After many unpleasant experiences, the sharks refused to come within harpooning distance, so R—— and his guest opened fire at about fifty yards. The blood of the sharks they hit attracted more, and, no doubt, several were killed, although they were unable to pick up any afterwards.

So runs the narrative, except that I have dropped the first person in the final paragraph. And it is lively enough, I admit—a shark drama with plenty of action. Nor will I deny that with certain conditions satisfied, shark shooting might, like shark fishing, be fairly recognised as a 'sport.' But shooting with a rifle at 'large game,' whether by land or water, loses caste, as it were, if reduced to mere chance-medley. A step will be taken in the right direction when Mr. R—— has informed us—as perhaps he may be exceptionally able to do—of the details to be observed in practice, when shooting, not at a shifting mob of 'black fins,' but at a single shark prowling at his leisure on the surface of a summer sea. What rifle would he choose? and of what calibre? Would he prefer a solid bullet or an explosive one? Judging from the diffused vitality—if I may be permitted the phrase—of a cartilaginous fish, I should imagine the explosive to do the work best, as conveying a greater shock to the entire system. Supposing that point settled, as Sir Samuel Baker would assuredly have settled it for us had he made war on sharks as he did on 'hippos' and crocodiles, what would the same deliberate marksman have suggested as the best point or points at which to level a deadly aim? I observe that a lively writer on tarpon fishing regrets his not having at once taken his experienced boatman's advice to put a bullet *behind the back fin* of a cruising shark before he made himself actively troublesome; but probably that point was indicated for aim only because it was so readily ascertained. Some precise instruction on this head might be very desirable for a fisher in shark-haunted waters who had no thought of hooking sharks, but would gladly give them some distinct notice to 'hook it.' Considering that I have never tried shark shooting this pun is utterly indefensible. With deep contrition I return to my original theme. As a general rule I would recommend shark fishing as the second act of the day's fishing drama. Sharks would hardly be numerous in any locality where they could not 'get their wittles reg'lar,' and it is well, where eatable fish abound, to provide for your own table and those of half a dozen friends, before assailing the common enemy, who is more likely to force an engagement prematurely than to keep you waiting when you show fight. Indeed, I have already stated that such was my own usual practice, much approved by friends in Sydney.

By the way, I have said nothing of the value of a 'happening' shark as bait. It is not quite first-rate—not comparable, for instance, to yellow-tail or baby mackerel, or the tough yet tempting 'squid.' Still, it is not to be despised when large fish



FIRED REGULAR VOLLEYS INTO THE SHARKS

are well on the feed. The colour is good and showy, and the substance fairly tenacious. I tasted it once from mere curiosity, but have no distinct remembrance of the flavour. It was coarse in grain, though from a small fish, and I should not recommend it to any *gourmet's* attention. Yet I believe sailors have sometimes relished it as a change from salt junk, and it has probably now and then saved the lives of castaways drifting on a raft. But I cannot go the length of recommending it as an article of diet. If used as bait it should be scored pretty deeply with a rough knife, to 'mitigate' it, as Mr. Chucks might say, for the palates of soft-finned fish.

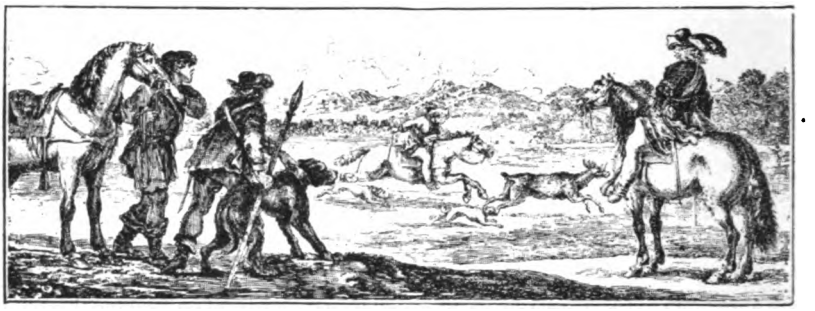
The high 'education' of British salmonidæ, coupled with the growing demand for fly-fishing, has given increased importance to every detail of the lures required for the successful fishing of our lakes and streams. In the sea-fight with the shark one is not embarrassed with any niceties of tackle. Still, I may give two or three useful hints suggested by my own practice. First, as regards the line, I always found that a Sydney or Botany working fisherman might be trusted to choose some long-stranded hemp of first-rate quality, and to twist it *secundum artem* into a line as strong as the most ambitious shark-fisher can desire. For my own part I am quite content with such a line as is ordinarily used by the fisher-boatmen of Port Jackson, who have to deal not only with snapper often weighing from ten to twelve pounds, but with jew-fish and king-fish running from thirty to sixty pounds. I saw one of the latter weight caught off a point nearly opposite to the Sydney Circular Quay. These fish do not, of course, approach the shark in size and brute strength, but they have far more of the rush and dash which tests tackle by a sudden jerk, while 'John,' in general, merely bores and drags, and is to be overcome by steady perseverance in a dead pull. You have the least trouble with him when he takes to towing the boat, in which case such a line as I have described is quite strong enough to serve as a tow-rope. As regards hooks, again, though I had solid steel ones for special service when 'boomers' were about, the hook used by professionals for their heaviest fish was seldom insufficient for shark, and for the same reason. This hook, however, is flattened out at the end of the shank to nearly the size of a sixpence, in order to facilitate snooding, and in attaching this to the wires in which all shark-lines should terminate, attention should be paid to the 'lapping.' A dozen strands of good brass wire about the thickness of salmon-gut, laid side by side, *without any twisting*, will be found

strong enough for anything; if they are bitten through, it will be just where they are compressed against the hook. The lapping should therefore be done with somewhat finer and softer wire, but below this the hook should be first whipped on with hempen line, which effectually puzzles the sharks' teeth.

I have said enough about details of tackle, for 'John' is not particular, and if anyone *ex majori cautelâ* courts his advances with a meat-hook and a jack-chain, he may now and then win his notice, provided he takes him in the humour for a big bait proportioned to such an apparatus. It is, however, one of the shark's peculiarities that he is at times quite delicate in his taste, eschewing large mouthfuls, and taking mere morsels of food, as a heavy trout, when the Mayfly is well on, will at times turn from the loveliest of green drakes to throw away his life on a tiny black midge.

When a shark is in this fanciful mood he sucks in a mere scrap of bait, as Mr. Chucks would say, 'in the most delicate manner in the world.' I have often started, after a bite so gentle that it puzzled me to guess what manner of pisciculus was there, to find myself heaving at a sluggish shark who, 'for certain good reasons best known to himself,' was for that day disinclined to his usual *gros plats*. I found slow drifting a good plan for general fishing, and used to arrange for it by having a small anchor just a-trip, to lessen, without arresting, the movement of the boat. This worked well on the whole, but when one of these fanciful feeders of the shark family intervened, the situation, as the diplomatists say, became rather strained. If I was quick enough in perceiving the real character of my customer, the word, of course, was 'Up killick' at once, and, even if the shark had run under the boat, serious mischief might be avoided by giving line enough to prevent sudden and violent friction against the keel. But if a strong and wary fish contrived to entangle the line with the anchor, there was always a risky and perplexing struggle, and, of course, an occasional smash. In fact, if a hooked shark kept away from the boat, there was little difficulty, though some delay in dealing with him, but if he took to dodging about under the boat, now lengthwise, now crosswise, trying to hitch the line somehow, somewhere, he would occasionally, as the penny dreadfuls say, 'effect his diabolical purpose.' Yet I always felt—and I believe most anglers will agree with me—that these risks and difficulties heightened the sport. Your shark, however, has but limited resources, unless he be of the 'wobbegong' species already described; he never sulks, as a salmon, especially if

fouled, will sometimes do. He occasionally bores with his head down, and slaps at the line with his powerful tail, but I don't remember ever being beaten by these tactics, though certainly calculated to find out any weak point in the tackle. Altogether he is rather an obstinate than a subtle adversary. Yet, after a large experience of shark fishing, I venture to affirm that it will be found by those who engage in it an active and exciting sport. I must not, however, forget that the number of its votaries is necessarily limited; that for the great majority of readers it can only have an otiose interest, and that an angler of seventy-five years' standing who has just resigned the pursuit in which he has so long delighted is in danger of becoming prolix in his reminiscences. Let me drop my subject before it becomes threadbare, and ask the reader's indulgence if I have dwelt on it with too much detail or in too laudatory a spirit.



GRACE IN CYCLING, AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT

A LETTER TO LADY BEGINNERS

BY W. HAY FEA

'WHEN lovely woman *stoops* to' cycle she commits a folly. In cycling there need be no stooping, either physical or moral. There is nothing inherently degrading in the pastime, and an elegant woman never looks more elegant than when mounted on a bicycle. But how few beginners are elegant and dignified on their machines! What horrid exhibitions many of them make of themselves! No wonder that certain staid old-fashioned people set themselves against this modern mode of progression. What can be more ungraceful and undignified than the attitude adopted by five out of six lady cyclists on their first appearance in the public streets, after a few preliminary lessons in a cycling school!—knees pawing the air, and see-sawing up and down, wide skirt, the sport of every wind that blows, saddle very low and very far back, long handle-bar, with hands stretched far apart, or elbows sticking out, body bent forward, or strained stiffly backward in the vain endeavour to keep an upright position, chin in the air, and head thrown back, as if in permanent quarrel with the handle-bar, or in fear of its suddenly exploding. *This* is the position of most learners, and this position they adhere to most persistently, in spite of the advice of their practical cycling friends, until they take a run with a few others into the open country, and find that something is wrong with them somewhere. Then they find that the country roads are not as level as the road round a park, and the jolting they receive is a new experience,

and not an agreeable one. The first hill, or slightly rising ground, brings them to a full stop, and they have to dismount, whilst their friends, who are properly seated, sail away with ease up the hill. On trying to remount they only tumble off, and this tumbling off is about the only thing they can accomplish with certainty and celerity.

To those who are not above being taught I offer these few words of instruction. I write for those who aim at being something more than park crawlers, who wish to maintain an elegant and dignified attitude when awheel, and one giving the greatest comfort and ease—who wish to explore the highways and byways of the country, mount hills with the least exertion, encounter head-winds and bad roads without quickly wearing out their strength or suffering torture from jars and jolts—in short, those who wish to become real practical cyclists, able to enjoy a spin in the country with their friends and feel thoroughly exhilarated after the exercise. I therefore give in as few words as possible the following practical suggestions.

The non-cycling public have one idea about cycling and only one. The whole art is summed up with them in this one thing—not to stoop.

Whatever else you do, they say, you must not stoop; 'never, not by no means.' Indeed some people go further than this; they say that the body should lean *backwards* and the head be bent further back still. A writer in a London paper, describing the riders in Hyde Park, said that 'for the most part they rode very well, body well thrown back, head slightly bent,' and other such nonsense. The fact is, that expert cyclists look down upon the riding in Hyde Park (and other parks) with utter contempt. Only a very ignorant novice would care to confine his cycling to a mile or two in a park. The real cyclists leave the park severely alone and wander through 'fresh woods and pastures new.'

Whilst there need be no actual *stooping* of the body, still the proper position is not 'body well thrown back, head slightly bent,' either backward or forward, to right or left. *Neither* should the body be perfectly *vertical*. If the body is quite upright, the shocks and jolts from lumpy roads are communicated straight up the spine to the head. The body is hurt and the brain quickly wearies; the cyclist is soon tired. Look at a donkey-boy at the sea-side; he scorns the saddle and sits as near the tail of the animal as he can without slipping off backward. See him trot or gallop. Does he keep his body plump upright? Not he! He is wiser than that. He leans, not forward it is true, but backward,

and so escapes in large measure the jolting of the animal. The jolts do not jar his spine, and travel through the spine to the brain. The cycling novice does not understand this, though she sits just where the donkey-boy does—that is, as far back as possible. Unlike the donkey-boy, however, she (that is, the cycling novice) keeps her body bolt upright, and receives to the full all the jolts and jars of the road straight up the spine. To avoid these jolts, the *saddle* should be brought *well forward*, and the *handle-bar* should be *lowered* until the hands can just reach the grips when the arms are straightened out to the fullest extent. The back should not be bowed or curved outward. The hollow of the back should be maintained as a hollow, and not humped upwards, but the whole body should slightly lean forward, and the hands should *lightly lean on* the handle-bar, and *not pull against it.* There need be no fear of stooping in this position. Stooping is generally occasioned by the saddle being placed too low, and *too far back.*

The proper position of the saddle is for the peak of the saddle to be about one inch behind a perpendicular drawn from the centre of the crank-axle. In this position the muscles of the leg can best use their power. This is, therefore, the most comfortable position, and at the same time the most graceful. If the saddle be placed further back, it must also be lowered to allow the feet to reach the pedals. This will lead to stooping forward to reach the handles, and an ugly up-and-down motion of the knees. *Keep*, then, *the saddle well forward* if you seek to attain elegance in pedalling and disguise the action of the knees. *Keep the saddle forward* if you wish to use your strength to the best advantage and pedal with ease and comfort. *Keep the saddle forward* if you would avoid stooping. *Keep the saddle forward* if you would mount hills with ease, and ride against head-winds.

As to the best *height* of the saddle from the pedals, this may be ascertained by sitting on the saddle, whilst one pedal is at its lowest point. The foot should be placed on that pedal and pushed up 'home'—that is, up to the heel. When the foot is thus on the lower pedal, the knee should be nearly, but not quite, straight. If the knee can be quite straightened, then the saddle is too high. A saddle that is too high will lead to a straining of the muscles, and consequent discomfort. If the saddle is too low, the knees will ache, and there will be a loss of power. There will also be a loss of power if the handle-bar is too high. Racing men have their handle-bar extremely low; they do this to gain power: if their handle-bar were not very low, they would never

win a race. This low handle-bar makes them stoop. Whilst ladies need not have their handle-bar in racing position, they should have it low enough to make them straighten the arm, and lean *slightly* on the handle-grips.

The foot should be placed on the pedal with its broadest part in the middle of the pedal, not pushing with the toes, nor yet with the instep. The heel should be pressed downward as the pedal descends, and be raised as the pedal rises. The handles should not be tightly grasped by the hands. The fingers should encircle the grips, however, or the handle may be jerked out of the hand. The palm of the hand should *rest on* the grips, and then the fingers should close round them and *lightly* grasp them.

At first a kerb-stone is a good help in mounting, but the best way to mount and the most elegant is to stand across the frame; place one foot on one pedal while it is nearly at its highest point, though rather more forward than its highest point. Lean slightly forward to the handle-bar, put the weight of the body on the pedal, and rise into the saddle whilst the machine is starting forward under the pressure on the pedal. If the dress is not at once adjusted, after a few strokes of the pedals, rise in the saddle, and shake the dress into its place. This rising in the saddle when riding is useful in another way. When a stone or rut is ridden over, the jar may be lessened by rising in the saddle and putting the weight on the pedals, just as the front wheel goes over the obstacle; the body is saved from a jolt by being out of the saddle when the back wheel runs over the obstruction.

If the saddle is far back, it is impossible to rise in the saddle, and save jars; they have to be borne in all their unmitigated discomfort by the poor misguided, and sometimes obstinate, cyclist, and the machine retaliates against this ill treatment by shedding its spokes, or puncturing its tyre, or otherwise crying out against ill usage. When a long ride is being taken, and weariness is beginning to be felt, some relief may be obtained by varying the position of the hands on the handle-bar and of the feet on the pedals, and perhaps of the body on the saddle. In climbing hills the feet may be placed more forward on the pedals than usual, and the body rest on the peak of the saddle only, the weight being largely placed on the pedals, so as almost to *stand* on the pedals. Exactly the reverse should be done in descending hills. Then the cyclist should sit well back on the saddle, and place the foot far back on the pedals, so that the toes, or little more than the toes, rest on the pedals.

There are many ways of varying the work to be done, and thus using new muscles, or the same muscles in a different way. These refinements of the art of cycling elegantly and comfortably can only come with practice, and I may say with intelligent study. The art of pedalling properly, and using the *ankles*, is only attained after weeks and months of careful attention and practice. There is not space to go into the matter now.

Proper methods of work in any sphere are worth knowing and worth practising. The danger before the novice is to imagine that there is nothing more to be learnt in cycling after proficiency is attained in riding round the park, or going a few miles in the country on a level road in fine weather. If I have convinced any beginner that there is more in cycling than this, I shall be repaid for writing these few lines.

THE REVIVAL OF CROQUET

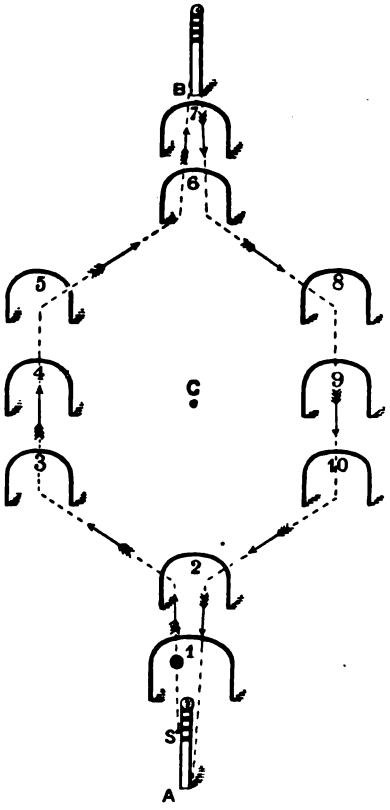
BY ELINOR CHURCHILL

THOSE of us who are no longer in the flush of our first youth can remember the early days of amateur croquet. We can see once more hooped and high-heeled girls endeavouring to execute savage tight croquets upon their hapless victims, or having their balls sent to the bourn from which the traveller seemed destined never to return. We, too, who are younger can still recall the bitter tears shed in secret over the ruthless croquets of elder brothers, and still can hear the echoes of their fiendish laughter as we feebly struggled to hit our way back to victory.

Most people, now-a-days, tend to look upon croquet with compassionate contempt, as a very nice amusement for those who are in their first or second childhood, and unable to essay any nobler sport. To such the wave of croquet enthusiasm that swept over the whole empire in the early sixties must seem wholly incomprehensible. From the most remote Stoke Pogis in the depths of the provinces, to the most exclusive circles of Government House society at Calcutta, the infection spread as rapidly as the influenza. No man had ever fairer claim to the name of sportsman than Captain Mayne Reid, and he was one of the most ardent of converts. His book, published in 1863, upon the rules of the game becomes, in parts, almost dithyrambic in its praise. 'Croquet,' he declared, 'is destined at no distant day to become not only the national sport of England, but the pastime of the age,' and he solemnly goes on to add, 'It affords an easy exercise to the body, without requiring the violent muscular exertion which renders many of them objectionable.' The naïveté

of the last rule that he gives is delicious: 'When all the *friends* of a side have struck out, they can call "Victory."'

Although the game was 'to be cherished as the tree of life,' it fell out of popular favour almost as suddenly as it had won its high position, and for several years it has lain dormant. Part of the reason for its disappearance may have been that it was so largely played by people who did not care about the game itself, but were glad of an excuse for a little gentle exercise, and perhaps a little gentle flirtation. Girls and mild young men were the chief performers, and those who were keen upon a hard-played game were driven perforce to tennis or golf. The Headless Horseman foresaw the bane of his pet amusement when he declared that it should be a 'grand forfeit' for any of the players to use the spectators' benches. 'A sedentary pose conduces to neglect of the game, a crime not to be tolerated, either in friend or enemy.'



OLD SETTING

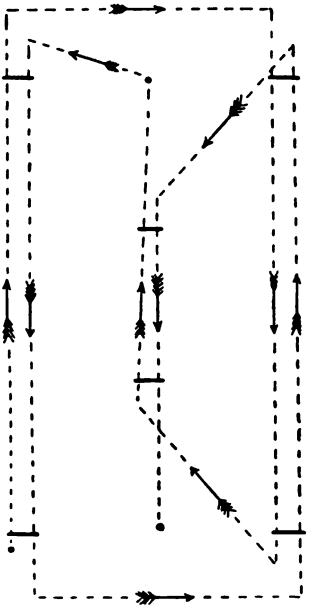
Two or three years ago, however, we began to hear of croquet again, and now it has risen to a new and (let us hope) a better and longer life. It was begun in private gardens to arouse interest in those who did not care for the more active joys of tennis, and was at first played in a very amateurish and, to tell the truth, in a somewhat shamefaced manner. But now, under its new form, as it becomes better known, it is steadily attracting not a few enthusiasts from other games, and has, in many places, acquired that element of genuine sport, without which no pastime can hope to succeed. The committee of one good county lawn tennis club has lately added two croquet lawns to its grounds, and has thereby largely increased the popularity of the club. We cannot all be young and very active, we

A GOOD POSITION

cannot all play tennis, and the most enthusiastic watcher of games may find it pall to sit for hours on a chilly summer day, looking at other people exercising and amusing themselves, whilst the spectator is growing colder and colder, tired, and most probably cross.

To those of us who are in this position, croquet appeals. It undeniably keeps one moving, and gives one society, and I wish to prove, further, that it possesses the chief qualities of a first-class game.

Of course I am not speaking of the sort of croquet that is proposed at a rather dull garden party at a country house. Tiny mallets and very large and heavy balls are dug up from the recesses of a cupboard where they have lain for five and twenty years, and four players are asked to make up a game. (If they are eight in number, their plight is too awful for description.) Probably two of them can play well, and the other two not at all; none of them have played together before and the result is a fiasco. They all feel intensely bored, and even the good players almost resolve to give up the game for ever. One knows the sort of thing only too well. 'Oh, is it my turn?—I am so sorry! Which is my ball? Oh, thanks! Now, had I gone through that hoop or not? Well, I expect I must have done, for I have been here ever so long. You don't mind my going on, do you? It's only a game, after all.' As little do I mean the game played in the decadent days of early croquet by young ladies who wanted an opportunity of flirting with the new curate. That consisted mainly of cheating, more or less openly avowed. No, I am speaking of it as played by four good players, who really know the game, on a well-kept lawn, with narrow hoops in the six setting, with a boundary line, under 'All England' rules, and conducted with real science and skill. This, I contend, is neither an easy nor a dufferish game, but one that requires a good eye, a practised hand, and a cool head.



NEW SETTING

A comparison of modern croquet with the game as played in the sixties will show a development more striking than even the evolution of cricket. In those days the game was, to say the least of it, rather casual. A book of poetical explanation published in 1862, with some delightful sketches, says that a ball is supposed to have made its hoop if it be three-quarters through, which must have left considerable scope for argument, not to say quarrelling. The hoops of that day carried out their name, for they were quite round and, like their originals in the game of Pall-Mall, very large. To quote our authority,

> These are the hoops, as round as a gong,
> Stuck firm in the ground, round the bell with a tongue.

In 1863 the span of the hoop was to be four times the width of the ball, by 1866 that was reduced to two and a half times the width, and in 1869 to twice the width. To the beginner now-a-days, the hoops seem about half the width of the balls. The boundary rule, which closes a turn if the ball of player or opponent is croqueted off the field, means much more scientific play, but takes away the old-time pleasure of a good golfing drive the whole length of the court, with both balls careering 'off to Hong-Kong,' as the phrase ran then. With that stroke one could cut up a divot or smash a mallet as neatly as the most energetic tiro of the links. So important did Captain Mayne Reid consider the 'swashing blow,' which has now, perforce, disappeared, that he derived the very name of croquet from the 'croqueing,' or cracking, of the opponent's ball.

For the other departments of golf, croquet is an excellent preparation. The practice in putting is obvious, and most good golfers will admit that that is not the easiest part of the royal and ancient game. I have heard a good player of both games say that he considers knowledge of croquet helps him in the other very considerably, especially in putting. Again, the chopping shot, which is so useful in an approach to the green over rough ground, when one wants to lay the ball dead, is constantly in request at croquet, as is the analogous screw shot at billiards. Billiards itself is really nothing but indoor croquet, and a very interesting illustration of the ancestor of the two games is to be found in Strutt. Curiously enough, one form of the '66 mallet had a cue-shaped head in which the two ends are 'on the principle of the billiard-cue, one being like it tipped with leather.' The smaller end was previously bored out and filled with lead.

Like billiards, croquet demands that the player should think,

A WELL-MOWN LAWN, AND THE RIGOUR OF THE GAME

not only of the stroke, but of the leave, and that he should place not merely the one ball, but both, in positions where they will be useful.

It shares with golf and billiards one advantage of which tennis is deprived, for it gives an opportunity for reasoning and for calculation. In tennis the instinct is the useful thing, and it is a game for the man with an inborn capacity; whereas croquet depends far more on careful thought, and a power of changing one's policy according to the condition of the game, and the plight of our partner. This leads us to the great virtue of the game, combination. All the eulogies that Sarah Battle poured forth on whist, she would have been ready, had the game been invented, to spend upon an afternoon's croquet. 'A well-mown lawn, and the rigour of the game,' would have been her motto, and she would have been as ashamed to be in doubt which was her ball as not to know what were trumps. As she said, 'You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold, or even an interested, bystander witnesses it, but because your partner sympathises in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two, again, are mortified, which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories.' One must play to one's partner's hand if victory, or even a decent fight for victory, is sought. The importance of combination is very soon seen and felt when one has a partner who thinks chiefly of making his own hoops, and does not consider the next moves of the game, either of his friend or foes. On the other hand, one may be lucky enough to play on the side of a man who has a good head for the game, who thinks where each stroke will leave him, and tries to help his partner as well as himself by his play. Personally, I would rather play with such a one, even if he were not quite so good a shot, than with the best of the former sort, and I believe in nine cases out of ten the first would win.

With the skill of hand and eye, and the science of playing for the future instead of merely for the moment, must go patience. The scoffer will at once reply, 'Yes, indeed there must, as I have known a single game last over two hours!' This is not exactly what I mean, though I must admit that modern croquet is apt to take too long a time to play. There is patience required when one decides to sacrifice a hoop in order to rejoin a distant and stranded partner. Often, too, one side, by perhaps one bad or unlucky shot, gets out, and it requires both patience and pluck to go on playing an up-hill game against very long odds, when

each time, as the balls with infinite labour are collected from the opposite corners of the lawn, a malicious opponent comes down and scatters them once more. As a trial of temper the game is quite on the same plane as golf, although perhaps neighbouring walls and windows chasten the 'language' of the lawn to lower tones than can the open moor. The drawback of croquet, as compared with golf, in the way of exercise, is that though the games may last about the same time, in the latter one is walking the whole way, and therefore enjoys more variety, while in the former one must stand. Nevertheless, it is obvious that some who can manage the mild exercise of croquet would be utterly fatigued by two hours' walking. There is room for both games, and the player of the one need neither despise nor look down upon the other.

I remember the days, not very long ago, when the golf mania seized all the young men and maidens in England, and at once it was prophesied that lawn tennis would die a sudden death. But such has not been the case. In many places one may see tennis played as vigorously as ever, even where there are excellent links and every opportunity for golf. Surely, then, croquet may be allowed to revive and to flourish side by side with golf and tennis; for even bicycling, the newest and greatest craze of all, has not ousted the first two games from their well-deserved popularity. Above all, let it be taken seriously, and played 'sportingly' by those who go in for it. In the club of which I have spoken before, this is the aim of the players. They not only have a yearly tournament, but they are starting a monthly competition, and they are playing for it as keenly as they would for a monthly golf medal. This gives an interest to the game, and I would suggest the plan to other clubs. It is what was done at Wimbledon in the old days of croquet when the 'All England' rules were drawn up. The lovely lawns which are now the pride of the Wimbledon Tennis Club (the Lord's of lawn tennis) have seen in the past most exciting croquet matches.

The game fell away from popular favour because it was played so largely by people who did not really care about it. Women had not then been trained to a sportsmanlike disposition as they now are. They refused to take a game seriously, and thought it did not matter much whether they got through the hoops or not, and that it mattered nothing at all if the foot assisted the mallet. Now that we see how well and keenly they play golf and tennis, there can be no reason why the same spirit should not be shown in a game which requires exactly similar qualities from a good

player. It is a game in which women can meet men in their play on equal terms, and this is a point not to be despised. If a game is worth playing at all, it is worth playing well, and I ask that we shall play it with such a will, such keenness, and therefore with such success, that those who have looked down upon the game before will never be able to do so again.

I should very much like to see the revival of some great central club such as Wimbledon, to be to croquet what the M.C.C. has been to cricket, or St. Andrews to golf. It would encourage other places to start clubs, and give the game a fresh impetus. Then, too, there would be a chance of still further improvement in the rules. Much has been done already, and the boundary rule, for instance, has vastly altered and improved the play, but there are still a few points that need attention. There is, just as at billiards, the delicate question of the push stroke, and though one early book of rules informs us that none but the weakest beginners would find the stroke useful in either pastime, it is to be feared that for once a book of rules was wrong. A more serious question is the length of the game. It is not too long for those who play, but very much too long for those who are waiting, as croquet links only admit of one foursome at a time. This is obviously a defect, but how it is to be remedied I cannot quite see. One plan is to play half games, but that takes away much of the interest, and it also means a very heavy handicap to any side that gets out at the start of a game, giving them no time to get up their play. No doubt, if the game becomes popular again, some way will be found out of the difficulty.

Thus, like all games and most things in this imperfect world, croquet has its defects, but I think I have said enough to prove it worthy of consideration. I challenge anybody who has played the game well and seriously on a good lawn, on a pleasant day, in congenial companionship with a sympathetic partner, to deny the assertion, and I look forward to the day when croquet shall be still more widely played than at present, and when it shall have cast off from itself the reproach of being 'a duffer's game.'

CRICKET

BY HON. R. H. LYTTELTON

CRICKET in 1896 has, with an occasional exception, demonstrated that overwhelming mastery of batting over bowling which a dry year invariably produces. Bowlers have bowled as well as they ever did, but the beautiful wickets have paralysed their efforts; second-rate batsmen have scored hundreds, third-rate batsmen fifties, and in my judgment the game has become rather monotonous.

The true ideal of cricket is the spectacle of bat and ball contending on more or less equal terms; but now-a-days we either see the wickets dry, hard, and so absolutely true that the bowling is flogged all over the field, or the wickets soft, and the batting, with rare exceptions, ridiculous.

There are occasional flashes of genius, the most notable during the present season being that given by Sir T. C. O'Brien at the Oval against Surrey, when he scored 137 on a wicket the difficulty of which was amply proved by the futile performance of Surrey. To a true cricketer an innings of this kind is far more enjoyable to watch than ten other 'centuries' obtained on bread-and-butter wickets. Having, however, given this tribute to O'Brien, let us briefly consider the year's cricket.

The Australians did not start from their country with the confidence of their own people. The picked eleven of Australia could not defeat in their own country Stoddart's eleven more than twice out of five matches, while in the picked eleven of England that played Australia at Lord's this year only three of

Stoddart's eleven were included. Turner did not come; new bowlers were an uncertain quantity; Giffen had got to a time of life when it was impossible that he could be quite as good as he was, his bowling was also better known; and, lastly, the side possessed no hitter, like Bonnor, Lyons, or McDonnell, whose individual efforts might turn the scale of any match at a critical moment. Still, up to the present, the Australians have shown themselves to be a formidable side; their batting is perhaps sounder, though duller, all through than that of any previous Australian eleven, and even in a heavy-scoring year they have played a number of long innings. On a soft wicket Trumble is an excellent bowler, on hard wickets Jones is terrifying; the fielding is good, but the wicket-keeping is far below the level of Blackham and Jarvis. Englishmen will be slow to believe that the visitors are a match for the best eleven of England; though they have already done well enough to prove that it takes a very good eleven to beat them. Yorkshire, at the present moment the champion county, has been beaten twice out of three matches, Lancashire once, and Notts once. At the same time the Australians have been defeated with tolerable ease by the Marylebone Club and by England in the only two really representative matches which have taken place at the time of writing. In the great match against England at Lord's there was a complete collapse in the first innings, which spoilt the match from a scientific point of view; but Trott and Gregory immortalised themselves by their magnificent batting performance in the second innings, and it is not too much to say that these two men made the most heroic efforts of Lohmann, Richardson, and Hearne, the three great English bowlers, to appear as idle tales.

With the exception, however, of Giffen, they were not adequately supported, or they would possibly have won the match, as the weather broke up, and England had to go in to get over a hundred runs on a broken wicket, a task which took them all they knew, plus some luck, to accomplish. The Australians have now reached a critical time: about half their programme is over; and they have done well; but it seems to us that they have arrived at a stage which may lead to fortune or to the contrary: they may prosper or they may crack. Their batting is not good on difficult wickets, and their bowling is not very effective on easy wickets. The bowling, indeed, is not to be compared with that of the Australian giants of old. Spofforth, Boyle, Palmer, Giffen, Garrett, in 1882 and 1884, stand on a different plane from Jones, Giffen, Trumble, Eady, and McKibbin

in 1896. Jones, who bowls at an appalling pace, and very short, relies on the ball kicking and producing catches in the slips, where nearly half the field stand. Without discussing whether this is in accordance with true cricket principles, it must be remembered that we have several English bowlers who do the same, so it is perhaps a development consequent upon the modern wickets, which are so true that, ordinary good bowling having become useless, bowlers have to resort to any expedient in order to get their opponents out.

The county matches have been full of interest, the unsatisfactory feature being that slowly but surely supremacy is achieved by those counties only that can command ample funds wherewith either to buy cricketers from all parts of England, or, like Surrey, to get youngsters from anywhere and train them. Counties with funds and no cricketers send agents to the counties without funds but with cricketers, take what they want, and it is a curious fact in human nature that the crowds at Old Trafford and Brighton seem as equally well pleased to see their so-called counties win matches when few of the players belong to the county they play for, as the Yorkshire crowd does when the whole eleven consist of natives. Quick-going steamers have brought Australia into the preserve, and both Albert Trott and Jones will be seen playing for an English county before long. There seems, however, to be no satisfactory remedy, so there is an end of the matter. The four leading counties this year are Yorkshire, Surrey, Middlesex, and Lancashire, though the first two will probably fight it out for the Championship. Surrey has not so powerful a batting eleven as she possessed in some former years. Abel and Hayward are both excellent players, but Read and Key seem to be handicapped by advancing years, Brockwell is not first class, Holland is not yet sufficiently experienced for the best bowling, while in the Middlesex match, on a wicket which helped the bowlers, they batted so feebly that one is led to suspect that, with the exception of Key, most of them require everything in their favour to bring out their batting powers. Yorkshire bowling is far inferior to that of Surrey, but Yorkshire has a powerful batting side all through, a grand wicket-keeper, and perhaps the best all-round man in England in the person of Jackson. Middlesex in O'Brien has a man who, as I said before, has genius in him, and may turn the fortunes of any match. Then, besides Stoddart, there is Hayman —a much-improved player, while Hearne, this year, taking one wicket with another, has no superior as a bowler. All who have any historical interest in the game rejoice that Notts with

such splendid traditions shows symptoms of improvement. Though not a high-class eleven, Notts is the only county that has defeated Yorkshire so far, while they played a very close game with Surrey. Gunn is batting almost as well as ever, Shrewsbury is still very good, A. O. Jones is getting up to the front rank, Attewell is bowling splendidly, and two lost sheep have returned to the fold in the shape of Brown and Guttridge, both of whom, especially Brown, have been useful.

Lancashire, with their five or six Yorkshiremen, two or three men from Notts, one Irishman, &c., are an eleven of surprises showing very variable form, but they are always dangerous, and have shared the honour with Sussex and Middlesex of defeating Surrey.

Sussex, with an eleven that includes players from Notts, Staffordshire, India and Australia, are a very strong batting side, and one really good bowler would make them one of the most dangerous elevens in England. Ranjitsinhji is, in my judgment, the best batsman now playing, which is in itself a great source of strength, on account of the confidence his presence gives to the eleven, in addition to the runs he himself gets. Bean is very dangerous, as is Marlow; Murdoch is still accurate, and in Killick a valuable colt has been apparently unearthed. In August Fry will play, and if Hartley will play the rest of the season, no eleven can afford to treat them otherwise than with the greatest respect.

At the time of writing the University match has just been concluded, and an extraordinarily grand struggle it has been. The celebrated incident shall be discussed later on, but the game presented so many features of interest that it may be described as the match of the season, and more than worthily kept up the glorious standard of University cricket. The bowling on both sides was quite up to the average of amateur bowling on a perfect wicket. Hartley was, I think, the best bowler in the two elevens; he is expensive, but that is immaterial in these days; he gets wickets, which is sufficient; Cunliffe bowls with a really good length, as does Wilson of Cambridge, who bowls quite like an old professional; but both of them want a little help from the wicket to become deadly. Of the other bowlers, Cobbold did well, Pilkington keeps up an end, while Jessop relies mainly on his great pace and the wicket bumping. Time and space forbid me to write much on this great match; I can only say that the batting was strong on both sides. Wilson and Burnup played very sound, though rather dull, cricket in the first innings, but both played the game, as did Bray in each innings. Druce's innings of 72, when the Oxford bowling was at its best, was for style and finish a perfect gem, and it was

played at a most critical time when wickets were falling fast. It is impossible to speak too highly of Oxford's great performance in the last innings, when they got 330 for the loss of six wickets. The wicket certainly played very easy, having had a little of the fire taken out by three hours' rain overnight; but to get these runs in the fourth innings in a match of this great importance showed skill and nerve that will be remembered as long as cricket is played; while Smith's innings under all the circumstances may be bracketed with R. A. H. Mitchell's 55 not out in 1864, and W. Yardley's 100 in 1870. It was played, moreover, against bowling that never got demoralised, and against grand fielding up to the end, for which Cambridge deserve great credit. The fielding on both sides has never been surpassed, and the wicket-keeping was good. Mordaunt, Leveson-Gower, Hemingway, and Jessop were perhaps the pick. Between the two elevens there was little to choose in bowling and fielding, but Oxford had the sounder batting. They were therefore the better side, and deserved their splendid victory.

Everybody will be glad that so good and popular a captain as Leveson-Gower has finished his career so gloriously. He played well all through the season, he instilled grit into his eleven, and is heartily to be congratulated on his success.

When the ninth Oxford wicket fell in the first innings twelve runs were wanted to save the follow-on, and Shine, by the instructions of his captain, Mitchell, bowled no-balls to the boundary till twelve runs were scored. This episode as part of the development of the game is so important that the cricket world ought to be reminded of facts that took place some years ago. In 1886, in the University match, Rashleigh and Key in the second innings made an enormous stand. 257 runs were scored for two wickets, and as the only danger of losing the match lay in the possibility of its being unfinished, the Oxonians were instructed to get out quickly. They obeyed their instructions, played recklessly and got out for 304, not in such a palpable way as by knocking down their wickets, but simply by not playing their ordinary game. This was told me by a member of that Oxford eleven. Oxford won the match: nobody blamed them then, and nobody blames them now. Similar instructions were given by Lord Harris in a Kent *v.* Surrey match at the Oval as long ago as 1878, by Mr. Shuter in a famous Notts *v.* Surrey match in 1887, and finally the practice grew so common that the Marylebone Club passed the famous rule empowering a side to declare its innings at an end. In 1893 Oxford being in a position somewhat similar to that in which they were in on the Friday of this year's

match, Palairet, their captain, gave orders to the last two men to get out in order that Oxford might secure what he thought was the advantage of following on. As it turned out, Brain, one of the Oxford batsmen at the wicket, told his colleague at the other end to get out in a tone loud enough for Jackson to hear. Jackson had that year lost the Surrey match after Surrey had followed on, and the Australian match in a similar way—I do not say 'because' they had followed on, but 'after.' The result was Wells's famous three wides, and the follow-on was saved. Mainly in consequence of this episode the M.C.C. altered the rule as to following on, making it obligatory when 120 runs behind instead of 80.

Now let us consider the present instance. In dry seasons such as this, runs come so quickly that in the opinion of many good cricketers 120 runs are easily knocked off; the side that has followed on then begins to pile up a score: and while you may be 120 runs behind on the first innings, there is a possibility, some might even call it a probability, that the following-on side may finish 200 runs ahead. Nor is this the only advantage; it may happen, as it did in the present instance, that nearly three hours of play remain, the wicket is perfect, the following-on side possess several fine hitters—Foster among them, who had scored 120 in the previous year—the Cambridge bowlers had been bowling for nearly four hours under a hot sun on a hard ground, with a tired field, and a wicket-keeper who, in consequence of a blow on the head, might be compelled to relinquish his post. These being the circumstances, only a fool would have laid a shade of odds against Oxford finishing the day with a lead of 100 runs and four, five, or six wickets in hand. They would then have begun the third day in good heart, with—this is an important point—the power at any moment—it may be after a heavy rain succeeded by a hot sun, or after the wicket had shown signs of wearing—of declaring the innings at an end, and putting the other side in to get possibly two or three hundred runs, perhaps, as has been said, on a broken or caking wicket. Now all these facts were probably in Mitchell's mind when he gave Shine the instructions to bowl to the boundary.

Ever since this episode the papers have been full of criticisms from a great many cricketers and non-cricketers, with the result of an extraordinary conflict of opinion. One of the most curious points in the controversy, and a very important point too, is that it is not a case of Oxonians on one side and Cantabs on the other; for Mr. Webbe has openly said that he thought Cambridge were quite right, and Sir Courtenay Boyle, an old

Oxonian player of thirty-two years ago, has supported Cambridge in opposition to Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, than whom no higher authority exists. Sir Courtenay Boyle's argument seems to me so admirably stated, that I make no apology for inserting his words in full. 'The law of follow-on was framed under conditions long passed away, in the interests, not of the losing, but of the winning, side. It was enacted in order to facilitate the victory of the side substantially, I might almost say overwhelmingly, in front on the first innings. It was not enacted to give, "in pity," an opportunity of recovery to the losers. Consequently, the action of the Cambridge captain was framed, not in order to deprive his opponents of an advantage, but in order to forego an advantage given by the law to himself.' 'Forego an advantage!' This is precisely what Mitchell did, and who can blame him? That he erred in judgment is one thing, that he behaved in an unfair or sharp manner is another. May I ask wherein in principle lies the difference between giving away runs and sacrificing wickets? The fact that the first is difficult to do, except obviously, while the latter can be done in such a way as not to be found out, constitutes the only difference. In the cases I have mentioned, Oxford in 1886 and Surrey in 1887 may in one sense be said not to have played the game, and, as a result, the rules were altered; but they were not blamed for what they did, nor do I blame them. Why then should dishonourable conduct be imputed to Mitchell for doing an act which sacrificed no principle that had not been sacrificed before without any protest, the only difference being that from the nature of the case it had to be done more obviously?

A captain may say that he would not have acted as Mitchell did. It might be argued that, as Cambridge won a match a week before by scoring over 500 in the fourth-innings, they might get the necessary runs again; that the weather might not break, that the wicket might play easy to the finish, as really occurred, and, lastly, that the crowd would disapprove: and to have the crowd against you has a bad effect on your side; which is also what occurred.[1]

The incident, however, will not have occurred in vain if it induces the M.C.C. to consider the advisability of the abolition of the follow-on coupled with power given to either side to declare their innings closed at any time during the progress of a match.

[1] As to this incident, the author, who speaks with authority as a recognised critic, is entitled to an opinion which must be accepted with respect. The subject is further discussed in the Notes.—Ed.

A DAY'S SPORT IN MOROCCO

BY CAPTAIN C. F. CROMIE

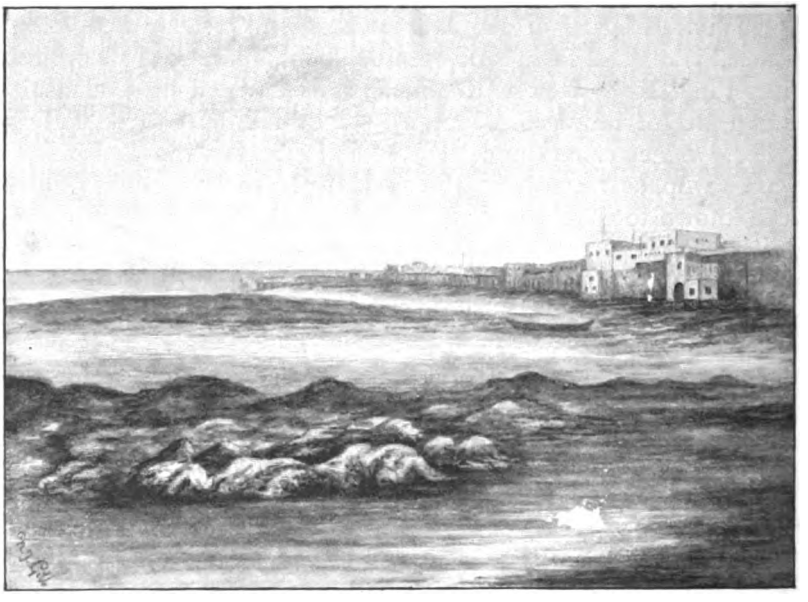
DAR-AL-BAIDA, better known as Casablanca, which is merely a Spanish translation of the Arabic name, and means 'The White House,' is a small town of about 16,000 inhabitants, of whom not more than thirty-five are English. It is situated on the north-west coast of Morocco, about fifty-eight miles south of Rabat-Sallee, whence came the celebrated Sallee rovers, those audacious pirates who, as recently as the middle of the last century, have been known to shelter their galleys under the lee of Lundy Island, waiting to plunder unfortunate merchant-ships coming away from or going into Bristol.

Having received an official appointment at Dar-al-Baida, which is a place of considerable commercial importance, some six or seven months ago, I have only recently had a favourable opportunity of seeing any sport, owing to the very disturbed state of the country in the interior. Of late, however, affairs have quieted down a little, so that Mr. F——, one of the leading merchants of the port, kindly invited me to go out with him for a day's shooting combined with coursing.

Coursing is, and has long been, a favourite amusement of the Moors, who in their way are exceedingly keen sportsmen. They have long owned a very good breed of greyhounds, which are called 'sloogies,' and with them they course hares with no slight enthusiasm. The *modus operandi* is as follows: The party, who are all mounted (and I may mention at the outset that anyone wishing to be more than a distant spectator of the sport *must* be well mounted), opens out into skirmishing order and advances

across the country (which is entirely unenclosed), beating the low scrub and palmetto-bushes with the object of starting a hare. When the quarry is found the greyhounds are let loose, and away gallops the whole party at full speed after them. Those who are best mounted try to get ahead of the hare, so as to turn him to the dogs, in default of which he will escape as often as not. When I add that the country ridden over is for the most part very rocky, and in places almost covered with loose stones, it will be seen that the sport is not devoid of excitement and danger.

The party, which consisted of F—— and myself, with about a dozen Moors, all mounted (some of them, however, on mules, which also carried our tent and lunch), met outside F——'s house at 5.30 A.M. on Wednesday, August 7. Of course my friend and I had our breechloaders with us, and several of the Moors were also armed with excellent sporting guns of a modern type. As we rode out of the town gate we met a stream of country people coming in to sell produce in the market at Dar-al-Baida. And



SEA FRONT, DAR-AL-BAIDA

a very picturesque sight they present, some of them walking, and others on mules or donkeys, with now and then a string of camels, which stalk solemnly along, emitting an occasional grunt by way of protest against the weight of the load they have to carry. Luckily, the North African camel is by no means so

vicious as his Indian brother; otherwise, it would be far from pleasant to meet a string of them in the narrow streets of a Moorish town, which, to insure coolness and protection from the ardent sun, are sometimes not more than six feet in width.

WHEN THE QUARRY IS FOUND THE GREYHOUNDS ARE LET LOOSE

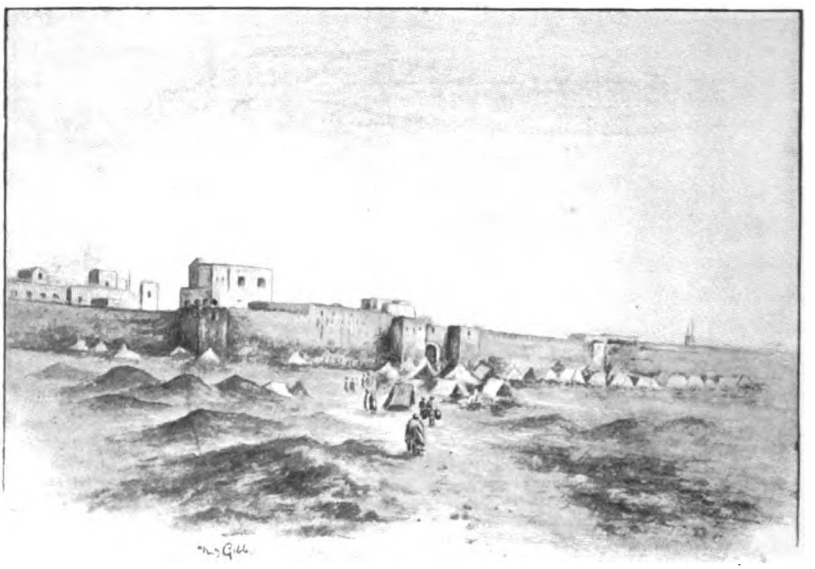
When, after a long hot ride, we had got far enough away from the town, we turned off the road, and formed a line across the plain, each of us beating the ground in his neighbourhood as thoroughly as possible. Nearly an hour elapsed before we found anything, which is a very unusual occurrence, and was attributed by our Moors to the fact that not long since a considerable force of the Sultan's soldiers, about 2,000 strong, had been encamped near to Dar-al-B[illegible]a, by whom every inch of the country within their reach must doubtless have been scoured in search of anything eatable that they could find.

At last we arrived at a large field or patch of stubble with a clump of fig-trees in the middle. It is rather a famous spot, as, according to our guides, it has the reputation of almost always holding a covey or two of partridges and some hares and bustards. We were warned, however, that the ground was honeycombed with 'matamoros,'[1] so F—— and I determined to allow the Moors,

[1] Holes dug in the ground for storing grain.

who knew the ground well, to beat it by themselves, while we rode round to the other side. They soon put-up a small covey, one bird out of which they shot and marked the others down. F—— and I then dismounted and walked the birds up, with the aid of F——'s dog 'Spot.' We proceeded some three or four hundred yards beyond the place where the birds had alighted, when one suddenly got up behind us. We both fired at him—it was our first shot—and he was picked up by a Moor, having dropped dead upon the brow of the hill. F—— shot another; and then a lesser bustard suddenly rose on the top of the rise, which my companion killed with a good long shot.

The lesser bustard (*Tetrax campestris*) is very plentiful in the neighbourhood of Dar-al-Baida, but is a very shy bird and, unless driven, difficult to shoot. It is usually to be found on the tops of the rolling hills interposed between the coast and the Atlas Mountains, and if approached cautiously can occasionally be bagged by a well-directed long shot. Once on the wing, however, it flies a very long way before settling again. Colonel

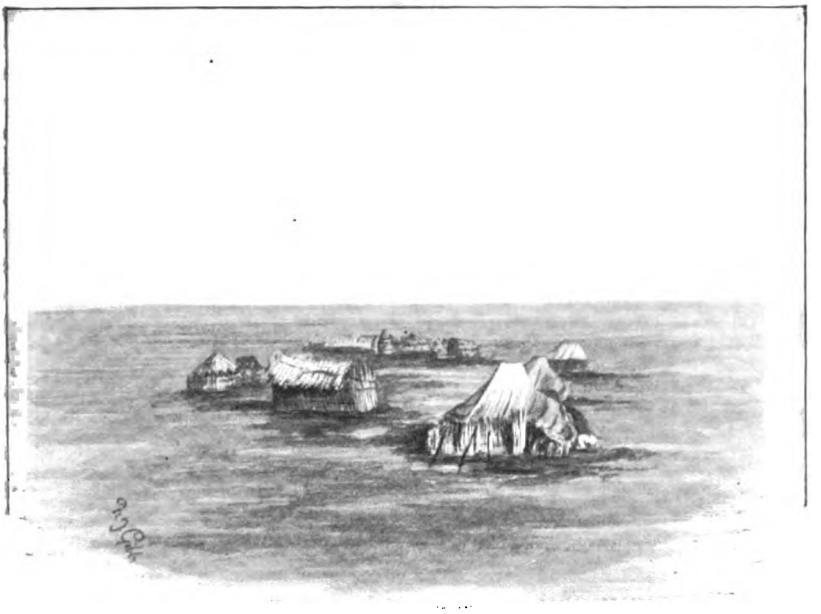


MARKET GATE, DAR-AL-BAIDA

Irby, in his 'Ornithology of the Straits of Gibraltar,' says that 'they usually rise high up at once, and their power and rapidity of flight is astonishing for their size and weight.' They are capital eating birds, with brown meat on the breast and white on

the legs. Next to the teal, they are the best game-birds for the table found in this neighbourhood.

It has been suggested to me that an English yachtsman fond of gunning might do worse than strike the Morocco coast with



A Moorish Village

his vessel in autumn, when the weather is superb, and organise shooting expeditions in which the bustards should be driven over the heads of the gunners. Anyone experienced, like Lord Walsingham or Mr. Archibald Stuart-Wortley, in arranging the necessary preliminaries for a grouse-drive on a large scale might have first-rate sport with the bustard, especially as beaters could be hired in abundance and at a very moderate cost.

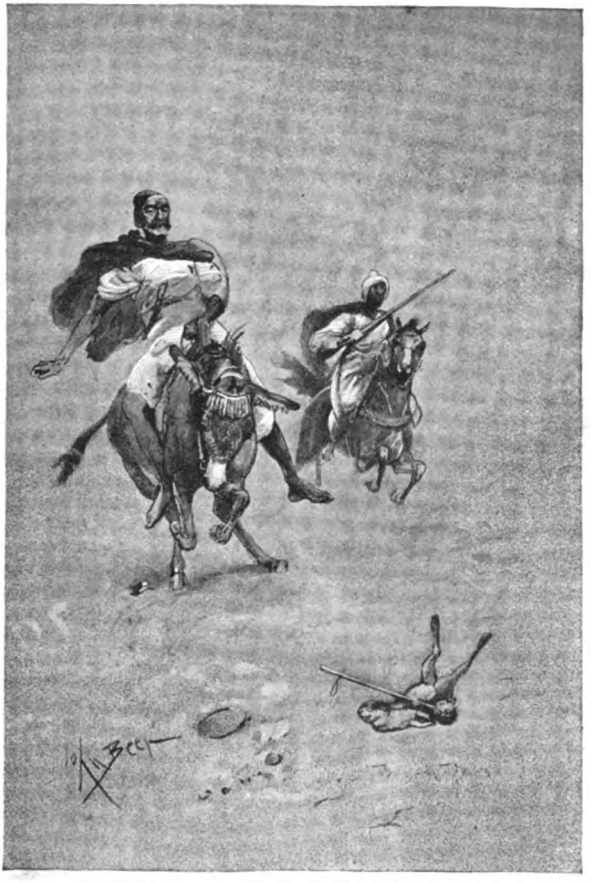
While we and some of our Moors had been engaged with the partridges, other Moors, who had not accompanied us, put-up a hare and had a short gallop after him, but from some cause or other lost him. We then remounted, and continued as before, with the whole party reunited. After some delay we succeeded in starting a very game hare, which gave us a long gallop over some very stony ground. One of the greyhounds, a young dog, which had never killed a hare before, got on terms with him, but was afraid to close his jaws on the quarry. F—— was the only one of the party near enough to encourage the dog, but at this most inopportune

moment he broke one of his stirrup leathers, and the hare escaped. While riding after this hare we passed right through a flock of about twelve lesser bustard, which went off in all directions and were, of course, never seen again.

Our course then lay along the edge of a dry watercourse, which we followed until we came to a garden of figs and prickly pears. The man engaged in watching the garden told us that a hare habitually lived there, so we beat the ground thoroughly, our horses evincing much disinclination to go too near the prickly pear bushes. We drew the garden blank, but put up a hare on the brow of the hill beyond it. He ran a circle, and finally took refuge in a copse, from which we failed to dislodge him for a long time; but finally we forced him to break covert. He did not go far, however, as a Moor on a donkey threw his knobbed stick at him as he passed and killed him on the spot. The Moors who do not own guns all carry these sort of shillelaghs or 'knobkerries' on these expeditions, and are singularly expert in the use of them, sometimes even knocking down a partridge on the wing.

We then continued on our way, and as we were riding along the edge of a piece of ploughed land a Moor pointed out a covey of partridges running before us. Sending the Moors to drive the birds into a piece of stubble which was alongside the plough, F—— and I dismounted and walked them up. We must have got right into the middle of them, as they began rising all round us. We had a merry five or ten minutes with them, accounting for eight, and about five got away. It was now getting on for eleven o'clock, and we were rapidly growing hungry, so we made for a fig-garden about a mile away, where F——, who knows the country very thoroughly (having spent over a quarter of a century here), decided to have lunch. It was a capital place for the purpose, as the fig-trees were well grown, and their broad leaves afforded us a pleasant shelter from the sun, which was by this time unpleasantly warm. We chose a tree on the windward edge of the garden, so as to get the full benefit of the sea-breeze, which tempered the heat not a little. A carpet was spread under the tree for F—— and myself, while our Moorish friends bestowed themselves under the boughs of another. We then unpacked our hamper and fell-to with hearty appetites. Suddenly, in the midst of our meal Si Boazza, our principal Moor, brought us a present of some weird-looking dishes, chiefly consisting of fowl and mutton, which his men had been cooking, and which he now served up in enamelled iron wash-basins; these are largely imported into Morocco, and principally used by the Moors for cooking purposes. We of course accepted

the gift, with thanks, but were not sorry to pass the dishes on shortly to the men, who, Moorish fashion, all sat down together, and ate with their fingers out of one dish. Meantime the dogs wandered from one party to the other in search of what they could get. Having satisfied our hunger, we lit our pipes, and the usual cup of tea was brought to us, without which no meal is considered to



A MOOR ON A DONKEY THREW HIS KNOBBED STICK AND KILLED HIM ON THE SPOT

be complete in Morocco. We, however, preferred to use our own black tea, the Moors never drinking anything but green tea, which they brew by cramming the pot with dry tea, upon the top of which they fit large lumps of sugar. The boiling water is then poured in, making an intensely syrupy mixture, to which they sometimes add a bunch of fresh mint. It requires long practice

and no slight affability to feign a liking for Moorish tea, and for my part I cannot drink it without feeling more or less sick; which is unfortunate, as tea-drinking forms a necessary preliminary to every interview with a Moorish functionary, and politeness requires the guest to drink three cups, or rather glasses, which are commonly used.

After resting sufficiently we started off again, and found a young hare in some palmetto-bushes, which was soon caught by one of the greyhounds. Shortly after we found another, which

WE HAD A MERRY FIVE MINUTES WITH THEM

was shot by a man on horseback. Hares were evidently plentiful in this neighbourhood, as we saw many of them without going far. But as F—— and I are both of us heavy-weights, and our horses had already done a good deal of work, we left the galloping to the Moors, and contented ourselves with riding to the most commanding spot within reach, from which to watch the fun. We were now approaching another garden, and a large covey of partridges were seen to fly across it; so we dismounted and looked for them on foot. Unfortunately, they had been badly marked, and must

have separated, as F—— and I only got one bird apiece, while the bulk of the covey was put-up by the natives on the other side. The birds flew across the garden to the far end, where there were

A FOX GOT UP, WHICH CREATED GREAT EXCITEMENT

more natives, who, after vainly firing at them as they passed overhead, galloped after them with the greyhounds, and succeeded in riding down eight. While they were thus engaged we remounted,

and soon put-up a hare, in pursuit of which some Moors who had remained with us galloped with all their might, but in vain, as they had no dogs. In the meantime a fox got up, which created great excitement, as the Moors consider the 'red rascal' of Mr. Egerton Warburton's hunting poems to be a particularly dainty dish. His earth, however, was close at hand, and he promptly went to ground; so they had to content themselves with licking

ONE OF WHICH I SHOT FROM MY HORSE

their lips and talking about him, which they did with infinite gusto.

Once more we went on, F—— and I carrying our guns, as it looked a likely place for lesser bustard. It was, however, too hot to walk far on the chance of finding them; but we were soon rewarded, as F—— got a shot at one, which he killed. Then we came across a flock of 'thick-knees,' or stone curlew (*Œdicnemus crepitans*), one of which I shot from my horse—a feat of which I was not a little proud, as it was the first time I had tried shooting from horseback.

We got a few more hares, and one of the men brought us a young goshawk, which he had caught alive, and soon restored to liberty.

By this time our faces were turned homewards, and we had described a large segment of a circle, with the town for centre. Fatigue and a hot sun were beginning to tell upon both, and the Moors displayed much less eagerness than in the morning. Gladly did we make our way to a well-known spring from which the town of Dar-al-Baida draws a great part of its drinking-water; it is the nearest 'diamond of the desert,' all the other available liquid being brackish. Having refreshed our animals and ourselves from the fountain, which was beautifully cool, as the water bubbles out of a small cave in the rocks, we resumed our journey. One final gallop we had after a hare over the most atrocious ground I have ever seen, and my horse, having had enough of it, made a bad peck, but without falling. However, I thought it desirable to pull up; though the Moors continued the chase, and eventually killed the hare.

After this we saw no more game, except a stone curlew, which was shot flying by one of the natives, a feat few of them can accomplish. Our way lay along the seashore, and about 6 P.M. we got home, rather tired, and ready for a bath and a drink. Never, however, had a day's sport been more thoroughly enjoyed. During the day we must have made a circuit of nearly twenty miles, and covered considerably more in actual distance, so that we traversed a large extent of country. We hardly met a soul outside of our own party all day long, as, owing to the disturbed state of Morocco, the Arabs do not care about moving far from their villages, and consequently the country is, as they themselves express it, 'empty.'

The partridges found in Morocco are the Barbary partridges (*Caccabis petrosa*), and are very similar to the ordinary Norfolk red-legs. During the day we saw a quantity of the little bush-quails (*Turnix sylvatica*), which are very tame, but hardly worth powder and shot. One of the Moors rode one down, and caught it alive, so we brought it home, and gave it to a gentleman here who has a large aviary. It is said that this bird bears confinement very well.

I hope my short and simple account of a typical day's sport with natives in Morocco may possibly be of interest to a few English readers. For the accuracy of the narrative I will go bail to any amount.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

THE controversy has been extremely vehement between those who condemn and those who uphold the action of Mr. Mitchell, the Cambridge captain, in telling Mr. Shine to bowl wides in order that Oxford should not follow on. To take either side in the discussion is to obtain energetic support, and no less vigorous condemnation. Acknowledged authorities are found for and against, and both parties to the discussion produce very plausible arguments. Is it wrong to play the lawful game, breaking no rule, in the way that seems most likely to win the match? That is a question not very easy to answer in the affirmative; and when one begins to talk of 'unwritten laws,' it is always pertinent to inquire who makes them, and why they should be considered binding? The crowd which assembles at Lord's on the occasion of a University match, however, is largely composed of men who know the game of cricket, and who are sportsmen at heart. This is specially the case with average occupants of the Pavilion; and when the instincts of such a crowd—of the great majority of such a crowd—are so offended that they take upon themselves to shout out angry condemnation of anything that is done, the chances seem to me that they are in the right. To do what Mr. Mitchell did was to depart from the ideal of cricket, that ideal being that every man from first to last should unswervingly do his very best, the bowler to get wickets, the batsman to hit or play as the case may be, each man in the field to be indefatigably keen and alert to prevent his adversaries

from obtaining a single run that can be saved. This is an unwritten law which is so obviously 'cricket' that I cannot but think it must gain the approval of every true lover and upholder of the game. Besides, if trickery and sharp practices are once admitted, the question is where they will stop? It has been pertinently asked in this case what was to prevent the Oxford batsman, alive to the manœuvre of Messrs. Mitchell and Shine, from knocking down his wicket? It is always easy to get out. After reading a vast deal of correspondence from both sides, I remain very strongly on the side of those who think Mr. Mitchell's action wholly culpable—that it would have been so in any match, but was peculiarly so in one between the Universities, where one expects to find all that is best and noblest in the game.

It is from one point of view a pity that Persimmon was not left in the Eclipse Stakes, which will be run after these Notes have passed out of my hands. From the other point of view the inability of the Prince of Wales's colt to meet St. Frusquin is not to be deplored, as it will immensely add to the interest of the St. Leger, in which the two are to oppose each other for the fourth time. Persimmon was the better at an easy mile and a half, St. Frusquin the better at a severe mile. What will happen at Doncaster over a nearly flat mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards? The point is the more exciting because it is thought that Persimmon was not at his best in the Middle Park Plate last October when St. Frusquin beat him, and that St. Frusquin was not at *his* best when the running was reversed in the Derby. At Doncaster it is certain that Persimmon's length of stride will be greatly in his favour, as St. Frusquin's conformation was all in his favour for dashing up the finish of the Bunbury Mile in the Princess of Wales's Stakes. What the racing world specially desire to know is the precise nature of the 'noise' Persimmon is said to make. Is it a mere whistle due to the structure of his throat, a trifling peculiarity which has no effect on him, or is it incipient roaring? There are, I am aware, some persons who maintain that roaring is a detail of no importance; but from careful and continual observation I have known it to be just of this much importance: it has rendered good horses absolutely valueless for racing purposes. I speak from personal experience of animals that I have watched carefully at home and abroad. In

some cases, doubtless, it matters less than in others, because, for one reason, the affection is less severe. Ormonde was a roarer when he beat Minting for the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot in one of the grandest and most exciting races ever seen, and, of course, other cases could be instanced. Before these Notes appear we shall have seen whether Regret has run less 'green' against St. Frusquin than he did at Newmarket—I attribute much importance to this—what the result of his having overcome that failing may be, and how much better Troon has been made by a race and a fortnight's work. But whether St. Frusquin just wins or is just beaten, the Leger should be a notable event.

Men who 'go racing' so often overrate the early two-year-olds that more cautious observers are apt to fall into the other extreme. Some animal wins a race in brilliant fashion early in the summer, enthusiasts at once begin to talk about the Derby, or at any rate proclaim their belief that 'We shan't see him beaten this season!'—or 'her' as the case may be. But we do see him beaten, badly, perhaps not infrequently, and we become pessimists, vowing that as a rule nothing within 21 lb. of a really good horse is seen while the leaves are in their first verdure. The truth is, as usual, in the middle. We are apt to think too much of the early form; but when Ascot running is confirmed at the Newmarket July experience, suggests that we may be anticipating too much from what is still to come. These remarks spring from the different opinions which have been expressed about Lord Rosebery's Velasquez. The offspring of Donovan, his sire, have not up to the present season greatly distinguished themselves; the best son of his dam, Vista—Sir Visto—won Derby and Leger, it is true, but in a very bad year, and in spite of his 'classic' successes Sir Visto is certainly far from a good horse. I am endeavouring to sum up without bias, the reader will, I hope, perceive; but my belief is that in Velasquez Lord Rosebery owns a colt of the first rank. I do not much like saying 'I shall not believe in anything beating Velasquez at even weights until I see it done,' because that is a remark I have so often heard made about moderate animals that have been badly beaten very soon afterwards. That, nevertheless, is very much my impression, and this in spite of the cautious John Porter, who is at present by no means disposed to rank Velasquez as a Derby horse.

General Manderson kindly writes to me: 'Reading the article on "Swimming and Life-saving" in the July number of the BADMINTON MAGAZINE carried my thoughts back to when and how I, under very favourable circumstances I'll admit, saved a heavier man than myself from drowning. During the Indian Mutiny (in June 1857) I was sent with a couple of H. A. guns to assist a detachment of the 81st Regiment in guarding the bridge of boats over the River Ravee, near Lahore. The snows in the Himalayas had begun to melt; the river was about fifty yards wide, and running some three miles an hour. One evening Ensign Speedy, of the 81st, asked me to come and have a swim. Off we went to the middle of the bridge; and, undressing, he jumped off the stern of the boat before I was quite ready; however, I soon heard him shouting, and saw him disappear—down stream of course. I followed him as quickly as I could, thinking on the way what to do when I got to him, for he was a bigger and heavier man than I, and I feared he might, if he clutched hold of me, do for both of us. The sudden thought struck me, as I got close to him (he had been down twice), to turn on my back, hold out my hands, and shout, "Give me your hands, and for Heaven's sake don't catch hold of me, but kick out with your legs." He had luckily sufficient sense to do as directed, and in that way, keeping him at arm's length, I swam on my back to the bank with him. It appeared, on questioning him, that he thought he could swim, but had got unnerved on that particular occasion. He subsequently did good service in Abyssinia as interpreter to Lord Napier of Magdala.'

Many of my readers will, I know, share my sincere grief at the death of poor 'Roddy Owen,' most cheery and undaunted of sportsmen. Though his friends have missed his face of late they have not forgotten him. I well remember his reappearance at Sandown after his return from India some ten or twelve years ago. One had not much regard for the riding of soldiers whom one did not know—of those who had not given evidence of capacity; but it was soon made clear that Roddy could ride. Dash, most assuredly, he never lacked; but he possessed judgment as well, and if he had the worst of a tussle—I never saw him go out of his way to avoid a bump—he was quite ready to put up with the consequences without complaint. I think the last time I saw him ride was at Stockbridge. At the turn into

the straight he tried to come up on the inside of Mr. George Lambton, who naturally refused to pull out, the result being that Roddy's head came into extremely forcible contact with the post. He returned to the paddock bleeding freely, and a few moments afterwards I went into the gentleman-riders' room to see how he was. He was bathing his cuts, but, good-temperedly as ever, remarked to me, 'It was entirely my own fault. Of course George was quite right not to give way!'

The last letter I had from poor Roddy was from Quetta, full of chaff and cheeriness as usual. 'You've probably forgotten my existence,' he wrote. 'See me now, in the bosom of my regimental family, anxious, as usual, to further their interests, not my own. To this end I send you some sketches of native cavalry life. The artist, Private MacNeil, of my regiment, shows, I think, great promise, and if you think so, do use your influence to secure their reproduction. Signs of genius in Tommy Atkins, even of an elementary kind, should receive encouragement if we are to raise him, as sanguine soldiers hope, to a level by which he will attain the respect of the world in peace-time; so do what you can! I was fortunate, as special correspondent, in seeing the Chitral Campaign and other things to advantage. My eyes are now turned homewards, and I think it likely my body will follow. I have, however, come in for some red-tape criticism from the authorities for crossing the frontier to the Pamirs without leave, and coming in contact with the Russian and Afghan outposts, by which I was enabled to inform the Government of some things they did not know before; but the world is ungrateful to its most loyal servants—even jockeys don't like your getting in front of them!

'Yours ever,

'RODDY OWEN.'

That visit to the outposts was just the sort of thing in which the bold Roddy delighted—especially when encouraged by the knowledge that he ought not to be there.

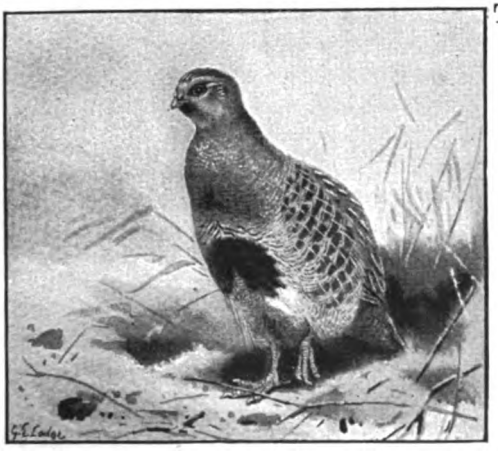
THE

BADMINTON MAGAZINE

September 1896

THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD

BY THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY



THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD

TAKE him all in all, the partridge is probably the most popular game bird in these islands. Even the extreme Radical hesitates to attack him, unless legitimately with a gun. He—the partridge, not the Radical—is admirable when alive, and acceptable when dead. Modest and unassuming in demeanour, sober in hue, lacking the pride of carriage of the pheasant and the aggressiveness of the grouse, he nevertheless surpasses the former in edible and sporting value, and runs the latter bird hard as regards the amount of amusement and exercise he affords to the generality of gunners in the British Isles.

To comparatively few is it given to pursue grouse, but many are able to spend cheery days circumventing the partridge by either walking or driving. Hence the undoubted popularity of

that little game bird. Moreover, what friendly things are partridges, apart from any sporting view! They share with many of the smaller wild birds the preference for nesting as near a beaten track as possible, and often, if reasonable convenience offers, select a grass field close to habitations wherein to rear their brood. Nothing is prettier than to see a number of young partridges with their parent birds feeding and playing on the lawn of a country house. But should any covey be educated to thus place their faith in human beings, sanctuary should be granted them, and, as far as practicable, they should be saved from the fate which ordinarily awaits a partridge.

As a rule our little friend is anything but a foolish bird about taking care of himself, except under certain conditions; and to watch a covey, when startled, say, in a roughish grass field, run and then 'squat,' is to appreciate how marvellously Nature has taught her creatures to avail themselves of the best methods of self-preservation, and to mark the assimilation of colour between bird and ground, which so largely contributes towards this end. Only a very practised eye can find a covey when they have thus 'squatted' in a tussocky field or in light-ploughed land, though when first seen they were conspicuously evident.

Again, to the other attractions possessed by the partridge must be added the fact that even nowadays the farmer does not grumble at his presence. As one worthy tenant said to me last year when I met him out shooting, 'they' (the partridges) 'don't do me any harm;' and this, I take it, is the general feeling amongst the farming interest. But nothing is wholly perfect in this world, and the poor partridge has one serious sin to answer for. It is this: that, owing to the competition now existing among the owners of great shootings as to who shall obtain the heaviest 'driving' bags during the season, partridge-'egging' is largely carried on in various parts of the country, thus encouraging that worst class of poacher, the 'Egger.' I know of several centres noted for this miserable trade, which, if necessary, I could mention, and I blame very gravely those who tell their keepers that they must increase their stock of birds somehow, as they want to beat some one else's score in the coming shooting season, but who take no trouble to enquire how this object is going to be effected. In some cases I have reason to believe that arrangements—naturally secret ones—have been made by the head keepers to procure eggs from off lands belonging to adjacent proprietors, thus saving the cost of long carriage and minimising the chances of breakage. Now what can possibly be a more

SQUATTED

unneighbourly—to use a mild phrase—proceeding than this? and yet I fear it is by no means a rare one.

If owners of large shootings would only take a little trouble and find out for themselves whence the eggs their keepers procure come, and not leave the matter entirely in their employés' hands, the professional 'egger' would soon be compelled to give up this particular form of thieving and take to something else. Moreover, if the county and borough police would keep an eye on those they know to be 'receivers' of stolen eggs, and make life a trifle more trying to those personages than is often the case now, something could thus be done towards diminishing this shooting evil. A careful watch over country roads just where they enter small towns in counties which have the reputation for regular 'egging,' is often an effective method of reducing the zeal of the loafers and 'unemployed' who carry on this species of profession.

I have before mentioned that in my opinion the partridge takes high rank with respect to both its edible and sporting value. Touching the former consideration I shall be silent. So many writers have dealt with its culinary aspects that I feel little can be added to the numerous recipes which cause this bird to be so warmly greeted whenever it appears on the table. But possibly there may still be something left to be said with regard to the sport afforded by the partridge throughout Great Britain.

I am not at all certain that it is those privileged to participate in the best partridge-driving who obtain the greatest amount of enjoyment the bird affords. It is wonderful how keen men of all sorts and conditions become as soon as the First of September arrives. One gentleman holding an important position in a great City business told me last year, when I met him in the autumn, that he had taken a two days' holiday so as to secure the First, and remarked that he had had a capital day's sport. I asked him if he had made a long day of it, and he replied, 'Fairly so; I was out about half-past six in the morning.' This showed real energy and determination, for it is no joke walking up partridges for twelve hours or so, especially when, as must have been the case in the present instance, the condition of the sportsman is anything but first-rate. But my friend's sporting instincts were more than a match for any bodily discomforts, and physical fatigue only accentuated the pleasurable recollections of a good day's sport.

Personally I abominate early rising and take leave to differ from the old adage dealing with this subject. As a question of

sport, moreover, I fancy it is an exploded theory that the young hours of the morning are the best wherein to obtain a big bag: this applying to fishing equally with shooting. No man, if he has been walking steadily from seven or eight in the morning, can shoot as accurately in the afternoon and evening—the cream of the day for making a good bag—as he would have done had he started about ten or half-past, which is full early enough. The usual fault would, almost to a certainty, be committed—namely, that of shooting 'low and behind.' The left arm would surely 'drop' a little, and shots which earlier in the day would have come under the heading of 'certainties,' would result only in either misses, or worse still, in slightly wounding the birds.

Of course it would be foolish to say that really good partridge-driving is not a most delightful form of sport. In fact, driving, whether good or bad, so long as it is well managed, is to my thinking perhaps the most desirable kind of shooting to be found in this country. Walking partridges is very pleasant, and much to be enjoyed; but between the two methods of shooting I do not imagine there can be any comparison possible.

It is infinitely harder to kill partridges coming over, say, a belt than it is to 'plug' them getting up in front of one out of a turnip field. In the former case the shots are prettier in every way, as well as more difficult. There is infinitely more variety in the ways partridges come to the guns when driven than there is in the manner they rise from a turnip or any other field. And, furthermore, to drive a country well and successfully, especially if the shooting area be small, demands both knowledge and skill on the part of master and man. A shrewd bird is the partridge, as a rule; and if he has been driven over a particular fence two or three times during the season, when next a similar attempt to drive him is made in all probability he will go straight back over the beaters' heads, shout they never so loudly.

Often, too, have I heard a line of guns placed in a lane or narrow field ordered simply to 'reverse' for the next drive. This is, I am sure, a mistake. For this manœuvre is generally executed for the purpose of bringing back to their original habitat the birds from the first drive, in addition to those belonging to the new ground. Partridges are wise enough to 'shy' the fence from behind the shelter of which so many of their companions met their fate, and are very apt to break away right and left. It is far better—I am taking for granted there is plenty of room to do so—to shift the line, so as to

bring one of the flanks to about the place where the centre gun stood during the first drive. Two or three beaters can easily work into the drive the ground thus left 'empty' by the alteration in the situation of the shooters; the birds will be deceived by not being driven back *directly* over the same hedge, and a successful result will probably be achieved; whereas if the guns had not been moved at all, but had simply turned round in their tracks, very likely only the outside men of the line would have had any shooting worth speaking of, the partridges avoiding the centre portion of the fence behind which they would fancy their enemies to be concealed.

But all this has to do with driving; and if I cannot put 'walking up' partridges quite as high in the handicap as my favourite method, still it *is* capital fun when properly managed. Various occasions recur to memory when partridges seemed anxious to combine for the purpose of affording both driving and walking shots.

There are great stretches of heath land in various counties—notably Suffolk and Norfolk—covered with bracken and furze, interspersed with small straggling fir plantations, wherein lurk many wild pheasants, and where, after the line has walked some distance, the partridges begin, instead of going forward, to break back; swinging from the flanks to the centre, and from the centre to the flanks, they present the most 'curling' sporting shots conceivable. The mere fact of shooting over such wild, attractive country is in itself a real pleasure; and any one fortunate enough to take part in such a day's sport is to be thoroughly congratulated.

I confess that huge turnip fields, of the type existing on the Scottish border, have not so much attraction for me as the broken, picturesque ground to be found almost anywhere in the Eastern Counties, and in the South and North of England. For, excellent and enjoyable sport though it is, the crossing and recrossing, the wheeling and walking necessary to secure a bag in a turnip field of fifty or sixty acres, the said turnips being up to one's middle or thereabouts, apparently—is a big undertaking, and one which, especially if the sun be hot, becomes at certain periods of the day somewhat monotonous. It is then that the eye instinctively travels round the field to note to which hedge or wall it would be possible to drive, and a faint hope flickers in one's breast that the host may perhaps think well to have just one or two small impromptu drives by way of a termination.

But touching the rough ground to which I have just alluded no partridge-walking can be prettier than that which sometimes occurs in certain places on the South Coast—and remember that Hampshire has of late years taken rank as almost the best of the partridge counties of England.

I have in my recollection a particular half-hour's walking which used to be interpolated in a day's driving in that county. The Solent was on the one hand, and a wild, pleasant common, stretching for miles, on the other. By means of sundry drives on the heath the partridges were gradually worked down to the broken, ferny ground near the shore. Then the line was formed, and from out of scattered whin bushes, sea-grass tussocks, clumps of stunted hollies; from behind tiny sand hills and out of velvety grass hollows—ideal putting-greens for a golf links!—up rose the partridges. The birds, swinging back to get to their haunts on the heath, afforded peculiarly fascinating shots, and indeed sometimes it happened that the gun on the sea flank dropped his victim into the gleaming waters of the Solent. This was, if one may venture to so term it, the very poetry of shooting; but, alas! not many days like it are obtainable.

Again, any one who has enjoyed himself on the moor edges in Scotland, walking after—often very much 'after'—the small wild partridges of those parts, will, I am sure, agree with me that the sport he then obtained, let alone the beauty of the scenery by which he was surrounded, was something always to be treasured as a most pleasurable remembrance. Of course during a day's shooting such as this several other kinds of game besides partridges are added to the bag. The stray pieces of heather on the hillsides above the straggling, badly walled-in oat patches—oats which apparently are *always* green, *never* ripe—usually hold a grouse or two; amongst the stretches of rough grass are swampy bits from which an old snipe may be secured, while the ubiquitous and inevitable rabbit is generally in evidence.

If it be late in October the whins and bracken clumps may shelter a woodcock, and so, although the main object of such a day's sport is partridge-shooting, still 'extras' of this kind add largely to the sportsman's interest and satisfaction.

By the way, it was during a moor edge day similar to the one just alluded to that I saw one of the strangest freaks of nature as regards the colour of partridges that has ever come under my notice. It was a good many years ago in Perthshire. Four of us were shooting partridges over some lovely wild ground under the shadow of big hills, when from out of a stretch of

SHIRKING THE GUNS

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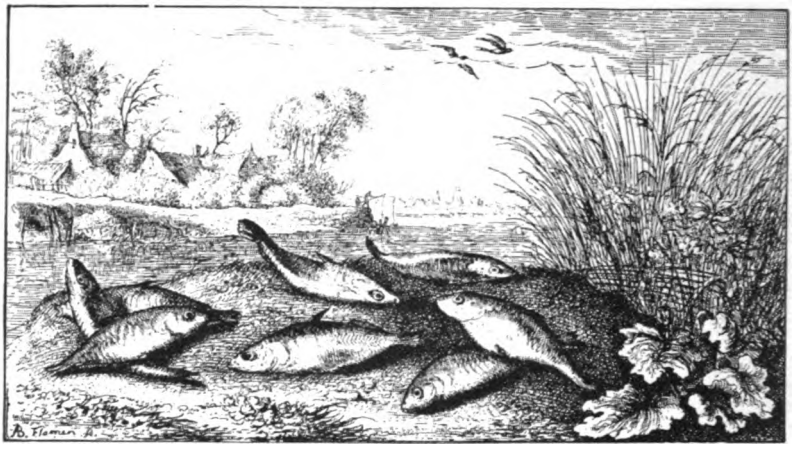
whins and bracken rose, just out of range, a covey of quite light-coloured partridges. The gun on the right was on rather higher ground than the rest of us, and could see what was happening better than we could. He shouted that they were very queer-looking birds. We carefully marked and followed them into some turnips, where three or four of them were killed. Unfortunately it was a very wet day; the birds were wet and draggled, and through some carelessness these eccentricities were not separated from the rest of the bag at the end of the day. In consequence none of these strangely-coloured birds were stuffed, which was a great pity. It is not a very uncommon occurrence to see *one* light-hued or even white partridge in a covey; but that seven or eight light *fawn-coloured* ones—as these proved to be—should be together, and not an ordinary dark bird among them, is a circumstance which I have neither before nor since heard of.

While on the subject of 'colour freaks' let me mention another occurrence for which I have never been able to account.

Last year I received a letter from a gentleman who knows more about partridges and their habits than most people, saying that while driving through the fields near my house he noticed in a covey of birds close to the road two absolutely *black* ones. He entreated me to come back and pursue them at once. I was able to do so, and, securing the assistance of an active and accurately-shooting friend, spent the next few days harassing every covey on the estate. I verily believe we saw every lot thereon, but never a black partridge among them. The explanation must be, I fancy, that the birds my correspondent noticed had been 'dusting' themselves in some of the soot which is put on the land in that part of the world for agricultural purposes. And yet the writer of the letter said he spent some time watching those particular birds, and was confident they were totally different from any he had ever seen.

However, whether partridges be ordinary of hue, fawn-coloured, white, or black, one and all they should be held in high honour and esteem by every one, be he sportsman or epicure; for no creature, during his proper season, adds more to the pleasures of gunner and *gourmet* than the 'Little Brown Bird.'



HARBOURING ON THE QUANTOCKS

BY ARTHUR W. BRISTOW

At a popular fixture of the Devon and Somerset staghounds, it may be safely said that only a small percentage of the several hundreds present sufficiently realise or appreciate the importance of the harbourer and his craft. Owing to the fact that the opening and several subsequent meets of the famous West Country pack take place at the height of the holiday season, it is scarcely to be wondered that they attract crowds of strangers from all quarters. Many of these Nimrods, after ten days' or a fortnight's hunting at the beginning of August, depart, feeling themselves entitled to give an opinion as to the merits or otherwise of wild stag hunting. That their ideas on the subject are sometimes a bit hazy may be gathered from the fact that the writer once heard one of these sportsmen describe the harbourer as the 'harbour master;' he further proceeded to enlighten his audience with graphic details that it is the custom of this functionary to enter the coverts at night with a lanthorn, and find a sleeping deer in order that he might inform the huntsman next morning where to look for him.

For the benefit of those who have not had much practical experience, it may be as well to remark that stag hunting on Exmoor begins in the early part of August and lasts until the

second week in October, when hind hunting commences. But it is not only necessary that both stag and hind should be hunted in their proper season, but also that each should be above a certain age. This varies in the male and female; the stag being considered fit to hunt, or warrantable, when he is five years old and upwards, the hind when she is over three years. According to West Country theory, a five-year-old stag should carry a 'head,' as the horns are termed, of nine points, comprised of 'brow,' 'bay,' and 'tray' antlers with two points above the 'tray' on one side, and 'brow' and 'tray' with two points 'on top' on the other side. But it is not with any degree of certainty that the age of a stag can be reckoned by the appearance of his horns alone, owing to accidents and other causes, and it is his footprint or slot that the harbourer mainly relies on to tell a warrantable deer.

Deer feed almost exclusively at night, returning to the coverts to sleep during the day. When it is remembered that these coverts are sometimes thousands of acres in extent, consisting often of a dense undergrowth of scrub, oak, and bushes, it will be seen that it would be well-nigh impossible to find at haphazard a warrantable deer. If the whole pack were used to draw the covert, the probability is that half-a-dozen might be roused and the pack split up and divide, and to avoid this it is the harbourer's business to find where a stag has his lair or bed, and to inform the huntsman as near as possible where to draw for him. Two or three couple of hounds, termed 'tufters,' are chosen from the pack, and used to rouse and force him to break covert. When he does so the 'tufters' are stopped, and the whole pack—which has been temporarily kennelled in some adjoining farm—is brought up and laid on his foil. A good harbourer will, of course, know the general lie of the deer, the fields they 'use' (or feed in), and the 'racks' by which they enter and leave them. His work practically commences on the day before the meet, when he goes out to 'dout tracks'—or, in other words, to obliterate all the old slots of the deer entering or leaving the covert where he knows they are in the habit of lying up during the day.

This, needless to say, is a most important piece of work, involving many a mile of walking and careful scrutiny, and, if not done thoroughly, will add greatly to his difficulties of harbouring on the morrow.

The old tracks 'douted' to his satisfaction, he then knows that all fresh ones will tell their own tale. And now let us accompany him on one of his rounds, which for illustration shall

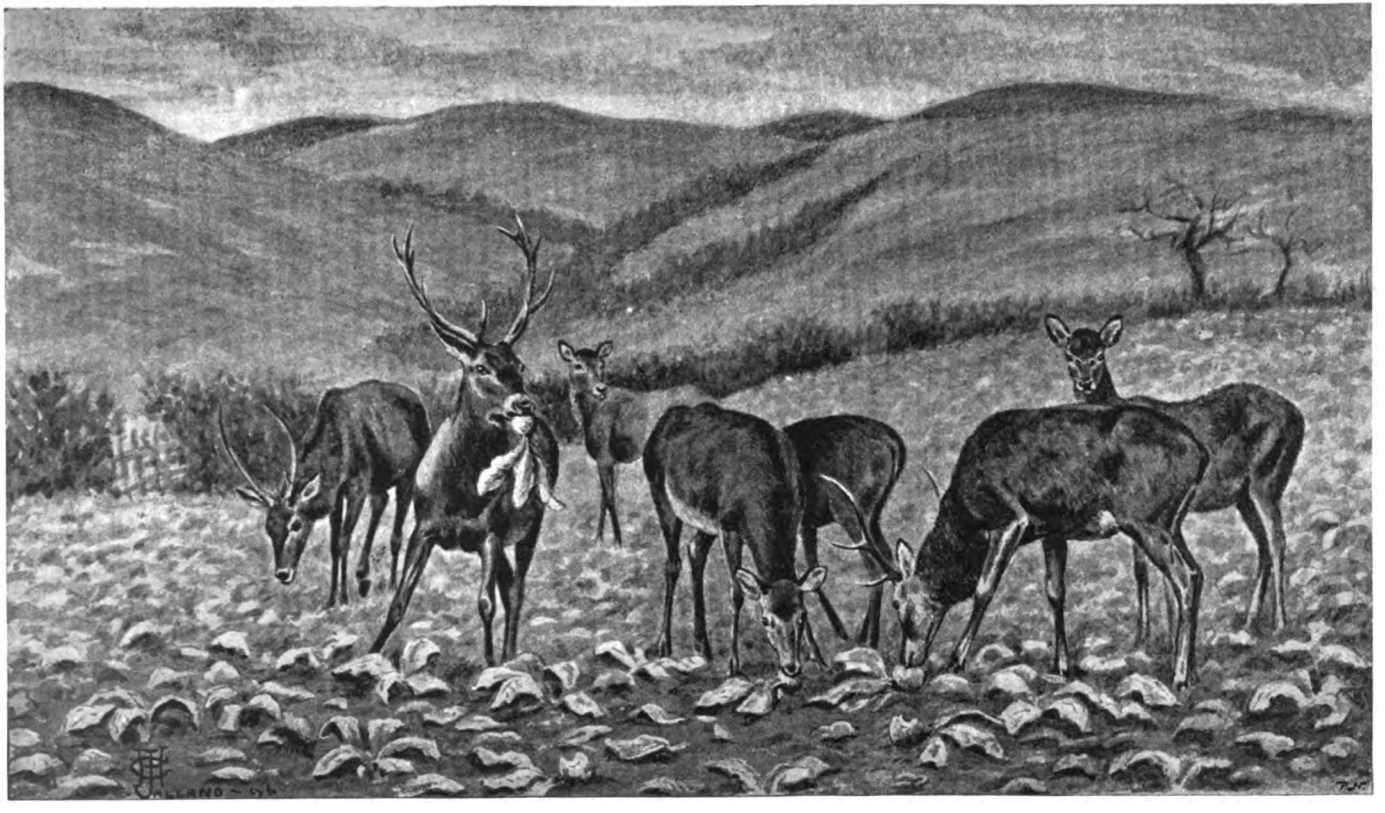
be amid the great coverts and sylvan combes of the Quantock Hills in West Somerset.

The September day is just breaking as, after a hurried cup of coffee, we step out into the keen morning air. Around us hangs the thickest of white mists, and the dripping from the trees testifies to the heavy dew that has been falling all night, which, however, will help us later on when slotting. A sharp walk of a couple of miles brings us on to a rough track that winds up the southern slopes of the hills. On either side stretches the open moor, though the fog is too dense to enable us to see more than a few yards. Occasionally it breaks a little, driven before the light morning breeze, and then rolls up from the combes below and envelops us in denser volumes than ever.

Of sound there is but little to break the silence, save the occasional bleat of a hardy little Exmoor sheep or the cry of the heath-poult to his grey-robed hen. Leaving the main track, we strike out across the heather by a sheep walk, keeping somewhat to the left of 'Will's Neck,' the highest point on the Quantocks. Suddenly my old friend pulls up sharp, at a spot where another sheep run crosses ours at right angles, and points with his ash stick to the ground at his feet. 'There's deer been along here this morning,' he observes, 'but they be hinds and no good to us to-day;' then with the end of his stick he traces out the hardly perceptible impressions of the slots on the turf, though a few yards further on, where the grass is shorter and the dew lies heavy, the tracks appear more plain.

There were three or four of them, and that one with slightly rounder print is probably a young male. As a rule there is a distinct difference between the slots of the stag and hind, those of the former being larger and rounder than the latter, and the harbourer is generally able to distinguish at a glance to which sex they belong. In an old stag this difference is very marked, as the toes are wide apart and the heel broad. However, we have no time to lose, so hurry on. The fog is still thick in places, though the sun is slowly but surely getting the better of it, and there is every promise of a scorching hot day. Presently we again come to a standstill as the harbourer's quick ears have detected something moving on the hillside away to the right, but it turns out to be only a small herd of shaggy forest ponies walking leisurely along in Indian file, who stand still a few seconds to gaze at us and then disappear in the mist.

Another mile or so across the moor, and we arrive at a high bank enclosing a rough bit of pasture land plentifully patched



DEER 'USING' A TURNIP FIELD

with gorse. Here rabbits in numbers are out feeding, but we only get a momentary glimpse of their white scuts ere they disappear down their burrows. The next field is a wheat stubble, which we cross over, putting up as we go a covey of birds—evidently disturbed at their morning meal—which rise and skim over the hedgerow opposite and drop into an adjacent field of roots. This is where the harbourer expects to find signs of his quarry, as it is one of their favourite feeding places and there are numerous old tracks of them all around. The roots are somewhat thin at that part of the field we first enter, and have here been left undisturbed, as a stag is no bad judge of a turnip; so we moved on to where they are thicker and of more abundant growth. Ah! here is something that tells a tale—a root partly eaten and freshly pulled this morning, for the top, or leaves, are newly bruised, and there is little trace on them of last night's heavy dew, which has been shaken off in the uprooting. Hard by in the soft soil is the broad slot of a heavy stag, and it is one the harbourer has had his eye on for some time; but to make sure that it is the deer he wants, he walks some few paces towards the fence, and, raising a flattish stone, shows me underneath a slot which exactly corresponds to that of our friend of this morning.

I had often heard that deer, when on the feed, create an amount of destruction that is far in excess of what they actually consume, and here indeed is ample proof, the turnips being rooted up and tossed hither and thither, sometimes but half eaten, and occasionally only a single bite taken, as if they had been pulled up out of sheer mischief. Stags, particularly old ones, are far the worst offenders in this respect, the hinds merely contenting themselves with eating down without uprooting, the reason probably being that the stag, with his greater strength of neck, bites and uproots at one and the same time. And now, having found that the stag we want has been 'using' the field that morning, we make for the fence to discover by what gap he left it. This is no very difficult matter, as the ground is favourable, and we soon find and hit off his slot, which leads us along a well-worn 'rack,' that winds zigzag fashion in and out of the heather, and one evidently much used by the deer when coming to and from the coverts.

The dew still lies heavy on the slopes of the hill out of the sun's rays, and here slotting is fairly easy; but as we breast the top, where the ground is harder, the work becomes more difficult. More than once the harbourer is at fault, and has to make a cast round to pick up the track; but his instinct seems to help him,

and each time, like some wary old hound, he hits it off again. Now it leads us across the open moor, then by the outskirts of a small plantation, along the top end of which runs the high road which crosses this part of the hills. Here, again, a cast has to be made to find out where our quarry turned off; but a slight depression made by the deer's toes when he mounted the bank, and a broken twig of a wort bush with two or three freshly squashed berries, gives us the clue. This was perhaps the best piece of work I saw, for it seemed at first well-nigh impossible to be able to tell on that hard metal road where the beast had turned off, or even whether he had taken to right or left.

The slot leads us in the direction of 'Seven Wells Combe,' and keeps for some distance by the margin of a tiny rivulet which very truly 'sparkles out among the fern to bicker down the valley.'

For several yards on both sides of the stream the ground is soft and boggy, showing plainly every track, and we are consequently able to make good way and follow at a fair pace. Though there is not much time for general observation, I cannot help noticing the wondrous beauty of the Combe at this spot; alder trees, with here and there a graceful larch, grow alongside the brook, through the leaves of which the sunlight glances and glints, lighting up the vivid and varied greens of the grasses, ferns, and wort bushes that line its banks, and making the tiny stream sparkle again as it rushes over a miniature waterfall. Both to right and left are the great coverts covering the hillsides, and away in the distance, between the hills at the end of the Combe, one gets a glimpse of the Severn Sea with the Welsh mountains just visible through the blue haze.

Continuing down the Combe for about half a mile or so, we note where our deer has drunk his fill, and also 'soiled' or rolled; then his tracks turn off sharp to the left, lead us across the road again, and finally disappear in the covert. But although he has entered it here, we have still to make sure he has stopped and not wandered through and out the other side. To do this we make for one of the numerous by-paths by which the coverts are intersected. Every yard has to be carefully scrutinised, and at the same time great care must be taken not to disturb him. Fortunately what little wind there is has so far been in our favour; for it must be remembered that deer are gifted with the most wonderful powers, and that the slightest taint of a human being coming down wind when they are on the move and before they are settled for the day will often turn them miles in another

direction. The by-paths having been made good, our deer may therefore be considered duly harboured, though our morning's work is not yet finished, as a good harbourer will always have a second string to his bow in the shape of another deer, in case the first should be disturbed. Much of the work has therefore to be gone over again, and it is nearly ten o'clock before we are able to eat our well-earned breakfast at a neighbouring farm, for which our five hours' tramp has given us the proverbial hunter's appetite.

It will thus be seen that the harbourer's post is no sinecure—in fact, he undertakes one of the most important and at the same time difficult parts in the chase of the wild stag. Beyond a few simple facts, it is as impossible for him to explain the intricacies of his art as it would be for a landscape painter to say off the reel how he obtained certain effects in his compositions. To become skilled in his craft takes many years of experience and careful observation, not only of the habits of deer, but also of the thousand and one small details of woodland, moor, and stream that alone can give that knowledge of wild life usually termed 'woodcraft.' And then, again, it is not by any means all eye work. He needs a keen memory, and he must be able to put two and two together and reason, and that quickly. Of patience and perseverance he requires more than an average amount, and also a constitution impervious to wind and rain, and long weary tramps through dew-drenched heather or rain-soaked coverts. When all these requisites are taken into consideration, perhaps his fee of 1*l.* for every stag harboured is not excessive.

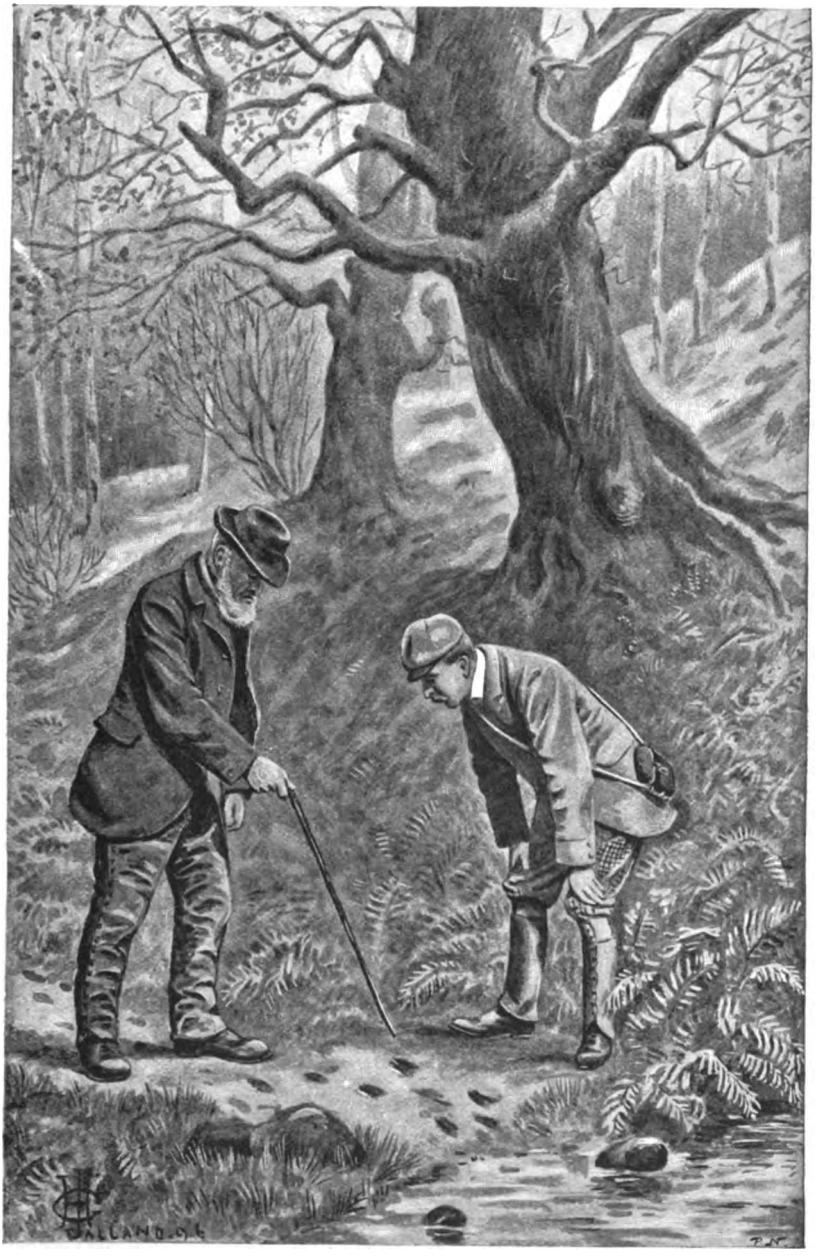
But although a deer be duly harboured, it is not always easy to force him to break covert. An old stag is far more cunning than is usually supposed, and before 'running' himself he will beat the covert through, and endeavour to find a younger one to do duty for him. Should he be successful, he proceeds to rouse the youngster from his bed and lie low in it himself, hoping thereby to escape the hounds. This trick he will try time after time; but the huntsman is up to his little games, and the 'tufters' have to be stopped each time a fresh deer is roused until our friend is found. At last things are made too warm for him, and, seeing this game of hide-and-seek is no go, he accepts the inevitable and dashes away. It has been stated on good authority that two stags have even been seen fighting to settle which should be hunted, and that with the hounds close on them.

In the beginning of October, as the rutting season ap-

proaches, the stags become restless and savage, and commence bellowing (locally 'belling'), challenging each other to those battles royal which occasionally end fatally to one or other of the combatants.

Very hot and dry weather is greatly against the harbourer's work, as the deer under these circumstances will remain for days together in the coverts without leaving them. The ground also becomes so hard that slotting is well-nigh impossible. When hind hunting commences the harbourer has an easier task to perform than when he is after stags, for, as already mentioned, any hind above three years is considered fit to hunt in the right season. But, though easier work for the harbourer, it is more difficult for the huntsman, owing to the constant risk of changing hinds; as, when hounds have been running hard for forty or fifty minutes, it is discouraging work suddenly to discover they have changed deer, and are hunting one that is going as fresh as paint. A straight-running hind, especially a 'yeld' or barren one, gives a far better run than any stag. A hind found in Bagborough plantation, on the Quantocks, was run to Combe Flory, near Taunton, and from thence to Bridgewater, where she was pulled down after a run of five hours; and another from Cocker Combe, on the same hills, to the sea at Steart Point, opposite Burnham, both runs being over enclosed country. The end of January and the month of February is the best time of the whole season for a really fast and sporting run. There are numerous records of good sport with deer on the Quantocks as long ago as 1820, though about the time the late Mr. Fenwick Bisset first came to live at Bagborough the deer had become nearly extinct owing to the persecutions of farmers and deer-poachers and the apathy of the landowners. Mr. Bisset, however, being anxious to restore the Quantocks herd, and having obtained the support of the other four landowners, imported a few deer every year from the coverts of Horner and Haddon.

In time these increased so that it became necessary to keep their numbers down, and it thus came about that the hounds were brought over from Exmoor for a few days in the early part of each season, and this custom is continued to the present time. But the Quantock country is far too cramped and confined to allow of good hunting—that is, when compared to Exmoor proper. From end to end the extent of the hills is but some nine miles, and the consequence is the deer are apt to 'ring' round, especially as they are continually being headed or 'blanched' by a mob of



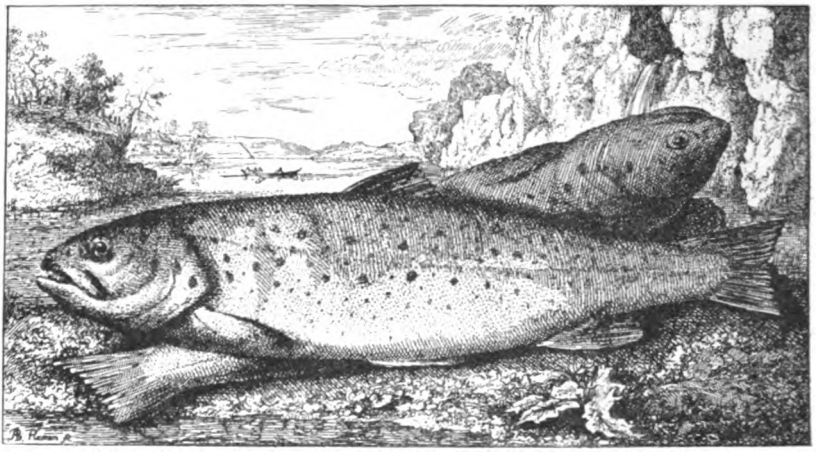
EXAMINING SLOTS

sightseers. A long run is therefore the exception—in fact, an impossibility, unless the stag takes over the enclosed country. But there have been runs on the Quantocks that will compare with even the great things done on Exmoor. The writer well remembers one August afternoon, some few years ago, when driving with a friend to a local cricket match at the little village of Combwich, seeing a fine stag cross the turnpike some fifty yards ahead; racing behind were three and a half couple of hounds, followed at no great distance by the field, three in number. Putting our pony at a hand gallop it did not take us long to reach the village, where we left our cart, and enlisted the services of a boatman to ferry us across the Parret. And then followed one of the hardest bits of cross-country running I have ever experienced. The country for miles round is as flat as a billiard table, and the fields are intersected by wide ditches or 'rhines,' as they are termed locally, in place of fences, filled for the most part with stagnant water and covered with a liberal supply of duckweed. These at first we were able to negotiate all right, but soon began to jump a bit short, and finally ended by wading through them as best we could.

The hounds when we first started were some three parts of a mile ahead of us, having swum across the river and hit the line off for themselves on the other side. The deer, refreshed by his bath, had gained considerably, and was now but a small dark speck in the distance. To make a long story short, after some four mile run, we arrived at the mud bank which does duty for a beach at the mouth of the Parret, where, to our surprise, we found the master—surrounded by the hounds—and one of his companions, the other having just put off in a boat with some fishermen to capture the deer, which was swimming for his life a mile or so out at sea.

The stag—subsequently taken and killed at Burnham—had gone away with the 'tufters' unnoticed, which partly accounted for the small field, though the master and those with him were obliged to leave their horses at Combwich and follow on foot.

In the short space of a magazine article it is impossible to give more than a rough outline of the art of harbouring; in fact, it is not too much to say that a fair-sized volume would not thoroughly exhaust or explain the mysteries pertaining to the harbourer and his unique craft.



A LOST ART

BY W. J. FORD

HAS any one ever stood by the side of an old-day cricketer, watching the progress of a great match, without hearing in due course an expression of regret that 'there is no leg-hitting nowadays,' followed, as surely as night is by day, by an allusion to George Parr? If there lives the man who has never had this experience, let him gently and delicately lead up to the question, and he will infallibly get both the regret and the allusion. And it is a sad fact that the old-fashioned leg-hit has disappeared simultaneously with the appearance of the modern school of bowlers. When the low delivery was the only legal method, bowlers were forced to bowl round the wicket, and as the 'break-back' was little known and less practised, they used to aim for the leg-stump, or, trusting to 'coming across with the arm,' at the batsman's legs, and the frailty of human accuracy caused a goodly number of crooked balls to be on the leg and not the off-side of the wicket. Naturally the leg-hit became of paramount importance, and received the due and necessary amount of attention. Over-hand and over-wicket bowling, in which the break-back is the predominant factor, has changed all this, and the extension of the 'off-theory' has caused leg-hitting pure and simple, whether it be an art or a science, to follow the manufacture of violin varnish and other arts to the limbo of the recent

past, while in its stead reigns that most useful of strokes known to reporters as 'the glide,' 'the glance,' or 'the slide,' supplemented—though this is quite a different branch of the science—by 'the hook.' It is the misfortune of comparative youth that prevents the writer from giving the evidence of an eye-witness to the extraordinary command possessed by George Parr over this particular evolution; but he has been assured, and that frequently, by cricketers of maturer years and riper experience, that it was as rare for Parr to miss a leg-hit as for W. G. to be bowled by a 'yorker,' for Gunn to miss a catch, or for Peall to fail at the 'spot-stroke;' nay, further, when his eye was in, not merely the leg-balls but a decent proportion of the straight ones used to be propelled in the same direction, with unerring and monotonous but delightful regularity. There was no 'glancing' or 'gliding' or 'sliding;' the ball went fair off the face of the bat like a drive, square or fine according to the pace of the bowling. Yet just as brave men lived before Agamemnon, so fine leg-hitters have flourished since George Parr, who may not have equalled his powers, but who have certainly been worthy followers in his tracks. A few names soon occur to me, first and foremost that of R. A. H. Mitchell, whose grand 'driving' to leg was probably the best of the innumerable good strokes in his *répertoire*; unnecessary to add that of W. G., who possessed and possesses every known stroke, except perhaps the 'draw'—at least, I never remember seeing him play that stroke. F. E. R. Fryer was admirable also, but he found his skill costly one day at Cambridge, when an extra long-leg was sent out, and Selby was instructed by the wiliest of captains, C. I. Thornton, to bowl half-volleys for him to hit; two or three fine hits went for four, and then the end came. A. J. Webbe not only hit to leg unerringly, but fielded as unerringly in the same direction, as the present Head-master of Haileybury, a grand leg-hitter himself, can testify. And one might go on with a list of names, in a sort of *diminuendo* scale, till one reaches men who, like the writer, never got into that particular stroke till September came, and with the fall of the leaf the bat retired into winter quarters. Some men never mastered the art; indeed, I remember an excellent batsman, but a notoriously bad leg-hitter, congratulating himself on his deficiency, as he maintained, and with some truth, that he had one less way of getting out than most men—he was never caught by the long-stop, a common fate of him who hit too soon by the smallest subdivision of a second. And long-stop—I am talking of twenty-five years ago—was very much *en évidence* in those days.

The worst of the leg-hit is that it is more or less a blind stroke; only the great masters had any real command over it. 'Be careful not to get under the ball,' says W. G. in 'Cricket.' I remember a case in point, and very hard luck it was too. A roving side was playing against the 'Gentlemen of Sussex,' who won the toss, and in came the late R. T. Ellis, captain of the county team. The first ball of the match was a half-volley to leg, which he hit with beautiful accuracy, hard and low, straight into the hands of long-leg, who held it safely, though he could not have made three yards on either side, so fast came the ball. The rest of the side proceeded to demolish our bowling, while poor Ellis sat by regretting that leg-hitting was not yet a lost art. W. G.'s 'trap' is of course famous, and in the days of poor G. F. the catch came off occasionally; but I should like to know what each catch cost in runs sterling—there used to be a good many boundary hits made on that side. The 'obsolete draw,' as it is now jestingly called, deserves a word, as in the days of 'skimming' bowling it was much practised. The greatest exponent of it used to be Tom Hearne, and I dare say he could give an exhibition of how to do it even now. My own juvenile efforts in that direction were summarily nipped in the bud by an unappreciative school captain, who vowed that no one should get his colours who tried the stroke; but I remember F. E. Street, of the Uppingham eleven, getting a good many runs that way, and that is only about twenty-seven years ago, so that 'the draw' was not obsolete then, though moribund. The ball that Hearne 'drew' Daft dabbed under his leg—the *coup de chien*—and in his hands it was a pretty and an effectual stroke; yet few there be that find it; and with over-hand bowling, rising up sharply, it is too dangerous to contemplate. Besides this and 'the draw,' there was another weapon forged for the armoury of him for whom leg-hitting was not—viz. the 'Cambridge poke,' so called, I believe, in contemptuous irony; but ever since A. G. Steel has made a science of the stroke it has taken high honours, and K. S. Ranjitsinhji has brought it to perfection (though perhaps he knows not its name), and has glorified the 'poke' into a delicious, wristy hit. But then 'Ranjy's' wrists are not the wrists of ordinary erring mortal man.

But if leg-hitting, *pur et simple, sans peur et sans reproche*, be dead, still—peace be to its ashes!—it has found a goodly representative in the 'hook,' as invented by E. M. Grace, and possibly improved upon in these later days. To 'hook' a straight long-hop is delightful, but he who would taste the full sweetness

of the stroke should take to himself a slow bowler who prideth himself on his leg-break; *item*, let the aforesaid bowler deliver his curly ball outside the off-stump, well pitched up, for a catch in the slips from the bat of him who would incautiously essay to drive the ball to the off. Then let the batsman harden his heart, and bringing his left leg well across to the ball, hit beyond the toe thereof, with his bat horizontal, sweeping across from off to on. And if he accomplish his heart's desire, and the ball flies to square-leg as a stone from a sling, the batsman will have effected two strokes, the 'hook' and the leg-hit, in one; for is it not written in the book of the chronicles of cricket, by one W. G. Grace, 'If you would hit to leg, throw out your left leg and hit as near to the pitch as possible with a horizontal bat'? At this particular stroke W. G. is great, W. W. Read is greater, but O. G. Radcliffe is greatest.

There is a beautiful form of the square-leg hit which to my mind is the most delightful of all, perhaps because it sometimes comes off. It is made off a fair half-volley, just outside the legs, when the batsman draws himself straight up and literally *drives* the ball dead square with the line of the wickets. There is no sweep or mow about the stroke; it is a drive in the truest sense of the word, and the sensation has to be known to be appreciated. R. A. H. Mitchell and F. E. R. Fryer used to make the stroke to perfection, but Barnes was even better, I think. Talking to Alfred Shaw one day in the Sydney pavilion while Barnes was batting, I asked, 'Can Barney still hit to square-leg?' Shaw said, 'Oh yes!' and the words were hardly out of our mouths before the ball sailed majestically into the thick of the Grand Stand, at exact right angles to its original course when it left Spofforth's hands. 'Out of Lord's' is a fine hit, but 'Barney' —I have excellent authority for the statement—has cleared the tennis-court; but his most remarkable smite on that ground landed, travelling at a terrific pace, on the paving-stones in front of the tavern door, which it entered and passed clean through into the St. John's Wood Road among the cabs and policemen, having injured neither man nor bottle nor glass *en route*. This story sounds a little 'thick,' but I have unimpeachable authority for it. I once heard an opponent, who was being chaffed about his batting, remark, 'I know I can't bat; but if you only pitch them up on the off-side, they *do* go away to square-leg.' Consequently our bowlers were instructed to try him with a few 'off' half-volleys, and they certainly *did* go away right over square-leg's head, though naturally it didn't last long. But the

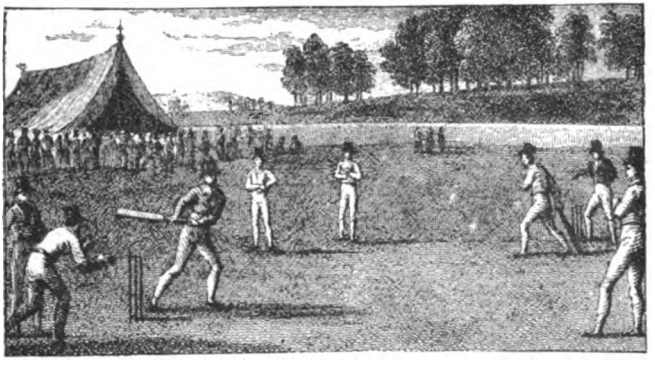
'curiousest' thing, as Alice would have said in Wonderland, was a remark I heard a man make in answer to a question whether he had ever made a hundred. 'No; but with slow bowling on a slow wicket I hope to do so yet.' The very next match of the tour produced the required conditions, and the 'century' was promptly forthcoming!

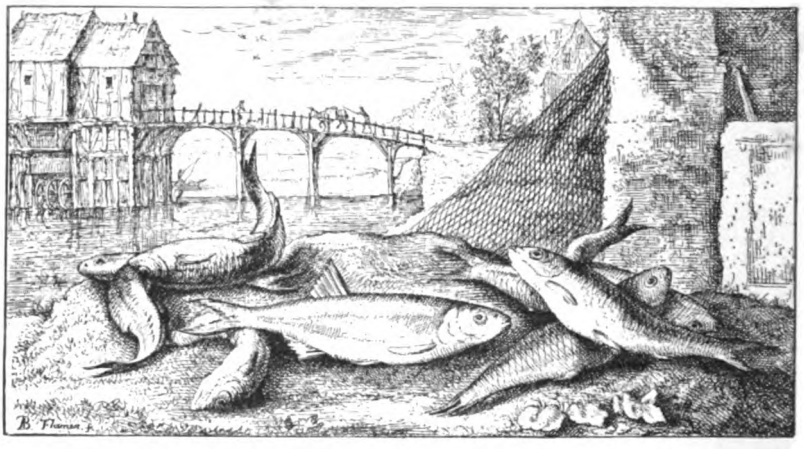
Left-handed men always seem to have a special gift in the direction of leg-hitting, and to have a larger swing than their right-handed rivals; possibly the almost universal break-back brings the ball on to the bat for them as they hit across for the stroke, and possibly they get more balls on the leg-side owing to the assiduous cultivation of 'off-theory' for right-handed men's benefit; and I can't help thinking that, *vice versâ*, left-handed bowlers used to get a large amount of punishment on that side. Alfred Lyttelton's leg-hit is famous, for he smote a slow bowler, A. H. Stratford, to long-leg and ran five runs before his attention could be drawn to the fact that in swinging round he had trodden on his wicket, and must consequently seek the seclusion which a pavilion grants.

Yes, leg-hitting must, from want of opportunity, be numbered among the lost arts, including the deep purple of old Worcester. Yet, as the writer on 'Batting' in the Badminton book on Cricket remarks, 'Young players in schools are certain to get plenty of convenient balls to hit,' so I will reproduce the advice an old cricketer gave me. 'Don't try to hit too hard to leg; rather make sure of hitting to leg at all. If you hit with a horizontal bat, stoop a little towards the ball; if with a straight bat, try to make a sort of drive of the hit, and it will go square, or rather square or fine, according as the bowling is fast, medium, or slow.' It is also worth while remembering that a few bowlers have an 'on-theory,' and set their field on that side to entrap the unwary. Cooper, the Australian, was one of these, and used to have some seven men on the on-side, but he was a pronounced failure in England. Giffen, I believe, sometimes tried the same dodge, and of course the slow, curly bowlers, of the type of G. H. S. Trott and E. A. Nepean, hope to get an occasional stroke of good luck in the long-leg direction, so that the cultivation of leg-hitting, and especially of placing the ball on that side, is not unimportant; but it is even more important to keep the right toe down, and not to let the bat swing one off one's balance. *À propos* of this, I was saying the other day, while this paper was half-written, to Prince Ranjitsinhji that I wondered no bowler ever tried to trap the batsman by bowling deliberately to leg, after a pre-arrange-

ment with the wicket-keeper, on the chance of a 'stump;' and he assured me that the South African bowlers often tried the dodge, and that he himself had the narrowest of escapes from being a victim to it. Needless to say, the wicket-keeper must be a man of much talent if the trick is to succeed.

A properly composed speech is expected to include a quotation, a story, and a joke. I don't intend to apply the word 'joke' to what follows here, but it hints at the form which a bowler's exasperation may take when he is hit to leg off the middle stump. A ruthless batsman had done this several times to a friend of mine, sweeping his best length balls in that direction, and by way of palliation had explained to the bowler that he thought it was 'the game.' 'I don't know,' replied my friend, 'whether it's "the game" or not; I only know that, according to the rules, it's *leg-hit-imate*;' and an awful pause ensued.





IN PETLAND

BY THE LADY MIDDLETON

WHEN were animals, in some fashion or kind, not friends of man? When our first father named them, one can picture him with his hand on the mane of the lion (or its equivalent), while a mammoth, if those creatures enjoyed the airs of Eden, laid its trunk playfully over his shoulder, and anigh some vast bird of early featherdom preened itself like a modern robin, saucily waiting its turn to claim a name. I once asked one of the greatest minds I ever knew, a dignitary of the Church, what he thought about a future for the higher animals. He replied he should be sorry to refuse it to them. Is it, I wonder, a common experience, or does it reveal special depravity of nature, but I find myself as I get on in life less tolerant to the human failings, more critical of, and repelled by, pride, jealousy, deceit in mankind; but infinitely more tender, more sympathetic, and attached to the 'lower' creation?

How early in existence is the cry for 'pets' heard! The child in its nurse's arms shows its first bright signs of intelligence when lifted to the cage of a shrilling canary, and, later, crows and chuckles at the gambols of kittens or the movements of the nursery dog. 'Pets' are the great relaxation of the schoolroom; when rabbits charm, when best loved is that keeper whose pouch produces a young hedgepig, a baby squirrel, or fledged rook,

half stunned by a fall from his wind-swayed castle-in-the-air. And in later life, if it's only a dog or a bird, very few care to be without animal interest.

I have ever found that when surrounded by small friends clamouring for a story, their belongings of advanced years and

both sexes will lay down book or paper, and listen with nearly as much interest as the juniors to my tales of 'Petland;' so I have sketched a few experiences which may give a little relaxation to the magazine reader of more valuable and solid articles.

The earliest pet I recall was received on my third birthday in the shape of a very small, shaggy black Shelt, Dick by name, and

chiefly composed of tail and mane. I remember now the joyous excitement with which I beheld him led by my father up a flight of steps to the front door of our then home. We were only there a short time, and I recall nothing of the house but those steps, because of Dick.

I and my successive brothers learnt to ride upon him. We two eldest began in panniers; and how vividly after long years comes back to me the '*creak-a-creak*,' the jogging of the voluminous mane, the strong whiff of 'stable' shed by his unkempt coat (for Dick lived in the field, and got but little grooming all his life), as our nurse led the procession through the piney woods of the North countree! Many important events of life are less vivid than that impression on the child senses of the Dick-pannier period.

The Dick period *in toto* was a long one; for though he was nominally 'cast' from a circus for age, when bought for us, he only died in recent years, and must have been well into the forties. When we had all learned to ride on him, been run away with by him, tumbled off him, and finally outgrown him, he was lent to some smaller cousins who lived about six miles off. He constantly escaped, and came back. No gate fastenings restrained him; he seemed to overcome or circumvent all, and it was firmly believed in the countryside that he climbed five-barred gates (he certainly couldn't have jumped them, being very small and quite old). One night a groom was awakened by a noise in the stable below, and, going down to investigate, found Mr. Dick had arrived, got the corn-bin open, and was feasting! How he opened the door of the stable no one tried to conjecture, and the lid of the bin was very heavy. Dick died of sheer old age, but only quite latterly became unsafe to ride.

Later, a small hill farmer on the estate gave a larger steed to my eldest brother, who soon handed him on to No. 2. This was a wildish fellow, who, however, speedily found his match in 'Tommy.' The boy used to play the maddest pranks, pretending to be an Indian, hunting in the great woods round home; yelling and whooping, and throwing himself across the saddle on his stomach, shooting in imagination at supposititious game; or hanging to hide beside his cantering steed. A great game was chevying the rough Highland cattle in the park, and, despite my superior years and gentler sex, I sometimes joined the sport. But Tommy would tire of these jokes, and choosing his moment and a soft spot, would suddenly drop on his knees, shoot the Wild Hunter of the Prairies over his head, and trot quietly home. Or, if the evolutions slackened girths, &c., and the

boy got off to right matters, the steed would twitch the reins out of his master's hand, and bolt. As we were often miles from home, there was nothing for it but that the stranded sportsman should get up behind me, and my cob bear the double burden. More than once was Tommy's master rather badly hurt, on one occasion especially when his steed used a low bough to sweep his cumber; till at last the pair were severed by parental command, and Tommy died soon after of some internal trouble.

My above-mentioned cob was a very handsome animal given to me by an old master blacksmith, who was one of the Clan, and was more than once a guest at home. A real old gentleman he was too. His loyal devotion to my father and all that belonged to him was feudal, and many a laugh we had at my small and crawling brother commanding Donald C—— to follow him through the knee-hole of a writing-table, and at the real distress of the huge Celt finding he couldn't possibly obey the wishes of the chief's son.

The cob was called after the donor, Donald. I do not think he had ever been really broken; and I, fearless and ignorant, made a poor rough-rider. I taught Donald many tricks, among others to rear at the word of command. Ere long he didn't wait for the word, and played the game in his own fashion and at his own time. I remember his taking me a weary while riding to the town, six miles distant along a hard road. He started rearing savagely, bolt upright, clanging his forefeet together determinedly, and then standing sullen, till a carter, going the same route, came up and used his long whip.

Master Donald then clattered off at a gallop, but shortly halted, and started the erect game once more, till the friendly yokel and his whip again reached us. In this way only could I attain my journey's end. He came home quietly enough.

I had many misadventures with the brute, who was undoubtedly vicious, and whose rearing might have ended seriously for me; for once, missing his balance, he fell back, happily into a big snowdrift, and neither of us was hurt. Coaxing the frightened groom to secrecy, I continued to 'enjoy' my ill-behaved charger a while longer, when one day a cousin, to whom I had described his capabilities in the rearing line, laughingly observed that the horse was too fat to rear. In an instant Master Donald's hoofs clanged over the head of the giber, who wisely 'peached;' and my father, considering that a less tricky steed was better for a girl who rode alone in lonesome woods or by river precipices, ordered the sale of my still favourite. We last heard of

Donald drawing a trap in Glasgow and bearing a very bad character.

I had many bird pets in my early youth, but now do not care for caged wings, or prisoned melody. Wires should rather free music, and wings should win heaven (or as near as may be). A darling canary used to sit on my head and peck sugar at our schoolroom meals; but a careless maid left the cage on the floor, and all that remained of Dicky in the morning was a few feathers. A prowling rat was believed to be the assassin. This maid was the author of more grief, for she left a cage containing a pair of canaries on the balcony to get sunned one lovely day, and on our return from our outing we found the poor wee hen half dragged between the bars of her cage, stone dead, while her spouse cowered at the bottom of the cage, chirpless with terror. A soaring hawk must have deemed the birds, isolated by the down-drawn blind, safe prey, and been scared too late from his intended meal.

When my brother went to school I often wandered alone, bird's-nesting, and was frequently accompanied by pet lambs (we were not at that period allowed dogs, my mother imagining she disliked them, though late in life she became their devoted slave). I had successions of pet lambs, and loved them; but they always grew up uninteresting, and were handed over to the shepherd and oblivion.

The chief bird pet of my life in notoriety and interest was a raven. We—my husband and I—bought him in Leadenhall Market with the down of youth among his feathers; we brought him home to Yorkshire and called him Grip. He was a sapient fowl and a past master in mischief. At first we gave him full liberty, but rued our confidence; for after several misdemeanours he culminated his crimes by flying up into a guest's bedroom window, picked every cork and stopper out of all bottles, spoilt a gown lying on the bed, and damaged her property generally. So we clipped his wings and confined his misconduct to the ground floor. He used to hop about with his head on one side eerily watching one's every move. One day I had laboured in the heat to arrange my flowers in hall and drawing-room, and then went for a stroll. On my return Grip was basking in the sun half asleep, so virtuous in aspect that with misgivings I entered the house.

Every flower was out of every vase, the little vases all on the floor—strange to say unbroken—the larger ones all upset. A favourite fan was picked to shreds, all the letter weights gone,

and other mischiefs perpetrated. Grip must have been diligent, for my absence was brief.

After that we wired the lower windows. My husband's room had a glass door, from which steps went down towards the stables. On cold winter nights we would hear a tap-tapping, like Poe's bird, on the glass, and the opened door admitted Grip glistening with

HE WOULD NIP THE MOST PROMINENT TAIL IN HIS STRONG BILL

wet. He did not remark 'Nevermore,' but proceeded to mount the back of the chair nearest the fire, and shake and preen himself till he was dry. Then he would jump down and seek occasion of mischief all round the room, till we tired of herding him, and once more committed him to the outer dark. He used

to carry things off and hide them; a big muff of mine, thrice his own size, suffered from a two days' exposure in a distant field.

But Grip was best fun with seven black colley pups, when these were old enough to play in the back premises. I believe he was jealous of them, for they attracted much attention. If a hapless pup got anything to play with, Grip at once took its toy away; and if the pack started in lumbering pursuit of the treasure, the raven would turn, cowering and fluttering, and, opening wide his beak, would croak and scream in ludicrous 'Can't you let a poor d——l alone?' fashion. If the pups blundered at play together, rolling over in heaps, Grip saw his chance, and, hopping sideways, would bustle up to the palpitating pile, and nip the most prominent tail in his strong bill, till the insulted puppy, yelping with pain, assaulted whichever of his brethren came nearest as the offender. Meantime Grip, retired and apart, sat looking as if such games made him sad—till he saw his next opportunity.

I once bought a little grey and red parrot at a big store. She seemed quiet, and I thought she was shy, but soon found she was ill. She took to me at once—ate from my hand, and, as her ailment increased, would feebly flap her downy wings for me to take her out of her cage, when she would nestle on my arm like a sick child. She was a piteous little parrot, and I sat up most of two nights with her, trying all remedies; she seemed to appeal for comfort, and really wish to live. But her doom was sealed when I bought her, and she died within a week.

I have since heard—and if true, so horrible a scandal demands attention—that these parrots are imported into Europe under conditions worthy only of a slave dhow! Packed by hundreds in the holds of ships, they are given food, but no water. With the seeds of typhoid well planted in their systems, the wretched survivors of this bird-hell reach the cold climate of Britain to die of consumption and fever, after taxing for a brief period the care and feelings of their unlucky purchasers. Never again will I buy a parrot that has not been 'personally conducted' from his own land, and I advise all readers never to embark in a bird of unknown antecedents.

'Apes and peacocks' go together. I have enjoyed both, and as peacocks belong to the bird section of pets, I will only say that my present old Billy eats out of my hand, spreads his glorious fan out for my edification, and is very jealous of a young peahen we have lately offered him to wive.

But apes—*i.e.* monkeys—never again! The ancient Egyptians, I believe, considered them unlucky, and I think I have a super-

stition about them. We were yachting in the Mediterranean, and took a fancy to have a monkey on board. One was brought: a gentle monkey, who played sadly about the deck and rigging in a deprecating manner. The only interest he betrayed was in a tin box with a glass lid, wherein I kept some lovely green grasshoppers I had captured on the African coast.

One day we returned from an absence just in time to see the thigh of the last grasshopper sticking out of Jacko's mouth. He left.

At Malta they brought a small lady, a *green monkey* with a long tail. We named her Jean. She sat gibbering with rage and terror, chained up, but directly I appeared on board sprang into my arms and claimed her own sex's protection. It took me at once, and she became our property, living with us for some years, and eventually dying of a very 'human' tumour; so said our doctor. There was a weird humanity about the little thing; she always struck me as longing wistfully to be something more. She was tempersome and impatient of contradiction like a spoiled child, and when thwarted jabbered and stuttered at you, till on a sudden, thinking better of it, she would spring to your arms and cuddle with shut eyes, making a coaxing noise. But soon, on the call of mischief's spirit, she would again away.

Mischief!—she was the spirit itself. When out of a big cage in the workroom where we kept her she was always on a chain. Her pet diversion was to frisk innocently with a kitten, or my poodle, and suddenly, with a whirl of her whole self, send books, china, everything off the nearest accessible table. And the little brute was strong, too! Once I left the room after chaining her to a heavy chair. I heard a crash, and returned to find the miscreant had somehow dragged her chair to a table, caught the cloth; and books, papers, inkstand, lay on the floor, while Jean sat in a pool of ink chewing a quill, and crowing *sotto voce* with delight.

She bit freely, and most people who meddled with her—save my husband, whom she adored, and myself—suffered from those sharp little teeth. She disliked children, and especially those with black stockings. Our friends didn't love her.

Professor Blackie was once staying with us. Getting warm on his subject—Socrates—he disregarded my anxious warnings, and prancing about in his excited fashion, got near the fender to which Jean was chained. She watched him with her sharp beady eyes for a few moments, and then made for his legs. He changed the subject and his position—when I got her off.

Jean loved to be taken a walk down the garden wall on autumn evenings to stalk (and eat) daddy-long-legs. She was very dexterous and nippy. When in a real passion she was a shocking spectacle; she raved, screeched, quivered, and finally danced with fury, till, as if shocked at her own madness, she would rush and hide herself in our arms. She and the poodle had rare romps, generally ending in a row. But poodle never hurt Jean; though that vixen tore its curls mercilessly. The monkey had a horrid habit of nibbling her own tail-end, and we had to cut off the bitten bit till its length was much diminished. Poor little stormy, cuddling ape; we miss her yet, but will never replace her! One cannot teach them to be clean, and they are wildly mischievous.

I remember a prim and solemn butler exploding into laughter behind my chair when the small wretch, after watching me for a while, suddenly clambered up, clutched the wineglass I was raising to my mouth, and drank out of it just as we would. In a few moments Jean was not *quite* sober!

Once a brother of mine climbed a tree on a lake-island to reach a squirrel's nest, my father having got desperate at the damage these pretty mischiefs did to his woods. Four young squirrels jumped from the nest; he caught two, and brought them home to me. One died, but the other became a real pet. It would clamber all about us, and romp through the rooms as if they, and not the woods, were its habitat by nature. We got a squirrel cage for it, but I don't like the wheel; and I think it compels the animal to take more than enough exercise. 'Scug' was very fond of romping round a large dining-room while we were at meals, provoking one to chase him, bolting with a whisk of his brush, and then rushing for refuge into the skirt of one's gown. He would scramble up the cloth on to the table, seize what pleased him, and hide the remains of his bit of cucumber or celery in the *chignons* of the family heads. He loved climbing the curtains to the cornices of very high windows; and this, I fear, caused his death, for he once fell, and though at the time we noticed nothing, he had injured his wee leg, and died some little time after.

I must have been very hard up for a pet when I chose a hedgehog. He was a mere infant when I acquired him, and soon ate from my hand, preferring, we noticed, underdone game, and only then showed signs of liveliness. He was called 'Agamemnon the Hedgepig' to give him distinction, as he had none of his own. Once I was playing with him on the seashore, and bethought me of giving him a wash in a lovely clear pool of

MY PETS IN THE GARDEN

salt water. He swam out splendidly, but oh! the awful stench that came out with him! I looked everywhere for the decomposing fish that must cause it. But on trying the experiment a second time, I found it was the conjunction of Hedgepig and sea-water that was unsavoury. I wonder why?

Agamemnon was so stupid that, if he hung himself, as sometimes happened, on the corner of the tin-box where I made his bed, he just let himself hang till released, with never a struggle. At last, tired of his inanity, we turned him loose in the garden, where, I fear, some ill befell him, as remains of his kind were found in the strawberry-bed next season. Perhaps he had a surfeit.

We had a fox once, called Charley, who was amusing in his way, but being chained to a kennel at the back of the house, caused me nasal anguish. He bit every one who went near enough, except his master (whose nose, by the way, he once scratched), and he loathed the fox-terriers. It was funny to see him enticing them near by lying on his back and mournfully crying, as if in suffering. When the inquisitive dogs came within reach, he jumped up and nipped their legs. But I object to foxes as pets, for fear of rabies especially; and they do smell horribly, so they are best reserved for their *raison d'être*—the 'Sport of Kings.'

The poodle I have named as chum to Jean the ape was a superlative poodle. You could teach her anything. Her name was really 'Cleopatra,' but we reserved that for Sunday use, finding 'Patty' more manageable for daily wear. She would spring at a bound on to the back of Jack—an enormous donkey we owned—who bore the assault tranquilly. A tiny fox-terrier pup became so devoted to her that we named him 'Anthony'—and the pair were inseparable. Once the poodle had an unauthorised family, and her motherly instinct, I suppose, taught her to bring to her offspring poultry from village hen-roosts. We never could catch her in the act; and it was not till I had to replace several purloined fowls that my brother-in-law and I fairly met her slinking along with a fine young cock in her mouth. Away ran my companion, intercepted her, and gave her a good thrashing with her dead prey, which was afterwards tied head and feet to her neck and tail, and left as a fearsome companion till next morning.

Patty never looked a fowl in the face again; but she was a desperate poacher, and was often companied on marauding expeditions by a beautiful black colley dog, of a breed we have owned for generations. They are, I believe, the original of all the colley

breeds, and are now rare. They are quite black, and go grey about the muzzle at an early age. They never yap, a horrid attribute of most colleys; are wonderfully intelligent, and can be taught anything. Spy, the ancestor of our dogs, was my husband's inseparable companion, and best loved to accompany him deer-stalking. He grew to understand the very science of the sport, and would watch and imitate every move of the stalker, crawling, or ducking, or making a rush silently and cautiously, when the ground permitted, just as he saw his master do. Spy was lost most sadly out of a walled park, near a large town, and no advertising or search ever brought us word of him.

His son Gillie was equally devoted. His master had a long illness, and was ten months in London. The dog had evidently given him up as lost, and when we returned home, came to see who was being carried into the house. When the fact struck him, I shall never forget the scene. The dog simply went mad, and screaming with joy, before any of us could stop him, sprang on to the stretcher, and lay *on* the patient, licking and crying, to our terror; nor could we for some time reduce him to reasoning.

After this he never would leave his master, but would follow the long spinal carriage even into church, and lay beneath it in the aisle. One day, however, he suddenly bethought him that the clergyman was a friend, and marched up the altar steps wagging his tail, to the utter demoralisation of all the choir boys. After that, he was allowed no further than the porch.

Once my husband had been drawn to the farm, and was a long time in the yard talking to his bailiff. The man who drew the carriage had meantime gone to another part of the farm, and up a stair to the saddler's shop. The bailiff having been dismissed, Gillie's master looked round for the servant, and remarked out loud, calling him by name, that he was ready to go. Up got the dog, ran off and up the stair, jumped on to the man, and showed him so plainly he was wanted that he at once rejoined the carriage.

Some strange companions—I can't call them pets—we once had on our Mediterranean yachting trip.

Steaming along on a glassy swell, from the poetic isle Majorca to her sister Minorca, we observed great turtles basking on the water, apparently asleep in the sunshine. We stopped our engines and sent out two men in the dingy and proceeded to watch the novel (to us) sport of turtle-stalking. Creeping up behind the sleeping monster, one man kneeling in the stern stooped, and as his companion backed the boat up to the quarry, jerked it over

with a clever movement of hands under the body. Once on its back, a turtle is helpless, and was pulled on board with some trouble, as they were largish reptiles and heavy. Several of the basking brutes had only one eye shut, and dived as the boat neared them, but five or six were captured.

On returning to Algiers we tried to eat one, with the aid of a friend's Italian cook, but found it decidedly nasty, and learned later that the hawk-bill turtle, to which species our prey belonged, are not edible.

I have broken my heart over leverets, which you can love at any given moment in their career. They are seductive! I found they died in a week, and were too young to suit strange conditions. But they are real pets. One baby, brought to me by a keeper, was rather indignant at first, so we put him in a big hamper, after feeding him with what little milk he would take. Next morning I was playing with him before I got up, by a long thread of thick wool round his neck. He came slowly up from the foot of the bed and sat on my chest for a minute, looking. Then distinctly implying 'You don't look nice!' sprang at my face and bit the chin. He was about the size of my fist.

That evening he would play on the dinner-table and run races on the billiard-table with us round it. For one short week he was a joy, then one morning he lay dead in his hamper. I got the doctor to 'post-mortem' him, and he said the treasure had died of inanition and false conditions of life. In a word, he was too young. I haven't tried one since; it is too painful to lose them.

I quite forgot in writing of black colley dogs to mention one lovely dame of the race called 'Lassie.' She was owned by a shepherd lad in the West, from whom we bought her. She was only three-footed, having lost the other in a trap, in which the poor brute had languished fourteen days. 'She came back thin as a rail,' said her owner calmly.

I should think it probable. What a story of lonely days of hunger, and nights of suffering, the poor dog could have told! Lassie had evidently been accustomed, after the fashion of Highland sheepdogs, to 'fend' for herself a good deal, and catch trout for food. She would linger for hours watching the gold-fish in a small lawn tank, and it was a lovely sight to see her when my husband told her to herd the fallow deer in the park like sheep, 'mousing' as she obeyed. Gently and quietly she circled round the deer, pushing them unconsciously onward in the required direction, while she hunted every tussock of grass, every tuft of bracken for prey, deceiving the deer into the belief that she was

taking no notice of them whatever, and that her whole soul was absorbed in smaller game.

But if an impudent fawn gambolled off with a mind of its own, Lassie was on the alert in an instant, and the mutineer was speedily sent back to his place in the ranks. All was done noiselessly, and in such a businesslike and ladylike way, it was a treat to witness.

My Petland yarns must come to an end, or I could speak of many more, from the wee mouse that popped from a hole near the fireplace to join in our schoolroom tea, and would eat its portion of bread and marmalade as we ate ours, watching us with its black-bead eyes, ready to bolt if we did anything unusual; to the field-mice I kept in a box and dubbed Judith and Holofernes. They soon died though, probably overweighted by their names. Swans, who used to march solemnly up from the stewponds below the house, and receive doles of bread, which they only ate with comfort when we put the dog's water-trough outside, wherein they might moisten each mouthful before swallowing.

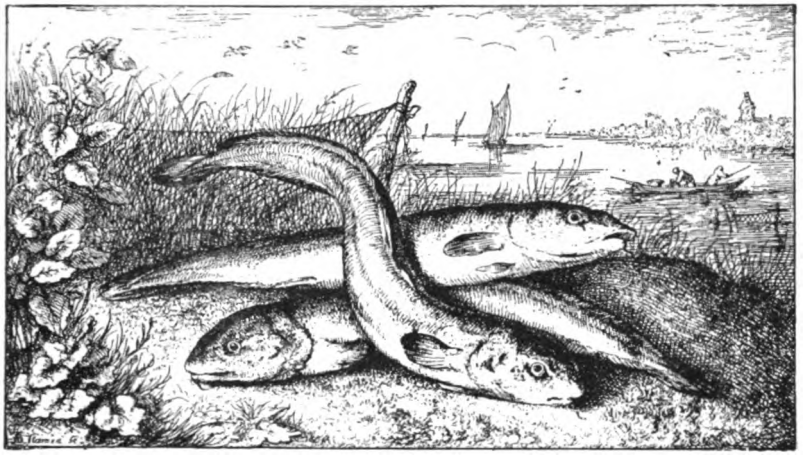
Cats—delightful pets I think, though it is years since I had one, and if I have another it shall be one of the grand white Persians I saw lying on Dr. Erasmus Wilson's hearthrug, when I went one winter's morning to consult the great Egyptologist on my falling hair. I shall never forget that experience. The great man sat in a room whose temperature could not have been under 70° wrapped in a huge sealskin coat, while on the hearthrug basked several magnificent white Persian pussies.

'Wash your head!' said the great man; 'never! Look at those cats, see their fur; they never wash!' (I still *do* wash my head however!)

In this stewing heat Dr. Erasmus kept me a whole hour, reading me page on page of his work about Egypt, on which he was then engaged, and my errand was forgotten by us both.

The present novelty in pets is a pure white Egyptian ass, of the highest type and breed; a gift as a foal from the late Sir William Mackinnon, who had a stud of these fine animals in Argyleshire. Mombassa II. has ears like wings, but as he is only three years old, he is not yet remarkable for characteristics —mentally speaking.

Well! one may go on till 'yarns' become mere 'havers,' so I will stop; but as many pets as you will, say I, always with the proviso, however, that they are rightly cared for and considerately treated, else they are as harmful to the morale of their owners as is misusage to their own being.



HAWLEYANA

BY THE EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE

A GENERATION has arisen that knew not (Sir) Joseph, but for the survivors of the one that did Mr. Porter's vivid reminiscences of his stable make us, after the manner of the Shakespearian chorus—

> Think when he talks of horses that we see them
> Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth,
> . . . . . jumping o'er times,
> Turning the accomplishment of many years
> Into an hour-glass.

We are carried back in memory to Newmarket, Ascot, and other courses whose turf received the imprint of those proud hoofs; and most interesting is it, with these revelations of home doings before us, to follow the clue thus given, and see how far were foreshadowed the public results of private efforts, or, to put it simply, note what a master craftsman was Sir Joseph at trying, placing, and backing his horses, and how, in his case at any rate, wisdom was for the most part justified of her children.

In order to make this sufficiently clear to those who may not have read 'Kingsclere,' it will be best to quote *verbatim* from that work wherever the trials are given—it is much to be regretted that there are so few of them.

In 1867 Porter, whose only employer was then Sir Joseph Hawley, had amongst others under his charge three two-year-olds, Rosicrucian, Blue Gown, and Green Sleeve, and an old trial horse, Xi, about the top of the handicap tree as a sprinter, and in Porter's judgment one of the most absolutely trustworthy animals for putting a question that ever was stripped. He always got at the truth, and it was in consequence of a very satisfactory spin with him—curiously omitted from the book—that early in the above-mentioned year Sir Joseph resolved to run Blue Gown at the Ascot Spring Meeting—which, by the way, had only been started the previous year, and was not renewed after the one in question. On the principle of the more the merrier, Xi and Satyr went to keep the two-year-old company, and each of the three won a race; in the case of Blue Gown, though it was his maiden effort, his reputation had preceded him, and the odds were 6 to 4 on him.

Perhaps it would be better to say here at once, before going further into the story of those far-off days, that Mr. Byron Webber, who is Porter's collaborator and interpreter, would have done wisely to have left betting alone—*i.e.* to have refrained from giving details or indeed touching upon Sir Joseph's transactions in that line. It is no part of a trainer's duty to know anything about his employer's betting, and, as Sir Joseph was not a communicative man, Porter probably knew very little of that part of the business—anyhow what Mr. Webber says as to the wagering is generally wrong. One or two instances will suffice. Naturally he alludes, though only incidentally, to Argonaut's City and Suburban in 1865, and says 'the stable were not at all sanguine, a conclusion at which he arrives from the starting price—25 to 1. Now as a matter of fact Sir Joseph was very sanguine indeed, and he was 'his own stable' if ever a man was in the world. The story is rather a curious one, as illustrating the virtue and reward of patience.

His commissioner, whose task was a heavy one, having sounded the Ring, was satisfied that they had not laid, wanted to lay, but were not yet up to the 33 to 1 mark at which he aimed. Up went the numbers, and still he made no sign. Sir Joseph returned from the paddock, sought him out, and said, 'Well, is it on?' 'Not a penny,' was the reply. Then there was an outburst. 'What are you about? I shall win, and win nothing—the old story. My fathers!' (a favourite adjuration), &c. &c. He was told, 'Make yourself easy; it will be all right.' And he returned growling to the Admiral's stand. Meanwhile the horses had gone to the post, and, not-

withstanding his assurance, the commissioner began to be a trifle nervous. So he once more approached the bookmakers, who at last, not at all wishing to miss the horse, opened out, and laid a few thousands to thirty. At that moment there was a cry of 'They're off,' and it did look as if the Baronet was to be justified in his pessimism. It was, however, a false start and alarm, and, to cut the story short, before the flag fell the whole of the commission was executed at the satisfactory average of over 25 to 1.

Argonaut won, and Sir Joseph descended still fuming from his perch, rushed up to his friend, and began at once: 'Of course I'm not on—won nothing, of course?' but the answer, 'Every shilling is on, and at a much better price than you deserve for your impatience and want of faith,' quickly turned mourning into joy, and once more everything was *couleur de* cherry.

Again, the story of Satyr's Hunt Cup is wonderful enough, but it is not the case, as Mr. Webber declares it to be, that the horse was sent to Ascot for hedging purposes, though hedging was found impossible, for he was not backed at all by Sir Joseph till about two hours before the start for the race, when a fair price ranging from 20 to 12 to 1 was realised. Satyr was undoubtedly infirm, but is not his condition just a little exaggerated? Moreover, it is not at all within my recollection of Sir Joseph's character that he was a man to go in for the sort of hedging thus attributed to him, which in fact would amount to little less than laying against one out of his own stable that he knew to have no chance.

The bet made with Mr. Chaplin at Sir F. Johnstone's dinner-party—Palmer *v.* Hermit—was 20,000*l.*, *not* 50,000*l.*, as stated by Mr. Webber, a difference which may seem hardly worth cavil—on paper—but becomes very material on settling day. Furthermore, the Champagne Stakes' starting price was not 2 to 1 *on* Blue Gown but 2 to 1 *against*. Sir Joseph had 1,000*l.* on at 5 to 2; still, the 3,600*l.* which Wells cost him on that occasion comes tolerably near to Mr. Webber's figure.

But enough has been said to prove the contention that the authors of 'Kingsclere' would have done well to leave the betting book out of their records. Let us return to the mighty pair, the *Dioscuroi* of Kingsclere—Rosicrucian and Blue Gown. The latter's next effort was not a success, for at Bath he was beaten by Lady Elizabeth and Grimston, who were both real flyers then. What a roar there was when her ladyship just got home! There could be no doubt that Danebury and Badminton had the *claque* on their side, and what a rush the Hastingsites made to

the Duke's luncheon room to drink the winner's health! To do them justice, they were always ready for that—win or lose.

Blue Gown's running—he was third—was quite good enough to tell them at home what they wanted to know about Rosicrucian, who acquitted himself so well in the trial that Sir Joseph, who had a special partiality for maiden plates, entered him for the one which invariably formed part of Tuesday's programme at the Ascot Summer Meeting. There were twenty-two starters, but the public, as usual, knew as much or more than the owner, and declaring themselves on at once, the betting actually opened at 2 to 1 against Rosicrucian. Sir F. Johnstone, then a very heavy bettor, soon came to the rescue of the market with a horse called Banditto, and Sir Joseph at last contrived to invest his monkey at 4 to 1 or a trifle over. Wells had the mount, and appeared to be winning in a canter, when in the last few strides he was nearly caught by Lord Stamford's Charnwood, owing to the saddle slipping round, or, as the jockey put it: 'I finished on the horse's back, and the saddle was under his belly.' It did not so appear to the spectators, and Wells was ever a little prone to the picturesque in narrative.

Blue Gown followed up the luck by easily defeating his erstwhile conqueror Grimston, on whom they laid 6 to 4, in the Fernhill, and Sir Joseph from that moment became convinced that he had a real good horse in Rosicrucian, a belief from which it is well known nothing ever made him swerve for an instant. The next appearance of Blue Gown was at Doncaster in the historical Champagne Stakes, the weighing-in for which Mr. Webber describes most graphically, though he does not mention the excellent advice given by 'one of the crowd.' It was a very hot day, the little weighing room was crammed with excited on-lookers, and Wells as he sat in the scales, knowing and dreading what was to come, fairly dripped with perspiration, when an encouraging voice from the back shouted, 'Sit tight, Tiny, you'll soon be the right weight.' Unluckily sufficient time was not allowed for the Turkish bath; at that instant the Admiral strode in, the fatal 2 lb. was placed in the scale, and—bump went Wells. Rous, on the spur of the moment, exclaiming in his most majestic manner, 'Seven pounds over weight, I should think.' Now this random utterance, as such utterances often do, took hold of men's minds. It was more than once quoted by the newspapers during the winter, the public caught on to it, and it had considerable effect in causing their persistent backing of Blue Gown for the Derby; the fact that on the Friday in that

Doncaster week he had in Custance's hands been easily beaten by Pace, Courtmantle, and others, and was last of the lot, influenced his admirers not at all; they merely said that Wells was the only jockey who could ride him.

Then came the preparation for that marvellous Newmarket campaign, and the trial thus fully given in 'Kingsclere':

Rosicrucian, 2 yrs., 8 st. 4 lb.	1
Green Sleeve, 2 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb.	2
Blue Gown, 2 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb.	3
Xi, 4 yrs., 9 st. 8 lb.	4

A length, five lengths, and a length being the separating distances.

With no wish to be hypercritical, it is yet impossible to overlook Mr. Webber's vagueness as to Xi's age. He is described as two years old in 1866, but in 1867 he becomes six years *and* four years old, which latter he actually was. Anyhow, his private and public form were unimpeachable, so that allowing 3 lb. for a length, Rosicrucian came out actually 3 lb. better than the old one, and Green Sleeve only 6 lb. worse. Truly an incredible smartness, had not subsequent performances proved it to be correct.

Without needlessly dilating on the series of triumphs during what must have been the best week Sir Joseph ever had, for are they not written in the book of 'Kingsclere'? one or two little items I would fain interpolate. *Pace* Porter.—Was not a mare called Adosinda in that great trial—beaten off? Certainly Sir Joseph took her to Newmarket, as I had believed more or less to check the home gallop. He put her into a maiden plate of 70*l.*, winner to be sold for 100*l.*, a race of no public interest whatever had not Lord Hastings selected it for one of his 10,000*l.* plunges with a filly Naïveté by name, who was done a neck by Lord G. Manners' St. Angela, and only beat Adosinda by a head. After the race Lord Hastings made eager inquiry as to this mare's form, and was greatly disappointed at hearing that she was a very bad one. Sir Joseph, needless to say, was rather more than satisfied.

Neither do our authors lay sufficient stress on the *quality* of the field which was behind Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian in the Middle Park, though it is made clear that Rosicrucian ought to have won easily, and that Huxtable thought he had done so. To begin with Lady Elizabeth—she was unbeaten, and had already placed eleven consecutive races to Lord Hastings' account, nor can it be urged that she was training off in the least; on the contrary, she was in her very best form, which she proved two

days later by beating Julius (the 8 st. winner of the Cesarewitch) by a head over six furlongs; the weights were Julius 8 st. 11 lb., Lady Elizabeth 8 st. 2 lb. With Julius had already been tried Lady Coventry, who was allowed 6 lb., whom Matthew Dawson considered a certainty, and who had been backed by the Duke of Newcastle accordingly. Formosa, the winner of the next year's Oaks, had also pleased her people at home, and there were one or two other good public performers, so that the field was of quite unique excellence. There was a difficulty about getting jockeys for the Kingsclere pair, overcome, as we have been told, and a further difficulty in the way of Sir Joseph getting his heavy commission executed, as Lord Hastings had paralysed the market by publicly stating that unless he could bet 20,000*l.* even on his mare she should not run. The Ring were not at all eager to accommodate him—they had suffered much punishment through Lady Elizabeth—but at last Stephenson came to the rescue. He was a big bookmaker, and was then managing Formosa, whose chance he highly esteemed; furthermore, he had been privately assured that Lady Coventry and Sir Joseph's pair were to be heavily backed, so he knew there was something for the book, and accordingly offered 5,000*l.* even, others of the fraternity followed suit, and Lord Hastings got his 20,000*l.* level. For the obliging disposition thus shown, these layers were not left without reward; 3 to 1 was immediately taken about Lady Coventry, 5 to 1 about Sir Joseph's two, and 100 to 8 Formosa, with eleven others to run for them.

It must not be supposed that Lord Hastings contented himself with the 20,000*l.* of the ultimatum; he had another 10,000*l.* on, *anyhow*, and as the public followed suit, the betting assumed gigantic proportions—a record even for those days, and far beyond anything dreamt of in this 'paltry, thin-faced time of ours,' so Sir Joseph and his adherents were able to win a very large stake.

Kenyon and Huxtable had orders to come away from end to end, for fear they might be done on the post by Fordham in a run home for speed, and also on the chance that Lady Elizabeth might show temper in a fast race and fail to stay. There was no drawing for places then; when the flag fell the two occupied the extreme outside berths, and were lengths ahead on coming into the bottom. How wise were these tactics is proved by 'The Demon's' own description. 'When I saw them begin riding against each other, you know, I felt, you know, that I had got a chance, but, you know, I never could get at them.' Lucky for them that he could not.

Let us see how this form works out as regards Rosicrucian, and proves what a sure foundation his owner had for the belief that the black was not only the best of his year, but far away the best horse he ever possessed. He was, indeed, the biggest of all the giants, yet he escaped being ever selected as Admiral Rous's annual 'horse of the century, sir.'

As a rule we have each year a two-year-old who more or less stands out from those of his own age, but in favour of Rosicrucian a record handicap can be proved. Speed was supposed to be the strong point of Julius, though he had won the Cesarewitch with 8 st. At 9 lb. Lady Elizabeth defeated him by a head over six furlongs. Rosicrucian, receiving 4 lb. from her, gave her at least a 7 lb. beating in the Middle Park Plate, thus making himself 3 lb. the better of the two; putting Lady Elizabeth's head victory in the match at 1 lb., the weights came out Julius 8 st., Rosicrucian 7 st. 9 lb., so that as a matter of speed Rosicrucian could have won the Cesarewitch at that weight.

Audacious though this statement may seem, it can be corroborated. In the Criterion he beat Leonic—a mare belonging to the Duke of Hamilton—in a canter, and she, within a fortnight from that time, beat Knight of the Garter, 3 yrs., at 19 lb., and Liddington, 5 yrs., at 25 lb. (he was third in the Two Thousand of his year, beaten only two necks from Gladiateur, and was a smasher over a short course), with consummate ease by four lengths. Knight of the Garter went on to Liverpool and won the Autumn Cup with 7 st. 11 lb., and afterwards the Warwick Welter with 11 st. 9 lb., so that following the previous line of argument, it is clear that Rosicrucian, as far as speed was concerned, could have won both these races at those identical weights, and this form was verified by his subsequent career as well as by the wonderful performances in 1868 of his trial horses, Xi, Blue Gown, and The Palmer. That he never distinguished himself in public during that year is amply accounted for by the attack of influenza from which he suffered during the winter. It is only marvellous that he should have done what he did in the spring at home when tried with Blue Gown and The Palmer on the memorable occasion of the imprisonment of the touts.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER

Rosicrucian, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	1
Blue Gown, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	2
The Palmer, 4 yrs., 9 st. 10 lb.	3

Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third.

Porter himself rode The Palmer in this spin, which was on May 12th, though he does not mention the fact in his book; but what is still more curious is, that he says nothing about the Derby trial (the one just recorded was for the Two Thousand) on May 21st, which told them clearly enough that the black was amiss, either from the winter illness or the gallop of the 12th, or both. This trial is given in the Racing volume of the 'Badminton Library' and was as follows:

ONE MILE AND A HALF

Green Sleeve, 3 yrs., 7 st. 7 lbs.	1
Blue Gown, 3 yrs., 8 st. 8 lbs.	2
The Palmer 4 yrs., 9 st. 1 lb.	3
Rosicrucian, 3 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb.	4

Won by a length, four lengths second and third, two lengths third and fourth.

Sir Joseph, however, would not believe in illness or in anything but the superiority of his favourite, and suffered accordingly.

Blue Gown, as we know, had been down with influenza as well as Rosi, but his magnificent constitution enabled him quickly to throw it off; Green Sleeve, however, recovered first, and in consequence was made favourite for the Guineas, but she cut up very badly. The black did show speed, and came back to 6 to 1 for the Derby. An immense amount of nonsense was talked at the time, and long afterwards, anent the non-starting of Blue Gown for the Two Thousand. The simple reason was that Sir Joseph's temper, always bad to hold, fairly ran away with him. He had backed all his lot—would have won considerably by Blue Gown, but he would listen to no reason and take no advice—not even that of his commissioner, who was most urgent for the horse to run.

Before the trio made their next appearance in the Derby, Sir Joseph told Wells he might ride which he pleased, but added that acting on Admiral Rous's advice declaration would be made to win with Rosi and Green Sleeve in preference to Blue Gown. The filly, be it remembered, had won the last trial, and the owner's confidence in the black was unshaken. Wells made a wry face over this, and cried out, 'If I stop Blue Gown the public will pull me off and kill me,' nor was he the least reassured by the cheerful observation of a friend who happened to be present at the interview, 'That is entirely your affair.' Nevertheless he

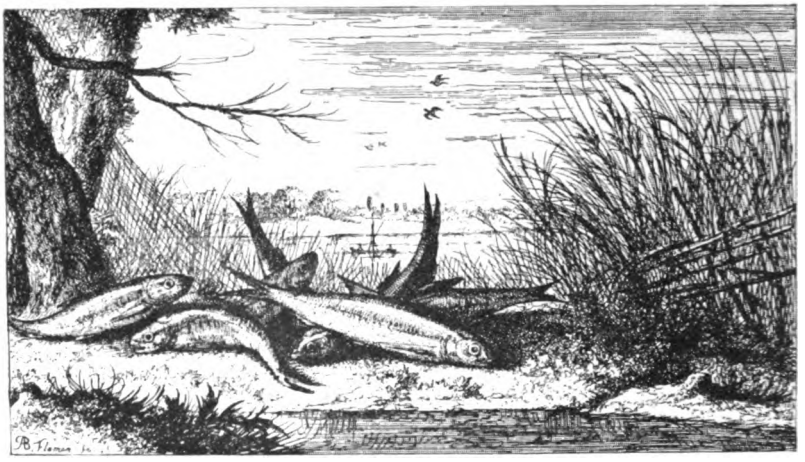
ultimately decided on riding Blue Gown, in whom his belief was very strong, probably originating in the fact that he had never ridden Rosi in any of his trials.

The black ran no more that year, nor did he again achieve victory till, in the Houghton week of 1869, he beat Formosa and Heather Bell.

In 1870 he ran thirteen and won six times, counting the York Cup, which he gained through the disqualification of Agility; but it was in 1871, when six years old, that he at last triumphantly vindicated Sir Joseph's opinion and proved himself the best horse ever owned by the lucky Baronet. He began the year unfortunately enough, for he certainly should have won the Chester Cup with 8 st. 12 lb. No one who saw that race will ever forget the way Wells lay out of his ground, and how, nearly at the last, he recovered those many lost lengths, finishing third. It was evident that the horse would have won had he been ridden by almost any other jockey; but Wells had had a bad accident, was terribly afraid of running round the 'basin' course (he bestowed an even more euphonious name on it), and funked going near his horses. Those, however, who saw, were not long in profiting by their knowledge, and at Ascot, when the betting opened for the Stakes, where Rosicrucian carried 9 st., greedily took 2 to 1. Sir Joseph was fairly forestalled, and for once won the merest trifle. The race was won in a canter by six lengths, and on Friday Rosi gave Musket 7 lb., beat him and Dutch Skater over the three miles of the Alexandra Plate, and thus ended his racing career.

He was an unlucky and a delicate horse; how much trouble and anxiety he must have caused his trainer is proved by his absence from any recorded trial during the years 1869, 1870, 1871.

One extraordinary mistake there is in 'Kingsclere' which it is impossible to pass over in silence. I allude to the statement that the libellous letter, the cause of Sir Joseph's criminal proceedings against Dr. Shorthouse, was written apropos of the scratching of Vagabond for the City and Suburban, 1869. Some slight allusion, indeed, there is to 'Vagrant,' but that most melancholy bit of mendacity obviously refers to the Liverpool Cup won by Lictor, transmogrified into Pickpocket by the calumnious Geary, whose brain also devised the not too cunning pseudonyms of Swindlerite and Blackleg for Siderolite and Blue Gown.



THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE THAMES

BY C. S. COLMAN

For the hundred and eighty-second time the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge has been rowed from London Bridge to Chelsea, from the Old Swan steps to the White Swan at the latter place, or rather to its old site. Compared with this event the Derby is an innovation, and the 'Varsity boat-race a thing of to-day. It is the oldest sporting fixture in the country, and therefore its origin and history deserve more than a passing glance. The Jolly Young Waterman who was the inspiration of the Brick-Lane temperance orator can claim it as his own, and, no doubt, compares it with the stadium of the old Olympic games. He still has to row in a 'trim-built wherry,' and, of course, still 'feathers his oars with skill and dexterity.' As for the pious founder, the following lines still hold as true as when a poet, said to be humorous, scratched them on a Lambeth window pane in 1736 :—

> Tom Doggett, the greatest sly drole in these parts,
> In acting was certain a master of arts,
> A monument left—no herald is fuller,
> His praise is sung yearly by many a sculler.
> Ten thousand years hence, if the world last so long,
> Tom Doggett will still be the theme of their song.
> Old Nol with great Lewis and Bourbon forgot,
> And numberless kings in oblivion shall rot.

Thomas was born about 1670 in Dublin, and, like most successful Irishmen, had no very good fortune in his own country, but, like Burke and Swift, soon found his way over the Channel to London. Here he devoted himself in earnest to his profession of actor. His first appearance was at that old-fashioned orgie in Smithfield known as Bartholomew Fair, where he established a booth, and fate has kindly preserved one of his play-bills. 'At Parker and Doggett's booth, near Hosier Lane End, will be presented a new Droll called Friar Bacon, or the Country Justice:

with the humours of Toll-free the Miller and his son Ralph, acted by Mr. Doggett, with varieties of scenes, machines, songs, and dances.' It may have been here also that he first made his reputation for his dance of the Cheshire Round. This he performed, it is recorded, 'as well as famous Captain George, and with more nature and nimbleness.' The only print of this good sportsman that has survived represents him in the midst of his great feat. It appears that the booth was not a brilliant success, for a 'black,' also in Hosier Lane End, carried off the most of the

custom, and poor Doggett was 'ruined by Chinese cheap labour.' However, he soon found his footing, and the 'lively little spract man' became the leading comic actor of his time. No wonder, for he could be 'ridiculous without impropriety: he had a different look for every kind of humour, and although he was an excellent mime, he imitated nothing but nature.' He also tried writing plays, but 'The Country Wake' is only interesting for these four lines in the prologue, which show his leanings to the river:—

> Writing's the fatal rock on which has split
> Many a stout and well-built man of wit;
> And yet there's not a sculler but shall dare
> To venture his weak, rotten cock-boat there.

And the last line is a fair description of his work.

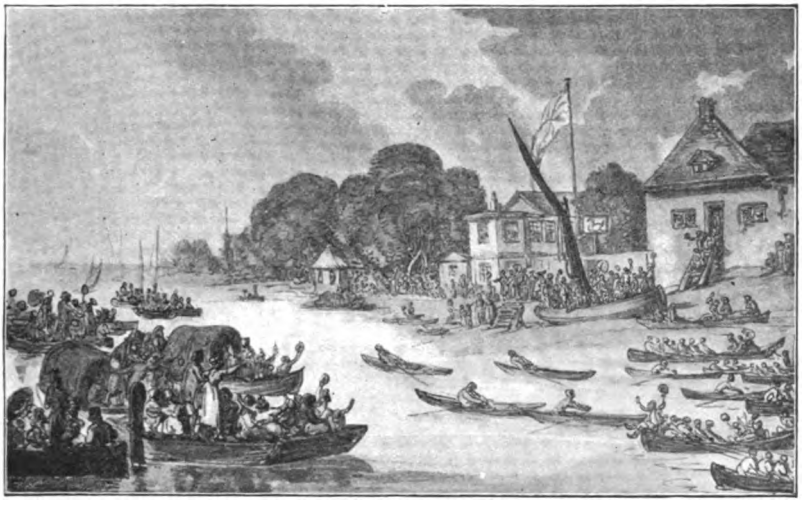
He now became rich and prosperous, and his career loses interest, except for the partnership with Colley Cibber in the management of Drury Lane Theatre, which came to an end in a quarrel over the employment of Booth, the famous tragedian.

Like all Irishmen of the time Doggett was a keen politician, and as he had seen the struggle of 1689 from the Protestant side he was naturally a good Orangeman. Therefore, to quote the words of the 'Weekly Journal' for August 4, 1716, he instituted the 'livery and badge, which is of an orange colour, to the immortal memory of the glorious monarch, King William III., who delivered Great Britain and Ireland from slavery, popery, and arbitrary power, and bequeathed us the invaluable blessing which we now enjoy, a Protestant King; the silver badge, having a horse upon it, with the motto LIBERTY, signifies the rights of freedom which this nation now possesses under the most auspicious reign of King George, whom God preserve.' All of which the happy winner has, no doubt, realised to the full ever since, especially the blessings that we owe to George I. The horse, by the bye, may be the rampant horse of liberty, but more probably was used as the crest of the House of Hanover, on the anniversary of whose accession the race was to be rowed for ever.

As is well known, the contest, in whose history one E. Bishop is the first recorded winner, was confined to those who were out of their time within the year past, and originally to six only of these, who were to be chosen by lot. They were to row yearly upon the first of August from London Bridge to Chelsea on the ebb. The last part of the condition was found to make the race depend very much upon the choice of stations. It was nearly impossible when the stream was making down with its old rush to

pass the man who simply clung to the bank. Every time that a boat headed out, its bows were swept away to mid-stream. At last the Fishmongers' Company, who took over the administration of the bequest, altered the rule, and decided that, like the 'Varsity boat race, it should be rowed upon the flood. They also arranged to weed out the competitors by preliminary heats in place of the arbitrary decision of the lot.

It does not seem that the watermen were a very sportsmanlike class, for the records of the race are from the very first as full of the most astounding fouls as the sports in the Fifth Book of Virgil, where most of the competitors, and certainly all of the judges, should have been warned off the course. In 1720, for

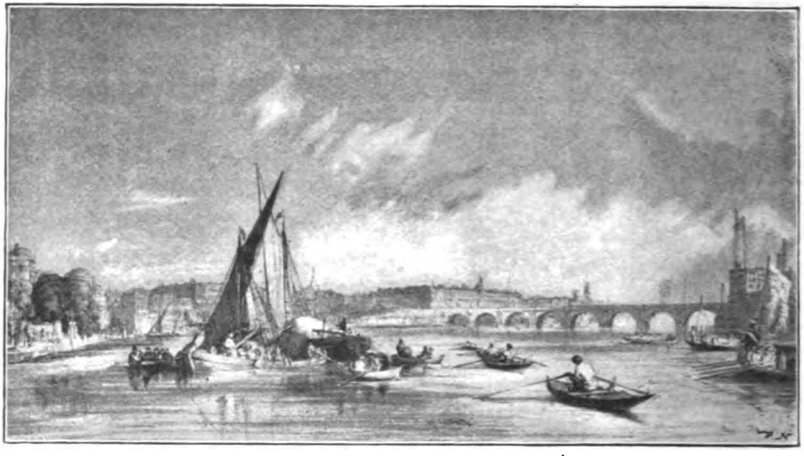


THE FINISH

instance, the newspaper report declares that the 'person who came in second received abundance of fowl play, or he had carried the prize, particularly when being very near the goal.' In 1736, again, the year in which the complimentary lines were written at Lambeth, one of the competitors was struck upon the head with a bottle, receiving a wound which very nearly proved fatal. The bottle may, perhaps, have been merely a compliment from a too enthusiastic admirer, like a certain famous gingerbread, but probably it was the handiest and the most natural weapon of a rival, though one is surprised to find a Thames waterman so easily overcome by it. It was in vain that the Company drew up rules afresh, and asked the competitors 'in striving for the mastery to

behave humanely to each other.' The picture by Rowlandson will show how much fair play they were likely to get, when cutters, crowded with the supporters of their rivals, were close upon their sterns. It even seems probable that the wild delight of the man at the bows of the cutter in the foreground is chiefly caused by seeing that the third and fourth boats are apparently bound to foul before they reach the winning post. The second illustration displays, beside a beautiful view of the river, the type of boat that has to be used, and is valuable because no artist ever showed so well an oarsman's collapse. If the front man rows another thirty strokes it will be all that he seems likely to achieve.

Altogether, the event seems to have been as full of incident as a canoe race at a college regatta, and they were indeed 'desperate



DEAD BEAT

resolutions' that embarked upon it. In 1801 the display was so scandalous that four men were brought before the police-court, and only escaped severe punishment by making their humblest apologies 'to the public, and also to the wardens and the officers of the Company for the personal insults offered to them.'

It might have been hoped that these examples would prove sufficient, but the influence of water was too much. Just as it causes the sailor to swear unceasingly, so it impelled Thames watermen to the grossest fouls. In spite of the last warning, the Fishmongers were forced in 1823 to exhibit the following placard:—'WHEREAS on the first of August last, we, the undernamed James Cole and William Mount, of St. Catherine's Stairs, watermen, and James Reid of Blackfriars, waterman, with others

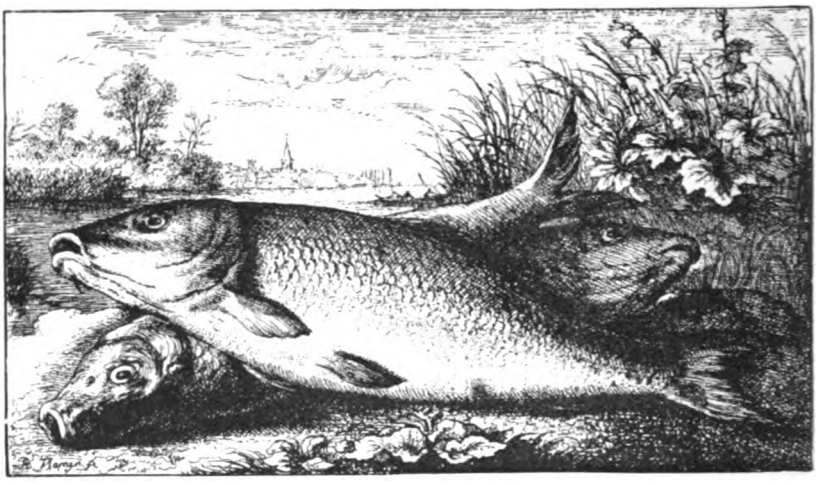
in a cutter did wilfully and riotously obstruct two of the watermen rowing for the prize, by intentionally running athwart them near Old Swan Stairs, and stopping their boats with a boat-hook whereby they were impeded in contending for the prize, and in such act one of the watermen was struck with a boat-hook, and the whole were obliged to be started again a second time, for which outrageous and improper conduct the Fishmongers Company have threatened to indite us, but in consideration of our severally expressing our contrition, &c.

Now we, the said James Cole, William Mount, and James Reid, convinced of the illegality of our proceedings, and of the lenity shown to us, do hereby severally apologise to the Fishmongers Company, and ask pardon for our conduct, and promise not to offend again in like manner.

JAMES COLE.
The mark X of WILLIAM MOUNT.
J. REID.'

This seems to have been really a lesson to the rough element, and from that date the competitors had a less anxious time of it. They were not certain to be hit on the head by a bottle or with a boat-hook, and the cutters were at last forbidden to follow the race.

The event grew in importance, and produced some really good racing. Victory was a proof of something more than an aptitude for a rough and tumble fight, though even in the thirties there was some ill-feeling amongst the competitors. One famous rower, named Campbell, was most deliberately fouling his opponents upon one occasion, when a Leander eight came up and ran him down. The gentlemen were so much annoyed at Campbell's conduct that they resolved not to employ him in any more races. Amongst the later names may be found several which have become famous in more important contests, such as Cobb of Greenwich, a Harding of Blackwall in 1870, three Phelps, and W. G. East; and the orange livery may often be seen worn as a proud trophy when the banks are crowded by spectators of the 'Varsity boat-race. It is sincerely to be hoped that the interest will never fade from the struggle for the bequest of the old Irish actor, 'who dressed neat and something fine in a plain cloth coat and brocaded waistcoat; who sang in company very agreeably and in public very comically.'



THE ANGLER AT BAY

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P.

IZAAK WALTON'S expedient of conveying information by means of a fictitious dialogue between an adept and a tiro in angling, delightfully naïve and fresh as his pages remain, impart a musty threadbare cast to modern literature.

'Well now, good master,' says Venator, in the most natural way, 'as we walk towards the river give me direction, according to your promise, how I shall fish for a trout.'

'My honest scholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it,' replies Piscator, and proceeds to dilate, with delicious irrelevance, on the mysteries of the craft. Never shall these immortal symposia lose their charm, for through all the hundred editions they have passed there still breathes the very air and sunlight of far-off English summers. It is but a scurvy substitute that we have devised in these latter days. Nevertheless, in spite of all the imprecations which have been heaped on the head of the Interviewer, it must be patent to all who have suffered under his operations (and who so obscure as to have escaped them?) that the most commonplace mind may be galvanised into spasms of liveliness by a master of the art. Even if nothing felicitous occurs to the patient while he is on the rack, he is sure to think afterwards of lots of interesting

things he might have said, and deplore their loss. Perhaps one who has undergone quite lately a searching dissection of this kind may try to put his lacerated thoughts into some semblance of order, and repeat the substance of what passed, omitting, of course, most of the operator's questions.

He came to obtain my views on matters piscatorial, and I was firmly resolved to tell him nothing that could be of the slightest use to any novice. Peradventure if he had come alone this resolution would have remained unshaken; but my undoing came by reason of a young person he brought with him to take shorthand notes—a person with a Greek profile, violet eyes with long lashes, a changeful complexion of cream and roses, and a willowy figure. As often as prudence bid my lips be sealed, this young person turned her eyes on mine, and I became as transparent as an enchylosed joint under the X rays.

After admitting, not without blushes, that I had some notions about fly-fishing, and had written and spoken a great deal too much on that subject already, I cleared my throat and, in answer to a question of a general character, began as follows:—

In the spring the young man's fancy lightly—the young person aforesaid took her pencil from the paper and turned on me a look of melancholy surprise. Madam—sir, I mean—I am not going to say what you think; I am talking, look you, of a young man of discernment and balance: lightly, as I was saying, turns to thoughts of March browns, olive duns, split-cane rods, and the gut crop. Were it not for the certainty that so many at this season do assuredly concentrate their faculties on fly-fishing, wild horses should not drag from me a single word on the subject, except such as might deter others from the waterside.

Why? For several reasons; chiefly because if a man knows, or fancies he knows, more of the craft than his fellows, he is injuring his own chances by showing them how to become more proficient. Besides, it is distinctly foolish to dilate on the joys of angling, which can only serve to attract recruits to the host of fishers, already far too vast. For fly-fishing differs from less delicate sport in this respect: there are inexorable limits to the numbers that may take part in it. A trout pricked is a trout spoilt. Whereas in shooting it is merely a question of how many pheasants shall be reared annually; there will be targets for all. In hunting, the numbers that follow the fashionable packs are already so vast, that half a hundred more or less on a Quorn Monday is of little moment to the handful who cut out the work. But in fly-fishing matters are coming to a pass. The rents now

paid for trout-fishing within reach of London far exceed anything dreamt of for the best salmon casts anywhere a few years ago. As for salmon-fishing, it is probably no exaggeration to estimate the cost to the angler of every fish he lands, at all events in the first half of the year, at not less than its weight in solid silver. Witness the rent given two seasons ago—the disastrous season of 1893—for one of the more famous stretches on the Tweed. The lessee, an excellent angler, paid, as is said, 2,000*l.*, in return for which he secured some twenty-three autumn fish, weighing, say, 350 lbs.

Do I approve of ladies angling? Assuredly not. Supposing on a liberal computation that there are, on an average, fifty trout to be caught in a season by every angler of the male sex, that average must be indefinitely reduced if ladies are to claim their share. No; the recognised and useful function of an English lady being to translate the masterly, but forcible, criticism of her lord on the supply of his table into a paraphrase suitable to the understanding of the cook, what reason can be found for disturbing that order of things? It is true that, in London, ladies find out other avenues of occupation: so much the more cause for their gratefully accepting an arrangement under which husbands betake themselves out of town to pursue their fascinating, if selfish, pursuit on the flowery banks of secluded chalk streams. Besides, ladies—Heaven bless 'em!—don't really enjoy fishing. It is difficult to penetrate the motives and sensations of the lower ani—(the shorthand writer raised her eyes) that is, hem!—of the gentler sex; but there can be, I take it, no question that their perceptions are less keen than ours. A woman when she is fishing thinks far more about how her hat is trimmed than about how her fly is floating. Not the less does she disturb the water, and thereby interferes with serious sport.

Touching the cruelty of fishing, it is far more apparent than real. I can answer for it by experience that the mere fact of a hook sticking in the lip is not accompanied by any anguish. Late one night I was preparing some tackle for salmon-fishing on the morrow, when, biting a knot at the head of a fly about two inches long, I let it slip, and the barb buried itself deep in my lower lip. Everybody had gone to bed; there was no help at hand; I set to work to strip the dressing from the hook, and, passing it through the flesh in the same direction it had entered, brought it out without much pain or difficulty. Had it been a double hook the situation doubtless would have been more complicated. Now it must be admitted that a human lip is a good deal

more sensitive than the bony jaws of a fish. The suffering of a salmon or trout, during what we grimly call the 'play,' consists in its terror; and every angler knows that, after the first surprise of being hooked, and the rush that ensues thereon, fish do not exhibit much terror as long as they do not catch sight of the captor. But every time one walks down the river-bank, scores of fish endure a similar shock to their nerves, and dart away in horror of man's presence. As for the agony of being enclosed and drawn ashore in a net, that must be far more acute than any amount of pulling at the end of a line. It follows, therefore, that, if fish are to be caught at all, the rod and line is a method not less merciful than any other.

Up to this point, it will be observed, I had kept my antagonist pretty well at bay. Alas! he was no bungler at his work. He knew that all harness has its joints, and the moment was at hand when, with a masterly *riposta*, he should pass under my defence. Still I managed to parry his thrusts for a little longer. Asked if I practised one branch of fly-fishing more than another, I said that so long as the quarry was of the salmon tribe I was pretty keen for all kinds. But even within the limits of that game family of fish, what a scope and variety there is in the sport! Here, for example, are two specimens of flies, each of which comes into use within the compass of a single season. Many a good February

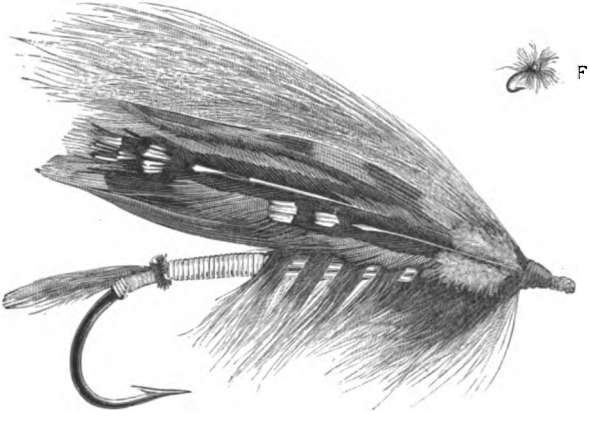


FIG. 2

FIG. 1

salmon has been accounted for in the Thurso by the burly original of fig. 1. Its prevailing tints are like the Northumberland miner's handkerchief—'Nane o' your gaudy colours; just gie me plain reed and yellah;' and one calls it a fly, but in sooth it might just

as fitly be called a bootjack or a Sunday bonnet. In the normal ferocity of a Caithness winter nothing in the shape of a fly could trust itself on wing; if it could, no salmon would pay it the slightest attention; for, as the experience has proved, so long as the snow is running off, not a fin can be got to wag for anything less conspicuous than this monster.

There dwells a wise man, Rory by name, at Westerdale, hard by where the sullen torrent is chafed into brief fury by the opposing rocks which form the mill streams, who spends his days contriving simulacra such as this; and it is to him those anglers must resort who have laid up store of genteel town-made patterns, before they may hope to feel the ecstasy of bending greenheart, or pull out that silvery prize which, at this season, would sell in London at 3*s.* 6*d.* a pound. It is no child's play to hurl such a lure as this about in a roaring nor'-wester, such as is wont to career at large over that desolate land. Woe betide the luckless angler who, deluded into emulation by the artistic ease with which his gillie sends out five-and-thirty yards straight and true across the curling waves, attempts the Spey cast under such circumstances. He will be very apt to find that one of Rory's masterpieces, driven before the gale, can deliver what Mr. Penley in the *Private Secretary* used to call 'a good hard knock' on the back of a bungler's head; and if it be the business end of one of these huge hocks that strikes first, the results may be serious. It is a cruel strain on the rod, too, and it is of profit to keep one of the best material, with plenty of weight in the top, on purpose for this early fishing.

Turning to the other end of the scale, here is the little black spider represented in fig. 2, of high repute in the crystal Itchen, what time the lusty trout, surfeited with winged provender, may be tempted to sip at delicacies of slenderer build. Between these two extremes, what a bewildering variety of choice! what room for indecision and imagination! Of course, in trout-fishing there is much more need for close imitation of different flies than in salmon-fishing. The trout will not take your fly unless he can be persuaded it is a genuine insect. But who can say for what the salmon takes your 'Jock Scott' or your 'Sir Richard'? Though I have fished a great many years and in a great many rivers, I have not yet experienced anything to make me prefer one salmon fly to another. If there is a fly in my book which strikes horror into the mind of my gillie, and runs most surely against all his cherished convictions, that fly (at least on those very rare occasions when I am not in abject terror for that dread

authority)—that fly, I say, I attach to my line with serenest confidence, often justified by success. 'Jock Scott' is as general a favourite as any other, and the genesis of that patriarch, whose jubilee was celebrated last year, is among the classics of angling. Here is the facsimile of the original fly (fig. 3), dressed during a voyage to Norway by Jock Scott, fisherman to Lord John Scott, and given to Captain Erskine of Friar's Hill, near Melrose. It is

FIG. 3

now in the possession of Mr. Young, of Glendoune, in Ayrshire. The progeny of this patriarch has been as the sands of the sea for multitude, and now we have Blue Jocks and Green Jocks and Silver Jocks; but for my part I should never complain if I were condemned to fish henceforward with none but the original combination of sable and gold. It would serve me as well as the whole angler's entomology, but not better than any other pattern.

But in trout-fishing it is different. Even if, as is probable,

trout, which, having no lids, brows, or lashes, cannot close their eyes, are destitute of the perception of colour, they certainly have intensely keen vision, discerning not only the form of an object but its shade. Your lure, therefore, must closely resemble some favourite article of surface food in size, shape, and shade—there need be no doubt about that. But there is a growing disposition among thoughtful anglers to believe that the necessity for fishing with an exact replica of the particular fly that happens to be abroad at the moment has been greatly overrated. The biggest trout I ever killed with fly was taken out of a Hampshire stream with a sedge, while the fellow was busy sucking down May flies. Half a dozen patterns, varying in shade, shape, and size, are really all that is necessary to carry one effectively through a whole season of day fishing in any British waters.

We won't discuss the colour question just now, please. Though I have a very strong suspicion that salmon and trout are colour-blind, it is practically incapable of proof in the case of salmon; and as to trout, I have to admit with shame that I have never had the self-denial to submit them to systematic tests. Somehow, when trout are on the rise (alack! how brief fleeting it generally is!), one does not care to throw away a chance by playing any pranks. There is always some fellow on the beat above or below you, whom it would exalt to an insufferable degree of pride if he were to bring in his three or four brace, while you return with a clean creel. But this season I am resolved to send all these unphilosophic thoughts to the winds, and devote time and pains to see if trout can distinguish scarlet from grey and azure from brown. To this end I am having some quills dressed entirely of the brightest hues, and if it turn out that the over-sophisticated trout of the Itchen take them as readily as the ordinary duns and olives, the case against colour-vision will be far on the way to proof. Whatever be the result, I shall be ready for the next interviewer.

There is one respect in which salmon and trout differ very much—one, moreover, to which anglers pay far too little heed. (Garrulity was beginning to get the upper hand with me, you see, and information of a useful kind was trembling on my tongue. But worse was to come.) If one part of the day be better than another for salmon, it is the afternoon, especially the hour before dusk. But except that, the superiority is not very strongly marked. One is almost as likely to get hold of a fish forenoon as afternoon. But it is far otherwise with trout. Leaving out of account the evening rise, which, far oftener than not, does not come off, there are nearly always ten trout rising in the forenoon to one

in the afternoon. This is so well marked in chalk streams that nobody probably needs to be reminded of it; but in Scottish lochs and burns it is not so obvious, because in these the angler does not wait to see fish moving before he begins operations, but casts his flies at large. Not the less is the occult influence at work in these northern waters, and many a weary hour of fruitless flogging might be saved by choosing the fore part of the day instead of the declining hours.

The question must often present itself to the salmon-fisher whether, after fishing down a cast, with or without effect, he shall fish it over again or go on to another. Not seldom does success award the second, third, or fourth trial which has been denied to the first. Well, that is a matter every one must settle for himself; but there is one ceremony which ought never to be omitted, namely, 'backing it up.' That is done in this wise: You fish the stream or pool down from top to bottom; then, pulling out some yards more line, you fling the fly as far across as it will go, and, allowing it to swing round with the current, walk slowly up the side of the stream, making a fresh cast every time the fly comes in to the hither side. It is not easy to suggest the reason why this is such an alluring method of fishing, but so it is: times without number, in heavy water and in fine, in swift streams and sluggish dubs, I have known fish that never moved at the fly when it was brought down in their faces seize it with a wrench when it was brought up behind them.

The interviewer was gaining ground. I was warming to my subject, and my fall was at hand. Vanity, the besetting foible of the greatest discoverers, was my ruin. We all burn to make known our inventions. And how well he understood how to tickle human vanity!

'I suppose,' he said, 'that in the course of your long experience you must have discovered some secrets?'

'Oh yes,' quoth I, determined to keep my own counsel; 'I suppose all fishermen have their secrets. Just as every *habitué* of the Casino has his infallible system.'

Do I use paraffin in dry-fly-fishing? Of course I do: everybody who cares to save himself trouble in hot weather does so, except one man, who happens to be the very best trout-fisher I ever met. But he, so brilliant and so constant is his success, is commonly understood to practise the black arts, so he can dispense with what ordinary folks find such a useful expedient.

Yes, I use paraffin certainly; but not in the ordinary way. There I meant to stop, but the shorthand writer fixed her violet

orbs on mine, and I went on like one talking in his sleep. Flies freshly touched with oil not only acquire a darker tint, but leave a greasy stain behind them on the water. Trout, it is true, do not seem to mind that stain ; but, anyhow, oil is a disagreeable thing to handle by the waterside, especially in hot weather. But if flies are oiled hours, days, even months before they are used, and the oil be allowed to dry on them in the sun, or before the fire (half an hour is enough), they resume their natural shade and remain waterproof for ever, without being the least greasy. They float, too, much more jauntily than freshly oiled flies, and never get waterlogged.

There, all unconsciously to my foolish self, out had slipped one of my most cherished secrets ! It was not enough. Before I had a suspicion of the wrong wrought to me, the inquisitor was calmly extracting another. He asked if there were not great difficulty in obtaining gut fine enough for chalk-stream work, and whether I liked it dyed or clear. Clear, I blurted out, provided it be fine and round. The mischief in gut is the glitter, but I have a perfect remedy for that. Beside every trout stream grow many alder bushes. For what purpose? for the production of alder flies? Partly perhaps, but not entirely ; for there be many good trout streams where the alder fly is never seen. The real purpose of the presence of alders on the banks of a river is to supply leaves. Rub the gut down with a fresh alder leaf, and all the gleam goes out of it. It remains as transparent as before ; but, shine the sun never so brightly, it reflects none of its rays. What the peculiar property in alder leaves may be must be left to physical botanists to explain ; it is not possessed by the leaves of other trees, which have no effect on the flash in gut ; but of all the wrinkles worthy the attention of him whose lines are cast among educated trout, there is none more worthy of his attention than this.

Luckily at this moment I had a spasm of awakening intelligence. Muttering that I really had to go down to the House for an important division, I coldly bowed out the smooth-mannered brigand and his dangerous accomplice ; otherwise, assuredly they would have extracted the few remaining secrets which, as I am firmly resolved, shall accompany me to the Crematory. The only satisfaction I feel in publishing my discomfiture is that arising from being able thus to anticipate anything that they may concoct between them.

OLD SPORTING PRINTS.

BY HEDLEY PEEK

HARRIERS. No. VII.

In Blaine's 'Encyclopædia of Sport' we are told that hare hunting was probably not practised in this country until long after the chase of the fox, hart, &c. had become common; but it is not easy to discover any work from which the writer could have drawn this conclusion.

As I mentioned in my last article, it is well-nigh impossible to find any original English work on fox hunting (above-ground), or even a reference to the sport, before the close of the seventeenth century. On the other hand, the writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have not only left us long and carefully written treatises on harriers, but, as will be seen by the quotations given later on, these authorities were well acquainted with all the intricacies of the chase, and wrote from personal experience.

Though the scope of my subject forbids the attempt, it would not be difficult to trace the unbroken history of harriers back to the time when Xenophon wrote: 'The hare is so pleasing that whoever sees it either tracked, found, pursued, or taken, forgets all other things to which he is most devoted.' Moreover, all who have read his account of this ancient sport will be struck with the marked resemblance which it then bore to the modern substitute, even to the encouraging shouts which he gives when the scent is poor. Ἐν, κύνες, ἐν, ὦ κύνες. 'Hie, good dogs! Hie to, good dogs!'

It will suffice for our present purpose to refer to the 'Art of Hunting' by William Twici, huntsman to King Edward II. In

this work we find almost the same expressions used, and the same method adopted for hare hunting as that practised to-day, with the exception of the use of boundary nets, which at that time were essential to all hunting.

The writer says: 'When you seek the hare and your hounds are slack, and do not wish to run, you should say "Forward! Forward!" If they are too eager, and separate themselves from

No. 1
From the illuminated MS. by GASTON DE PHOEBUS

you, "Hou! Hou! Swef, my friend, Swef!" When the hounds find, "Sha hou!"' which he says is short for 'Sha ho!' but I presume he means easier to call out.

In the Book of St. Alban's, 1468, we find that 'Sha hou' is written 'So how.'

> And So how as moche is as Sa how to saye,
> Therefore saye we So how, but Sa how saye we nought.

In 1586 we find the words printed 'Soho,' in which form it has been handed down to the present day.

In the literature of the sixteenth century may be found many excellent accounts of hare hunting written from personal ex-

No. 2

Engraving by NICOLETTO DA MODENA

perience. Two of the most important are, first, a short treatise on hunting by Sir Thomas Cockaine, 1591, in which, after giving an account of harriers, he says, 'This fifty-two years during which I have hunted the Bucke in Summer, and the hare in

Winter, two yeares onely excepted. In the one, having King Henry the VIII., his letters to serve in his warres in Scotland before his majesties going to Bulleine. And in the other, King Edward the VI. his letters to serve under Francis the Earle of Shrewsburie, His Grace's Lieutenant, to rescue the siege at Haddington.' Second, we have in Turbervile's 'Venerie' a very full account, to which I have not hitherto referred.

No. 3
Engraving by ETIENNE DELAUNE

From these works and from others less important I propose to give some quotations which may throw light upon the earlier English illustrations.

The first of these is copied from the illustrated manuscript, 1359, by Gaston de Phoebus, Comte de Foix, in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, from which work I have already reproduced some interesting illustrations on stag hunting. This miniature is important as showing an early method of hunting the hare, which was found at a later date to be unsatisfactory. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was usual to include three or four greyhounds in a pack of harriers, the former coming into play only when at view. This method, however, was found so to destroy the interest of the slower hounds that it was eventually discontinued, the greyhounds being, after the sixteenth century, almost exclusively confined to coursing. The reason for this alteration is well explained by Turbervile:

'If you accustom to course the hare with your greyhounds, before the hounds, then, whensoever you should hallow, the hounds would do nothing but lifte up their heads and looke alwaies to see the hare before the greyhounds, and will never put nose to the ground, nor beate for it nor hunt.'

Illustration No. 2 is from an engraving by Nicole Rosex, called also Nicoletto da Modena, an Italian who was born about 1460. It is a work of considerable power, both the horse and the hare

being well drawn, while the action of the rider is spirited, and free from the stiffness so often noticeable in contemporary drawings.

No. 3 is an engraving by Etienne Delaune, who was born at Paris in 1518. It represents the earlier method of hunting the hare with a mixed pack of harriers and greyhounds; but in this picture the former are not as hopelessly out of the running as might be expected. It is also obvious from the attitude of the huntsmen, who are all on foot, that the chase has not been a protracted one. This highly finished miniature was probably designed for goldsmith's work. It is executed, as are all the illustrations by this artist, entirely with the graver, and shows remarkable dexterity of handling. The style is evidently founded upon that of the Little Masters of Germany. At this date it was customary for both horseman and footman to carry the long pointed spear, which they used for beating the bushes, killing their prey, or keeping off the hounds. After a time, owing no doubt to the danger of carrying these weapons, the thick long hunting pole was substituted, and carried only by the footmen or beaters.

During the fifteenth and part of the sixteenth century the hare was seldom hunted by more than two or three horsemen.

No. 4
Etching by MATTHAÜS MERIAN

Nearly all writers at this time speak very strongly on the point. The following is a quotation from one of them:

'I would not have you hunt the hare with above two or three horsemen at the most, for if there be many horsemen they shall foyle the traces and footing of the hare, or at least will amaize the hounds (with the variety of their voices) when they are at

default, for an hare maketh sometimes so many doubles, crossings, etc., that an hound cannot well tell where he is, nor which way to make it out, nor will doe anything else (in manner) but hold up their heads and looke to the huntsman for helpe and comfort,

No. 5
Etching by MATTHÄUS MERIAN

which he cannot so well do if the other huntsmen have beaten and foyled the traces with their feet or the feet of their horses.'

This passage reminds me of a work written in the early part of the eighteenth century, where the writer takes quite a different view. 'Hare hunting,' he says, 'is much superior to fox hunting. In the latter we meet five-barred gates, dangerous sloughs, and get confounded falls through taking flying leaps. In the former, puss seldom fails to run a ring. The first is generally the worst, for the fences once leapt, or the gates once opened, make a clear passage, oftentimes, for every turn she takes afterwards.' Yet, indifferent as this writer is to scent, he also is strong on the question of silence. 'Many people,' he continues, 'think the chief part of hunting consists in hollowing and riding hard, but they are mistaken, and such persons, gentle or simple, must not be offended if the huntsman swears at them; he has the right to do so.'

The hare is often regarded, by those little acquainted with her character, as a somewhat foolish beast. This however is not

by any means the opinion of the sixteenth-century huntsmen. If we are to credit their accounts, her cunning is only equalled by her virtue and remarkable swimming power ('having consideration of the greatness and littleness of her'). They maintain that of all chases 'the hare maketh greatest pastime and pleasure, and showeth most cunning in hunting and is meetest for gentlemen of all other huntings, for that they may find them at all times and hunt them at most seasons of the yeare, and that with small charges. And againe because their pastime shall be alwaies in sight, whereby they may judge the goodnesse of their hounds without great paines or travell. Also it is great pleasure to behold the subtility of the little poore beast.'

Turbervile gives us a few examples from personal experience of this subtlety and swimming power which are of sufficient interest to quote in full. As a rule this writer shows a marked leaning to the side of truth; but whether the pleasure of writing on his favourite sport has now and again been too much

No. 6

Etching by GILLIS PEETERS, *from a drawing by* FRANS SNYDERS

for his veracity, or whether the hare has degenerated during the last three centuries, are points which may be left for the reader to decide.

'I have seene a hare so crafty, that as soone as she heard the sound of a horne she would rise out of her forme, yea, had shee

beene formed [1] a quarter of a mile distant from the huntsman that blewe, and woulde straight waies goe swimme in some poole and abide in the middest thereof upon some rushbed before the hounds come at her or hunted at all. But at the last I discovered her subtilties for I went close alongst by the poole to see what might become of her, and uncoupled my hounds thereabouts where I suspected she would be, and as soone as ever shee heard the horne shee start and leapt before me then into a poole and swomme to another bed in the midst thereof, and neither with stone nor clodde that I could throwe at her would shee rise nor stirre until

No. 7

Etching by W. HOLLAR, *after a drawing by* FRANCIS BARLOW

I was fain to strippe off my clothes and swimme to her. Yea, and shee tarryed me almost untyll I layd my hande uppon her before she would styre. But at the last shee swamme out and came by the houndes and stoode uppe afterwards three houres before we could kill her, swimming and using all her crossing and subtilties in the water. I have also seene an hare run and stand up two houres before a kennel of hounds and then shee hath started and raysed another fresh hare out of her forme, and set herself downe therein. I have seene other againe swimme over

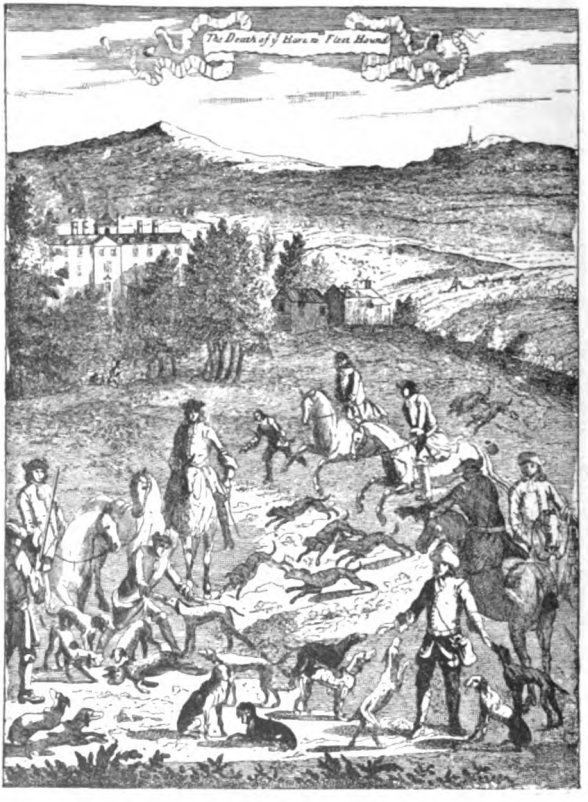
[1] This is the only instance known to me of the noun 'forme' in old English being thus transformed into a verb.

two or three waters the least whereof hath been four score Taylors yards over. I have seene some againe which being runne by the space of two houres or more hath crept under the doore of a sheepecote and hide herselfe amongst the sheepe, and I have seene hares oftentimes runne into a flocke of sheepe in the field when they were hunted, and would never leave the flocke until I was

No. 8

forced to couple up my hounds and fold up my sheepe or sometimes drive them to the cote, and then the hare would forsake them and I uncoupled my hounds at her againe and killed her. I have seene that would take a ground like a coney when they have been hunted. I have seene a hare goe up by one side of a hedge and come downe by that other side in such sort that there was no more but the thicknesse of the hedge betweene them. I have

seene an hare being sore runne get up upon an old wall six foote height from the ground and squat or hyde her selfe in the hole that was made for a scaffold. I have seene some swim over a brooke eight yards broad more than twenty times within the length of a hundred paces and that in my sight (and some have swome over rivers twelve score broade as Severne, Trent, and such like rivers times together). For these cases the huntsman must be wary and circumspect in hunting of the hare.'



No. 9

Etching No. 4 might have been drawn to illustrate this account, though I fancy our author would have considered the naked sword of the huntsman more suitable for a stag-hunting picture.

This print and No. 5 are the work of Matthaüs Merian the elder, who was born at Basle in 1593. As a youth he showed considerable talent with his pencil, and was sent to Zürich and taught by Meyer, a glass painter and engraver, under whose

tuition he remained for some years. From Zürich he went to Paris and Stuttgart. Later on he visited the Netherlands, and subsequently married the daughter of Theodor de Bry, an engraver who worked at Oppenheim.

Both these etchings are probably from his own designs, and they are good representations of his free and rather slight style. His works are numerous, and though individually interesting, there is a monotony in his form and treatment which is apt to weary those who are well acquainted with his etchings. He was the master of the celebrated Hollar, in whose works we sometimes notice the same defect.

No. 10
Etching by ANTONIO TEMPESTA

In etching No. 6 is represented an intermediate breed of hounds which was sometimes used for hunting the hare during the sixteenth century. It was a cross between the foxhound and greyhound, and seems to have been introduced with the idea of overcoming the difficulty attendant on the double hunting system to which I have already referred. But the plan was not found to answer, the mixed breed proving as unsatisfactory as the scratch pack, for these lurchers could seldom pick up a cold scent, and were so eager and impatient that it became 'necessary for the huntsman himself to look for the hare,' a somewhat tedious proceeding which our ancestors did not relish.

Sir Thomas Cockaine, writing on this subject in 1591, says, 'I sawe a gentleman come in by chance with a beagle, at which time the hounds were at fault. This beagle tooke it downe the way and cride it, there being ten or twelve couple of good hounds in the company, and not any of their noses serving them until the beagle had brought it from the foyld ground, and then did they all fall to hunting.'

This illustration was etched by Gillis Peeters, from a drawing by Frans Snyders, and is not a good example of this celebrated artist's work. He has made his hounds too nearly resembling the boarhounds, which he was so fond of painting, and unless the engraver has marred the work, the drawing must have been below Snyders's usual standard. G. or E. Peeters (1612) was a Dutch etcher, of no very great ability. He worked with his brother Bonaventure, and died at the age of forty-one.

When we turn to Francis Barlow's works, Nos. 7, 8, and 9, it will be seen at once that another great change has taken place in harriers. Sir Thomas Cockaine's suggestion had been adopted. 'The long-nosed pointed-eared dog' has gone, and the beagle blood has been freely introduced.

In No. 7 Hollar has, however, done the artist but scanty justice, and I do not think Barlow would have been at all pleased with the print. Hollar was at this time an old and broken-hearted man, working for a miserable pittance. His patron, the Earl of Arundel, who brought him to England in 1637 from his native town of Prague, was dead, and though for some years Hollar made a struggle in England, the low price he received for his work barely enabled him to find food and shelter. The Restoration for a time brought him a few supporters and renewed hope, but the Plague and Fire of London, as may be imagined, put a stop to all pursuits of art, and Hollar was thus reduced to a state of utter destitution from which he never rose. It was during these last few years of his life that he executed this and many other of his inferior etchings for any publisher who was willing to give him work. This print forms one of a series on sporting subjects, each illustration having four lines at the foot, which must, I fancy, have been composed especially for the purpose by some equally depressed poet, as I can find no clue to their origin.

Nos. 8 and 9 are taken from the 'Gentleman's Recreation,' and as an account of this work was given in my last article it will not be necessary to refer to the written matter which accompanies them, for, as in the case of Richard Blome's stag and fox

hunting, the article is simply a badly written crib from Turbervile.

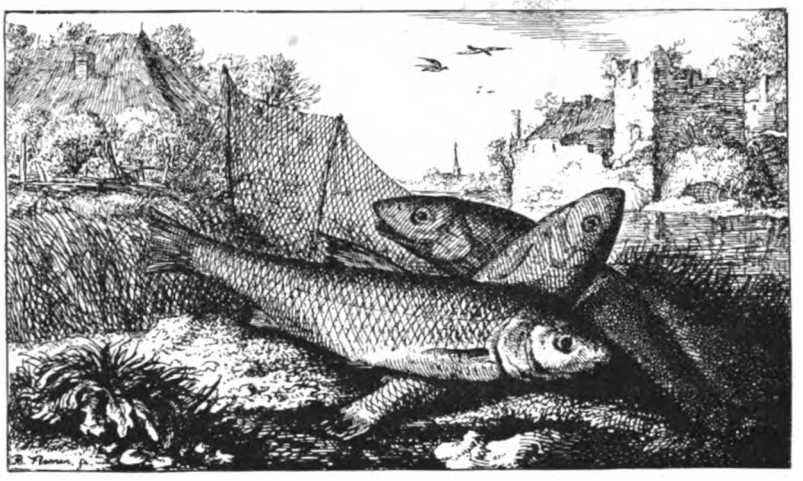
Illustration No. 11 is a beautiful etching by the Swabian artist and huntsman, J. E. Ridinger, some other examples of

No. 11
Etching by J. E. RIDINGER

whose work have already been produced in previous articles. The purpose of this illustration is to show the shape of the fore and hind footmarks on hard and soft ground. It will be noticed how these drawings correspond with an Elizabethan writer's description :

'When a huntsman shall use his hounds at default upon an high way he himself also must looke narrowly upon the ground as he goeth if he can find the footing of the hare, which we call (pricking); the which he shall easily know for the fashion of an hare's foote is sharpe and made like a knives point, and her little nailes do alwaies fasten upon the ground so that he shall see the prickes of them in moist place or where the ground is soft; for an hare when she fleeth before the hounds doth never open her foote nor nailes in sunder, as stinking chases and vermine do, but keepeth her foote close like the point of a knife.'

PERSIAN HUNTING



A MIDNIGHT TRAIL

BY OWEN RHOSCOMYL

In my first paper I told of a hunt deliberately undertaken in broad daylight and lasting through the sweltering heat of a summer's noon; but in this I purpose describing one snapped on hastily at night and lasting through the noon of Luna. Moreover, in that instance I had a horse to help me, while in this it was I who helped a hound.

It was winter in the foothills of the Rockies—the dead of winter, but before the snow had rendered prospecting impossible, I had located a lode of very good-looking quartz, so rich indeed—in my imagination—that, though I had filed my claim in the Recorder's Office as the 'Golconda,' yet Golconda was the least of the words wherewith I compared it. I had camped on it with a supply of tools, provisions, and ammunition, and was working desultorily on it whenever the weather permitted, and the hunting instinct did not overpower the desire for gold—a by no means uncommon occurrence. At eighteen a rifle is more potent to lure one than a pick, even if you can break off specimens showing free gold.

The gulch in which I camped ran deep and narrow between two of the great spurs, which, like the strings of a harp, stretched from the main range across to the long hump-backed mountain in front, and were cut across by the black and narrow cañon through which the river ran. The great range behind was one dark sheet of primeval forest; the mountain in front was bare as a prairie, and these connecting spurs were alternately thick with pine, or open with sage bush and bunch grass.

An hour before the dawn of that day the mercury had frozen up tight in the thermometer, hanging outside the 'teepee' or 'wigwam' of saplings, boughs, and bunch grass which constituted my camp; and though the morning coffee had somewhat thawed me out as I sat between the teepee and the roaring fire I built, yet I had never seemed to get thoroughly warm all day. For that matter neither had the sun itself got warm, but all day long had hung white in a white sky above a whiter world. Like some disc of paper, it had travelled from east to west, and I had watched it through an atmosphere whose every particle of moisture floated like impalpable nebulæ before the eyes, never sinking, never rising. All day long, tree after tree had split, riven asunder by the awful cold, with a sound as of some giant rifle; a sound which in that atmosphere seemed positively to gain in strength as it swept along the gulch, repeating itself from the front of every rock within it. The wind went like no wind, but stole with spectre noiselessness and ghoulish emptiness along, stirring no branches, rustling no purple maze of willows, shaking the snow from no tuft of feathery grass, but binding and contracting everything like some bodiless steel.

But though it stirred no branches, rustled no willows, shook no grass, yet ever and anon some huge branch would groan as if heartbroken at the cold; some willow would whistle faintly as if it gave up the ghost, no longer able to endure; some patch of grass would whisper despairingly that the ice was at its heart. Never a hawk swam across the frozen lift; never a snow-shoe rabbit started a morsel from the crusted drifts; the only thing alive in all that gleaming waste was the eerie soul of the air around and the flame that I kept replenished. Worse than all, that paper sun went attended by four wan and even more ghostlike reflections of its ghostly self.

I knew the signs well. When the mercury freezes one night it will freeze three. When the sun goes attended by the ghastly four and the wind whispers without voice, then there will be a blizzard before long.

Night came, and as I watched the east I nodded as I saw a perpendicular column of light thrust up over the bald mountain in front, and presently, where a transverse nebula crossed it, appeared the disembodied herald of the unrisen moon. Just as the sun had sailed attended, so now up floated the full-orbed Luna. From her ice-cold face as a centre spread out the filmy arms of a chill white cross, intersecting a faultless circle of the same frosted silver as themselves; and where each shaft cut through the arc there shone a moon in miniature—dead maidens of an ice-dead queen. The train-attended sun had ridden through the day in stony portent of some coming terror; the moon sailed now, mystic with weird sympathy, for the world her lord had threatened.

This night no wolf broke the stillness with his howl, no elk or blacktail whistled, no mountain lion screamed, and I sat there watching, wondering, far into the night; for the man who lives alone in the waste sleeps when he will, and wakes when he feels inclined. So, too, such a man comes unconsciously to speak his thoughts aloud to himself; and when the spirit of nature, yearning to its children in its dumb agony of un-understood appealing, awakens his inner consciousness, then he talks loudly to stop the ears of that time-old entity which is the soul within him; afraid lest it answer to its mother's longing, and in the answering straightway destroy him with that knowledge which belongs only to God and hereafter.

So this night I watched until I dared watch no longer. I talked aloud, though yet my voice was subdued, in spite of the way in which the rocks echoed it. 'What is the matter with me?' repeated I again and again, and then, as a last resort, I fell to supper. 'It's just a blizzard, that's all. Didn't I see the moon just like that three years ago, down at the ranch on Wolf Creek?' I would have fired my rifle to give myself courage, but it seemed like shooting at That which Lives from the Beginning, the Mother of Time.

Then I pooh-poohed my superstitious dread. I lacked nothing; why should I trouble for the night or the morrow? The teepee was warm behind me, the fire in front; wood was plenty; a deer hung from a limb overhead; the axe was at my foot; the rifle across my knees; my cartridge belt was full about my waist, paying a double debt; my feet and legs were ready swathed; salt and matches in my pockets; the chops were browning in the pan; the coffee blackening in the pot. I was without a want ungratified, and sitting with all that a man could need here to my hands. I was to be envied.

Suddenly, from the edge of the vast forest behind, there came a sound like none other in the West; clear as a bell, loud, unlike any other loudness, crashing from rock to rock, and ridge to ridge. Cliff rung to cliff, and gulch to gulch; for, in that rarefied and frozen atmosphere, a thousand deeps of unsuspected tones sprang into vibration at the stroke of that awful clanging, which broke, not on my ear alone, but through my soul, as I stood, rifle in hand, trying to guess what survival from a mastodonic age had thus broken forth forlorn upon an ages withered world.

Then each hair began to creep into separate life as I remembered the legends of my childhood, and for a shaking instant I wondered if the 'Dogs of Hell,' that come to summon the doomed, hunted here in the West as they did in the hills of Wales. Then the sound came nearer, and I caught my breath as I tried to decide as to whether a Sharp's rifle, ·45 calibre, 120 grains, would avail to defend me; but when I bethought me of the gap it had torn in a big cinnamon before the snow came, I told myself that, if this was anything of flesh and blood, anything that lived by the breath of its nostrils, then I was ready.

Just as I said this, the sound broke anew from the ridge to the north, and all the long depth of the gulch was deafened by the crash as of a hundred wedding bells, though yet no source appeared. Now, when a wolf strikes up he strikes to a mournful minor, drawn through a thousand agonies: when a mountain lion lifts, he lifts a strident note that grates through every nerve of the listener. But this came down with a sonorous call that roused the blood in me till my foot lifted of itself to follow. I seized the light axe and stuck it in my belt; I jerked the cartridge out of my rifle and replaced it to make sure, and, just as I clicked the lever in closing the breech, I was aware of the mighty form of a giant bull elk swinging down the draw, quartering the slope in a line that would bring him past my camp within a score of yards.

Hastily I stepped beyond the fire, standing with my back to it, so that its flicker might not disturb my aim, for which the moon gave ample light. My thumb was on the hammer, and I was just about to lift for firing, when, bounding down on the trail of the elk, I saw, across the gleaming white of the snow, a black form, not wolf, not wolverine; not with the spring of the one or the shamble of the other, but something with a heavy gallop and a tumbling gait as it came downhill—the strangest gait that ever wild animal had. I forgot the elk in watching his pursuer, and as the thing came nearer, my wonder grew until, as

it reached the two paces of flat in the bottom of the gulch and looked up the opposite slope, it poured forth a clarion call that woke again the echoes of the night; woke, too, dim memories of early boyhood in my mind, when, far away at home, one brown Moel answered to another as the gladdening pack drew nearer to the slackening fox.

But never mortal hound hunted fox or belled on him like this. In Arctic frosts sound multiplies in waves of ringing repetition; but even then this deep note was awful and uncannily glorious. Black on the snow he was, too, under the moon, black as no huntsman ever admitted to his pack, and as he leaped a fallen log half buried in the snow, the great ears hanging beside his chaps lifted like the robes of some sable-mantled monarch of feudal days.

Dark, like the 'Dogs of Death,' he was, but, hound of the shade or hound of earth, he followed this trail right gallantly, and I cast a swift glance up the slope after the game. There he was, six feet of space between the tips of his topmost tines, and looming grander in that waste of moonlit white than ever he could in the sun. He was nearing the crest, going obliquely with that long, swinging trot, which puts a startled elk beyond all need of merely seven-league boots. His nose just touched the sky-line; another instant and he would be gone; but in that instant I instinctively threw up the rifle and fired at the dark mass.

He was hit: that I knew, for his next stride changed to a bound like the fourth, which a buck makes when danger chops upon him. I looked sharply to see what the hound would do at the report, but he was slipping and scratching his way up a frozen drift, hot on the trail.

'Whatsoever you are,' said I, thumbing a fresh cartridge into the breech, 'I reckon we're pardners now in this hunt. I'm on the trail with you.' I had entirely forgotten the blizzard.

Nevertheless, in spite of my bold words, I kept ready to shoot as I started after the—whatever animal it was. But to my surprise, no sooner was it aware of my following than it belled me a joyous welcome to the chase. 'All right, pard!' shouted I; 'I've nailed him one already—you stick to his trail through the timber on the other side, and I'll get him as he climbs the next slope.'

Down went his head and we ploughed on, though in the open, under the moon, I could have followed the trail by eye alone. But when we reached the crest, the timber of which I had spoken, clothed the slope before us black as Erebus, and here the hit I

had made came useful, for the tracks were splashed with dollar-breadths of blood, and the black hound gladdened instantly upon the first drop. I had almost lost my eerie dread of him while climbing in the open, but as he plunged before me into the depths of the wood, I felt it all return, as I floundered after him on the goblin hunt, between the ghostly columns of the pines. His ghoulish gait ahead of me seemed to seize upon my imagination. Coming from nowhere out of the night, stubbornly questing forward into the night, on the trail of a meteor elk—I caught myself wondering if this could be some nightmare.

At the bottom of the gulch, out in the open once more, my grip revived a little, and I cast an eye along the blotched track for a glimpse of the quarry. But he had made short work of the ridge, and was out of sight already. While I looked, however, the sharp yelp of chasing wolves came like whip cracks from the other side, and, back again over the crest, but about four hundred yards easterly, the great bull bounded down the slope again, quartering away as before, followed hard upon heels by a couple of timber wolves.

Quick as I could I lifted and fired, for I was indignant at such molestation of this strange sport, and I knew that the crack of the rifle, with the spit of the bullet anywhere near them, would send the wolves scurrying into the nearest thicket. As they went, I turned to look at the demon hound, but though he glanced at me, yet he seemed to catch nothing of the scene ahead.

'This way,' I shouted, starting to cut across to where the elk would emerge from the timber on the crest of the slope we had just descended. But he only dropped his head and struck forward on the trail under his nose. Even thus he would probably beat me in reaching the point I was cutting for, and therefore I lost no further time, but took to the timber again. Emerging on the comb of the ridge, I plumped upon the trail almost at once, and was warmed and cheered to see signs of the elk's weakening. But for all that, though I swept the gulch below, yet from where I stood, right down to the black gap which was the cañon, no sign of the bull appeared. Only in the air I caught the first tone of that witch-voice crooning which is the weird herald of a coming blizzard.

That other impressive music of the chase had been silent for a spell, but, just as I was starting forward, my stride changed to a jump, for out of the pines at my back the clangour broke anew, deep and awful in its sonority, and over my shoulder I caught sight of the black hound leaping out of the gloom into the moon-

I FLOUNDERED AFTER HIM, BETWEEN THE GHOSTLY COLUMNS OF THE PINES

light. For one flash of time I feared it had mistaken me for its quarry, and I turned and brought my rifle to my hip. I was not even yet sure that he did not smell of brimstone.

But he only belled again as he came upon my track in that of the elk, and I made desperately bold to cheer him on and follow as he passed. And now I noticed how grandly he worked, his tail snaking aloft in his virile eagerness, his nose not an inch above the trail when he lighted, and not twice that when he lifted; for he leaped, not high, but forward, almost crouchingly, as if he lunged *under* his shoulders—the slope we were descending was very steep, and the snow too deep for any other gait but leaping on his part. To reach the bottom was a matter of seconds merely, but in my eagerness I slipped in the last half-dozen yards and landed head-first into a thicket of quaking aspen and willows. Hastily scrambling up, I ran to the lower edge of the bushes, and was in time to see the elk careering away down the gulch from another thicket some two hundred yards below. I had lifted half-way ready to shoot, when I suddenly remembered that the barrel would be packed with snow from my fall. Too eager to think, I would not wait to use my cleaning-rod, but opened the breech and put my lips to the muzzle to blow the stuff out. Then, too late, I remembered, and jerked my lips away again, leaving the skin of them sticking fast like some strange enamel to the frozen metal, as might be expected of iron when the mercury is freezing.

But there was no time to stand defining my particular degree of idiocy, for the hound was well away in front, and the bull was out of sight. Following on, and sousing the rod through the barrel as I ran, I slipped the cartridge in again, and presently found that the trail dropped down for the cañon, which meant that only one way was now possible for the game, and that I could take a short and more leisurely cut. 'And time, too,' thought I, for at such an altitude and temperature, to cross such a country was lung-destroying work.

The short cut was a full mile and a half of ridge and dip, but, when I reached the point headed for, I found I had made no mistake. The elk was panting forward, sticking to the old beaten deer-trail, which there bordered the river, while close behind him plunged the black hound. They were but an eerie couple in the belt of light where the moons shone into the cleft. Here the side of the cañon was not sheer, and with a crust upon the snow I slid down it at a pace which nearly strangled me, reaching the foot close in rear of the hound.

But down here the light was too bad for shooting, so that, though our game was not four hundred yards ahead, he was safe so far as bullets were concerned, even when he loomed so big and black where some bend in the cañon let in the full face of the moon.

A mile or so of this, and at last we emerged into the flat, I hopelessly behind in my clumsy foot-swathings, almost as far in rear of the hound as he was short of his prey. The latter seemed to be going with fresh vigour across the flat, and I thought that I must lose him after all, for I was panting and staggering as if it were I who had been wounded, instead of him. Spite of the fierce frost, the sweat ran down in streams under the eyeleted fur cap which covered my face as well as my head, and my nostrils felt like bursting as my breath tugged and struggled through them.

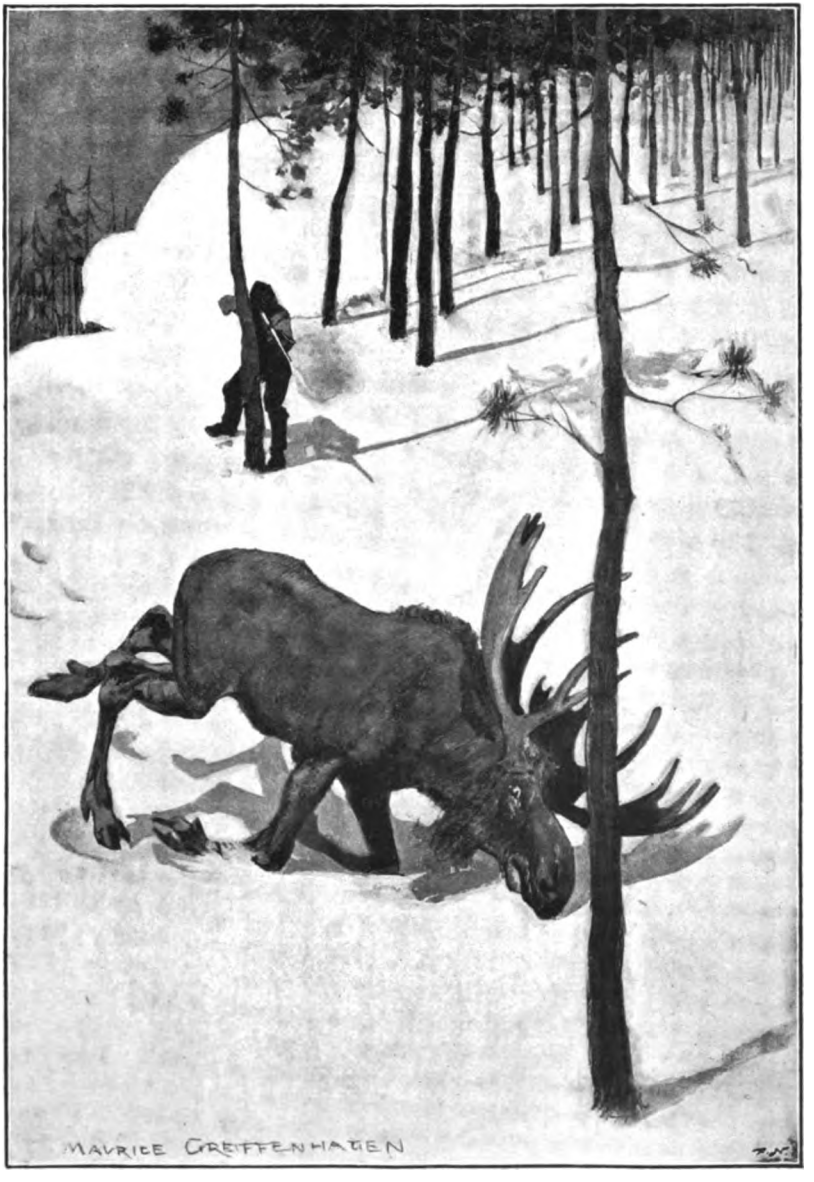
But there is a glorious uncertainty about hunting as well as other sports, and here it cropped up just in the nick of time. Perhaps he caught sight of the lights in the mining town beyond; in any case, the elk turned and 'headed for tall timber.' Swinging sharp to the left, he made a line for the bluff, only to find the straight cliff in front of him, barring his way. Game yet, he broke left again, and keeping along under the rock, made for the mouth of Gold Eagle Gulch, to enter which would bring him once more within range of where I stood.

There was no fear of his winding me, however, for the black hound at last had lifted his head and made up his mind that this in front was his quarry. Breast high he dashed across, and all the world of rocks and snow rang with the clangour of his music as he gladdened with the first new leap.

My own breath was coming easier now, though my pulses still throbbed till they shook me from top to toe, and I laid my rifle across the bare branches of a young aspen beside me. A lone pine rose out of the mouth of the gulch, and the elk must pass that. I gathered my breath, lined the tree, and, just as his neck surged between, tightened upon the trigger.

I saw him stumble at the flash, but in the next stride he recovered. Laying his mighty antlers on his back, with nose stuck straight out to part the growths, he plunged headlong like a snow-plough into the thicket ahead. I heard the grating of his horns as they parted the saplings, with the rattle of the branches as his tines threw them off, but the hound was into the gap with him, and I knew that the end was near.

'He's our meat now,' said I to myself, as I started running



I GATHERED MY BREATH, LINED THE TREE, AND, JUST AS HIS NECK SURGED BETWEEN, TIGHTENED UPON THE TRIGGER

again. Almost immediately I heard the hound's note change, and I knew that the bull was at bay. Then I noted that the light was dimming; the snow had suddenly lost its sparkle. I looked up; the first fringe of the blizzard's pall was pushing under the moon. True, the town was only a mile away, but a hundred yards is far enough to land a man on the yonder side of death, if he venture it in a blizzard. But I would not give up the game. 'There's the elk and here's timber.' With meat and fire I'll pull through somehow,' said I to myself, as I pushed doggedly on towards the bay.

The thicket was only the usual narrow belt filling the bottom of every gulch, so that I was soon through it, and though by this time the landscape had become all drab colour, I was at no loss for direction. Just round the nose of rock in front I found the game. Tail to a cliff, head down and tines ready, the wounded bull was standing off the hound, who bayed eagerly as he thrashed to and fro, seeking room for a spring which should yet avoid those terrible tines. At four paces a shot from the hip brought down the bull, and let in the hound to seize him, but he was dead already.

I had no time to watch what the hound would do. This was Gold Eagle Gulch, named from a mine whose drift ran into the hill within fifty yards of where I stood. There was a rude shanty enclosing the entrance to that tunnel, as I knew. Scarcely stopping to chop a portion from the great carcase, I made my way, more by guess than judgment, through the million needle-points which are the snow of a blizzard, to the Gold Eagle shanty. I would have dragged the hound with me, but that he instantly growled like a storm rumbling, and all I could do for him was to trail the bloody portion on the snow, past his nose, and so on behind me to my refuge.

That sufficed however; for before I had finished feverishly throwing inside the shanty the pile of gathered firewood beside the door of it, the hound stole like a blacker blotch out of the night and stood beside me. The blizzard had scared even him.

There is no need in this paper to describe the blizzard, except to say that for the next day and night it would have been impossible to leave the shanty. I acknowledge that I nearly destroyed the timbering of that tunnel, but fire we had to have. Moreover, I will also acknowledge that I felt a good deal like a man who fears that he has the Old Gentleman for a guest. A long spoon I had not, any more than even a short one; but I fed his sable, saturnine Majesty whenever I thought he looked

hungry, just as I fed myself. And through it all he never made the slightest sound, nor the most remote advance to friendship. At times he would stand the picture of majestic dignity, his great ears hanging low, his head held in calm poise, his pose all noble; and as I looked at him I would feel little less superstitious than when, at other times, he sat upon his haunches in the glow of the fire, and swung his head to and fro, to and fro, like a chained elephant. At such times his skull showed in black pinnacle above his ears, the skin wrinkled into great folds above his eyes, while the deep flews of his mouth swung in slow unison with his

HE SAT UPON HIS HAUNCHES IN THE GLOW OF THE FIRE

winging ears. But it was his eyes themselves which most held my superstition alive. Beneath the liquid light of the eye itself gleamed a red chasm, red and bright as the haw after which it is named; and so weirdly did its light blend with the uncanny impressiveness of his whole appearance, that my rifle was never out of my hand save when absolutely necessary.

It was not his fangs I feared, but the eerie spirit which lived behind that impassive front; and at times I should have welcomed it as a relief—and without being surprised—had he changed into a cinnamon bear of even supernatural size.

Thus it will be guessed with what relief I greeted the cessation

of the blizzard on the evening of the second day, and with what long breaths I started out along the comb of the ridge above till I could come upon the edge of the bluff over the town. That collection of fantastic shacks and shanties was peopled by perhaps a hundred men and double that number of dogs, and as we came into the sky-line of the bluff—for my guest was bearing me stately company—every cur in the place started yelping. I noticed that my guest shrank closer to me at the din, and looked somewhat timid. 'Ah,' said I, 'I thought he was no dog.' I was beginning to feel like one who has discovered something great.

Within a dozen strides, however, we struck the trail of a blacktail, which must have crossed at dawn, and instantly his whole manner changed; his head went down, his tail went up, and in another moment he would have opened and been gone. But proximity to my fellows, together with the open daylight, had given me courage, so that I made no more ado but clapped my arm round his neck and lifted him away from the tracks.

To my surprise he made not the slightest effort to resist, but, after a single long look at the slot, turned again and followed me with the air of a king in chains.

When I entered the saloon—there is only one resort in a mining camp—he halted with me by the bar and cast a majestic glance upon the throng about.

'Hello!' cried one man, 'what kind of a dog d'ye call that 'ere?'

'Dog! Does he look like a dog?' retorted I.

'I should think not'—the voice was that of a fine moustached Mississippian. 'That, suh'—he laid down his cards and pushed up the brim of his sombrero—'that is a bloodhound—one of the good old breed. Befoh the wah, suh, gentlemen kept such hounds foh'—here his voice came delicately and his hand dropped casually to his six-shooter—'foh hunting up any damned niggah, suh, that happened to run away, suh.'

Then the Colonel looked a welcome to me. 'He is a noble specimen, suh, just what an English gentleman would have; but you will excuse me, I know, suh, if I still hold to the opinion that one I had years ago, bofoh the wah, was almost as fine a specimen.'

The Colonel was not less famous in camp for his politeness than for his quickness with the revolver; therefore the rest of the crowd kept straight faces as he totalled up the points of the hound. 'His colouh is quite right: black with a brown tan—

mine was reddish ; and though he is just a leetle fine below the eyes, yet his yeahs are right away good enough to squah the deal. And—how high do you jedge him, suh? 'Bout twenty-six, I guess. Yes, suh, twenty-six, and a right smart height foh wohk, too. Hectoh—that was the hound I spoke of—was a leetle undeh that, but it was handieh when a niggah tuk to the swamp, suh.' And here the Colonel rose, and came over to

'DOG! DOES HE LOOK LIKE A DOG?'

begin the telling of a story of a nigger hunt in the days 'befoh the wah.'

He was a thorough specimen of the old Southern gentleman ; and those of my readers who have ever been privileged to meet any member of that polished aristocracy will quite understand that presently I had almost forgotten the presence of my hound in listening to the courteous narrative of the doings of that other

in the past. Therefore, when he passed solemnly out of the door as one of the men opened it to go, I did not like to call him back and thus expose the fact that he was only newly mine; and it was not until Jack Lufton, who knew his way across the Shires at home, cried out, 'Hark! there's music!' that I made any move to follow.

In my heart I guessed the disaster. The hound must have gone straight back to the trail we had crossed, and this music was his opening upon it. The first glance proved it as I got outside, and then I looked somewhat shamefacedly at the Colonel. 'Keen, suh! keen. If the snow were not so deep I'd join you, suh!'

I caught at the retreat indicated. Some man had left his long Scandinavian showshoes (ski) leaning against the wall.

'I'll borrow these,' said I promptly, dropping them down and slipping my unswathed boots into the leathers. 'So long, Colonel!' and I was shuffling off and quartering up the bluff in no time. Half the dogs in the camp were doing likewise, all drawn to follow where every now and then the bloodhound opened afresh at some stronger indication of his game.

Nevertheless, I felt from the start that I had lost the first bloodhound I had ever seen; and so, indeed, it proved. The motley pack of mongrels dropped off by twos and threes till never a one was left, and I myself was more than a mile behind. Still I shuffled on, now quartering painfully up some long rise, now shooting like lightning down some giddy slope. Mile after mile bent forward as I followed the trail or cut across to gain time.

But there was no friendly cañon to aid me this time, and no question of spending cartridges as I sobbed ahead, while ever and anon, from farther and farther still, faintly and yet more faint, floated the mellow echo, when like a calling bell the clanging of the lost hound came back across the virgin-mantled world.

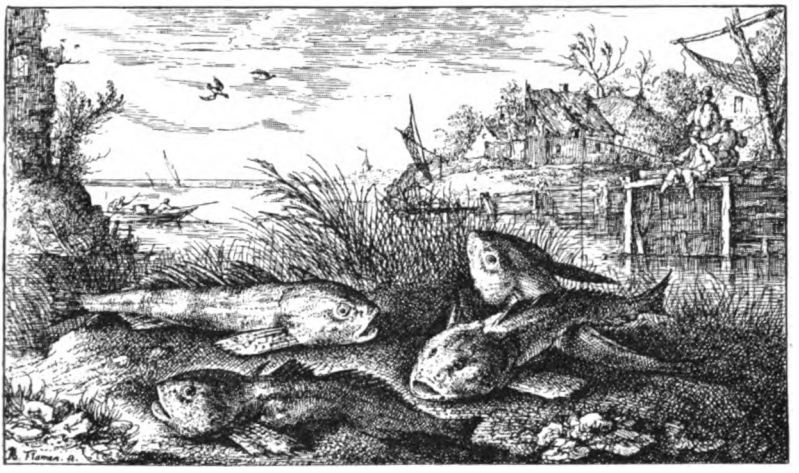
It was no use. I was done up at last. I looked at the sun and saw that there was barely time to strike across and reach my own camp before night; and with a stubborn passion of newborn regret cheating my ears with baseless echoes of the vanished music, I wended wearily to my snowed-up teepee.

Nor did I ever see again the hound which stuck so gallantly to the midnight trail.

. . . . . .

Before parting with the reader, I should like to address a paragraph to lovers of bloodhounds here at home—that is to say, to every one who has ever possessed a specimen of this noblest of all

breeds. Since returning home I have had three different specimens of it, and have thus gained woeful experience of that delicateness of constitution which is such a drawback to the widening of the circle of its friends; for no man likes to nurse a hound through two or three severe illnesses, and then have him carried off by a fourth. Cannot some Bloodhound Society import a few of the hardy American specimens, and thus strengthen our own? Unfortunately I never met with but the one sample of which this true tale tells, and so can give no further information upon the point; but with Colonel ——'s description, as given above, breeders may judge how little harm and how much real good might come of importing a few such hounds as the one who came on me so uncannily in the wilds of Wyoming.



LYTHE FISHING

BY ARCHIBALD BOYD

Good fresh-water fishing is no easy thing to find in these days. All the best is taken up and jealously preserved; most of the so-called 'open' fishing is hardly worth trying, so that a man of moderate means who contemplates a fishing holiday finds more and more difficulty in discovering a place where he can combine decent sport with reasonably economical living.

'Sea Fishing,' one of the latest additions to the Badminton Library, opens out a new and a wide field to the enterprising angler; and, I fancy, as the years go on, more and more disappointed fishermen will desert the river for the sea.

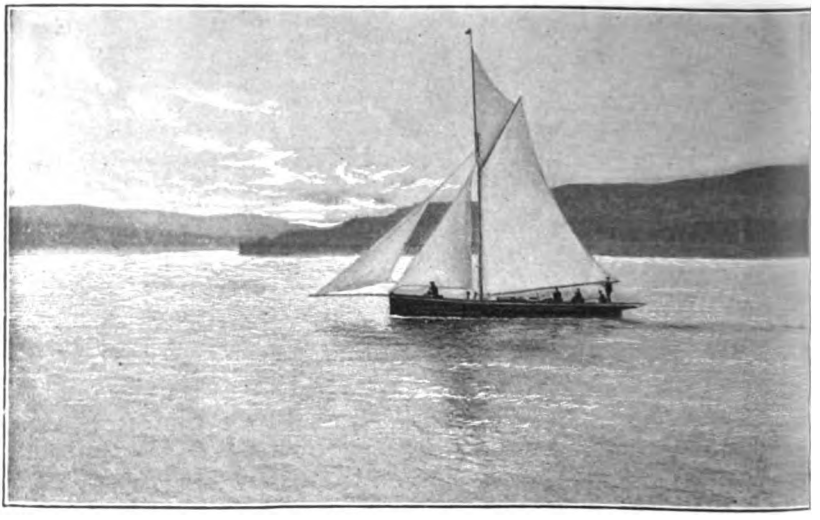
I cannot imagine a pleasanter holiday for three or four men who are fond of the sea, and who do not mind roughing it a little, than a fishing trip in a small yacht for, say, a fortnight or a month among the fiords of the West Coast of Scotland. In June or July the weather on that coast is usually fine, the prospect of good sport most encouraging, and the scenery too well known to need description.

An obsolete cruiser of fifteen or twenty tons, or a good stout fishing-boat, can easily be hired in the Clyde, and the cost of such hire, with, say, a couple of men ought to compare very favourably with the usual hotel charges. Fuel and oil would not be a serious

item, especially if the trip be taken at the end of June, at whi time there is practically no night in the latitude of the Hebrides.

The writer once joined with three others, hired a yacht a Portsmouth, sailed up to the West Coast, and fished for rath more than a month, with the result that the four rods caught i that time about two tons weight of fish, mainly lythe, which, b the way, is the local name for pollack. The obvious objection t starting from Portsmouth is that, if time is limited, much of th holiday may be spent in making the passage, and therefore th Clyde is a more suitable base of operation.

It is of the utmost importance that some one on board shou 'have the Gaelic,' for in the less-known lochs of the outer island

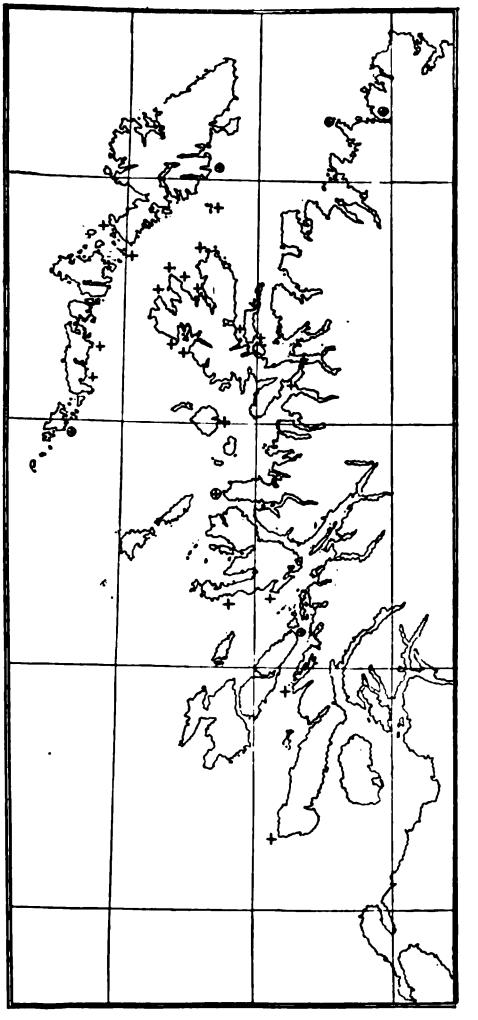


THE KIND OF BOAT RECOMMENDED

English is an unmarketable commodity. It should be remembered also that in most places the crofters will be thankful for any fish that cannot be used on board, and so there need be no anxiety as to the disposal of a large catch.

And now as to the rig out. We found that greenheart rods about eight feet long, made in two pieces, with upright rings, stood the hard usage of the boats better than any others. We also found that a piece of whalebone about six inches long at the upper end of the top joint was very useful in meeting the first rush of a heavy lythe. The reels were large and of gunmetal, capable of taking 100 yards of the Manchester Twine Spinning Co.'s hemp line. Four or five dozen red indiarubber eels from

Brooks or Hearder of Plymouth, twisted and single gut traces, with strong swivels, some white, red, and yellow flies of various sizes, plenty of pipe leads of various weights, and a couple of strong gaffs, complete the outfit. Any one contemplating such an expedition as I have described would do well to consult the pages of 'Sea Fishing' carefully before purchasing his tackle, as he will find everything that he is likely to require and all the newest patterns lucidly described, and ample instructions laid down for the capture of any fish he may expect to fall in with. My object, therefore, will be to indicate the places where good sport ought to be obtained, and where we have ourselves been successful.



In the accompanying map I have marked all the places where we have done well or which have a local reputation with a ⊕; and those which from the character of the ground and the tidal currents ought to be good with a +.

It will be observed that a + is to be seen at the Mull of Cantyre, and as that place is treated with great respect by the navigators on that coast, it would be well to explain how we came to be fishing there. We were bound from Larne to Oban, and ran into calm just before we reached the Mull. The tide was setting to the northward with great strength, and as we swept past the headland in a regular boil of tides, we tried the experiment

of putting over a couple of mackerel lines with 4-lb. leads, gut traces, and red eels. We caught five fish as we drifted, the smallest being 12½ lb., the largest nearly 19 lb. From this I imagine that, if one was to bring up in Campbelton *in settled weather*, fine sport might be found round the Mull; but it must be remembered that it is by no means a place for tiros to start on their own account. The wind rises quickly, and if it is blowing

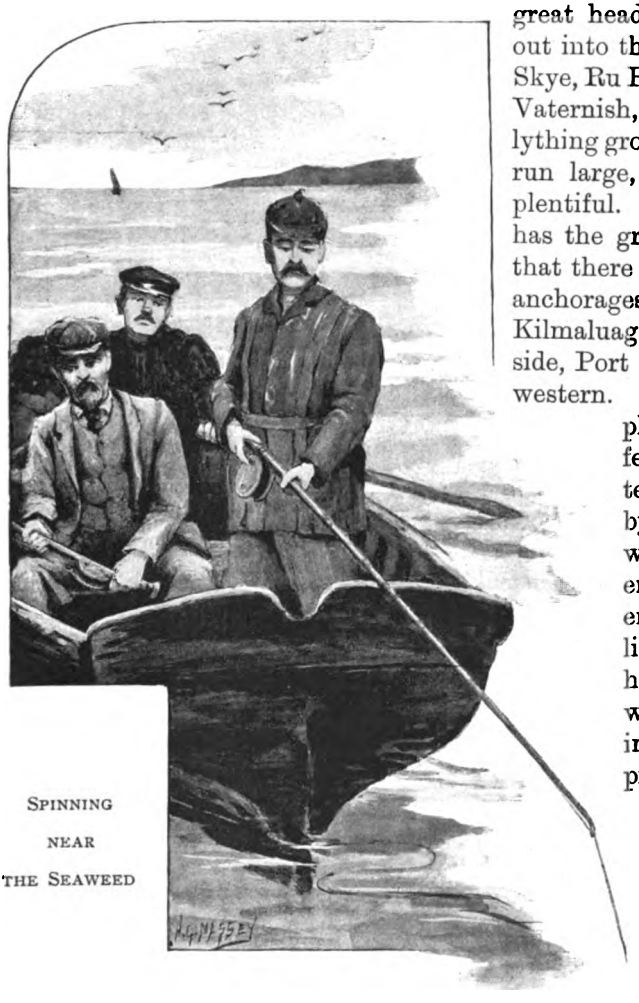
CATCHING LYTHE ON MACKEREL LINES

against the tide, raises a heavy breaking sea, in the last degree dangerous for an open boat. Even in the calmest weather the young flood brings in a heavy surf, and therefore it is no place to trifle with, and the barometer must be carefully watched.

From the Mull to Oban there are many places which look promising from the point of view of the lythe fisherman, and among the bays a long line can be advantageously used in the evenings. Of that part of the coast, however, I have little personal

experience, for we were anxious to push on and get to the outer islands, so as to break fresh ground.

The bulk of our fishing was done on the north-west side of Skye, in the Sound of Harris, at Loch Maddy and Loch Boisdale, and each of those places is a capital base of operations. The two great headlands jutting out into the Minch from Skye, Ru Hunish and Ru Vaternish, are excellent lything grounds; the fish run large, and are very plentiful. Ru Hunish has the great advantage that there are two good anchorages close at hand, Kilmaluag on the eastern side, Port Erisco on the western. This latter place is a perfect little shelter, protected by a small island with a narrow entrance at each end. In this little natural harbour a yacht would lie safely in any weather, provided her ground tackle and warps were good. And here I would point out that anybody going yachting on the West Coast of Scotland would do well to err on the side of excessive strength for anchors, chains, and warps. Gales spring up with surprising suddenness, and blow with great fury; indeed, during the twelve summers that I spent in Skye, several vessels were blown ashore and hopelessly damaged owing to the want of stronger cables. We laid moorings for an



SPINNING NEAR THE SEAWEED

eighteen-tonner at the head of a sheltered loch, and at first they were the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood, for it was agreed on all hands that they were good enough for a forty; but when the little vessel twice dragged them straight, and they had to be relaid, local opinion veered round and praised our caution.

Vaternish has no anchorage very near. Aros Bay, the nearest on the northern or sheltered side, is all very well in fine weather; but if it comes on to blow, a yachtsman must make for Loch Grishornish or Loch Snizort, taking care not to show too much sail, for hard slammers come down off the high land and strike almost vertically. Our little vessel one day was knocked nearly flat when clearing out of this bay. Loch Bay, on the southern side, is too much exposed to the south-west swell to prove attractive to yachtsmen.

Away to the north of Skye, Yesker, Fladdachuan, and several other small uninhabited islands are well worth trying. Further north again the Shiant group, midway between Ru Hunish and Stornoway, is a grand place. The fish were very large, and there is a fair anchorage on the northern side, quite clear of rocks, which could be used in fine weather.

In the Sound of Harris are two good anchorages; one right inside at Obbe, another between Groay and Gilsay on the Minch side. Excellent fishing is to be had round these islands. The tide in the Sound is a peculiar one, for the stream comes from the Atlantic all day in the summer at neap tides, and from the Minch all night. At springs the flood sets from the Atlantic during the greater part of the time the water is rising, and the ebb sets to the Atlantic during most of the time the water is falling.

These facts are worth remembering when working into an anchorage. Loch Maddy and Loch Boisdale are both fine and safe harbours, and the coast from Boisdale up to Ru Ushinish and down to Barra is fine lythe ground.

From all the above stations we have made heavy catches, more than once exceeding three hundredweight. From a little before dusk till dark, and from the first glint of dawn till broad daylight, proved the most deadly times; but I am inclined to agree with the author of 'Sea Fishing' that lythe can be taken at any time, if the baits *are properly shown to them.* By that I mean that the lythe are down amongst the seaweed during the day, and it is no use at such a time to tow a bait along the surface. We began our fishing with no John Bickerdyke to help us, and had to find out for ourselves how and where to fish. At first we were told that it was idle to attempt lythe fishing except in

'coarse' weather at the first of the flood. The tide was not always in that condition when we wanted to fish, and as time went on we found that fish could be taken under varying conditions of tide and weather, but that the bait had to be spun at varying depths, the general rule being as near the seaweed as it was possible to go without fouling.

CUDDY FISHING CAN BE HAD ALMOST ANYWHERE

The explanation of the local theory lies, I think, in the fact that the very coarse tackle used by the local fishermen necessarily involves rough water, and the short fixed lines they use are nearer the seaweed and the fish at low water than at any other time.

Nor were we provided with the beautiful assortment of leads which is shown in 'Sea Fishing;' consequently we learned to regulate the depth of our fishing by the speed of the boat and the length of line out.

There is a tendency among the local boatmen to row fast, due, I think, to their dread of being 'hung up;' for, with no running line, a foul with them means a certain break. But what they gain in one way they lose in another, for the boat makes more splashing and disturbance than when it is rowed, as it should be, very quietly.

If, then, a fisherman is provided with suitable tackle, he need not despair of a good catch on a calm evening; and there is no

question that fishing under anti-cyclonic conditions of weather is far more enjoyable, even to a hardened salt, than the same sport in wind and rain. It is only the sailor in the novel who is never happy unless there is wind enough to blow a pump-handle into tin tacks. Furthermore, there is a charm about a fine evening on the West Coast which only those who know that country well can realise. The wealth of colour and the grand forms of the rock and mountain would go far to compensate the angler, even for an empty basket.

LOBSTERS ARE PLENTIFUL

It would be vain repetition to describe how lythe are to be caught, for the whole system is very clearly and fully described in 'Sea Fishing,' and I have not a word to add to the instructions therein contained. I would only emphasise the importance—indeed, the necessity—of checking the first rush of a heavy fish firmly and at once. If he once gets into the seaweed, it is good-bye to some of the gear.

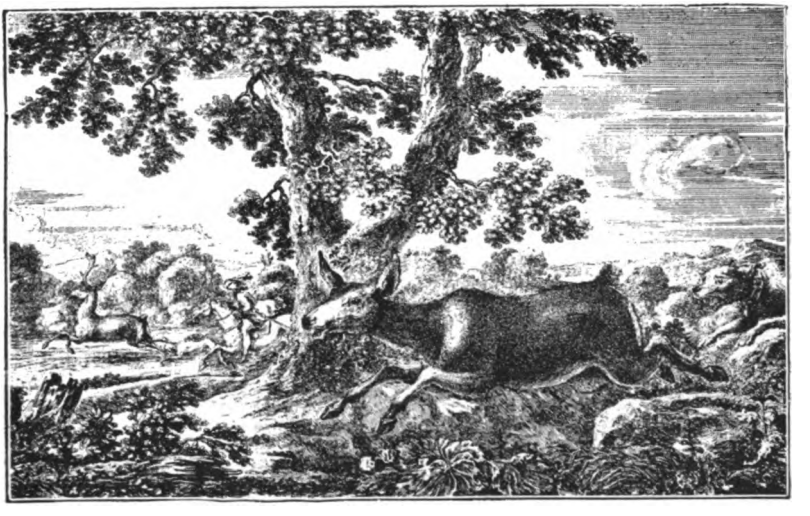
Cuddy fishing, though of course not so exciting as lythe fishing, can be had almost anywhere along the West Coast; and on a fine summer evening an hour or two with a fly-rod from the rocks may be pleasantly and profitably spent. As a rule, the cuddies (which are young coal-fish and young lythe) run about six or seven inches long; but in the fine hot summer of 1880 a large school of bigger ones, about ¾ lb. each, appeared on the north-west coast of Skye, and afforded fine sport for light rods and fine tackle. Three rods caught 451 in about two and a half hours one afternoon, and the catch filled

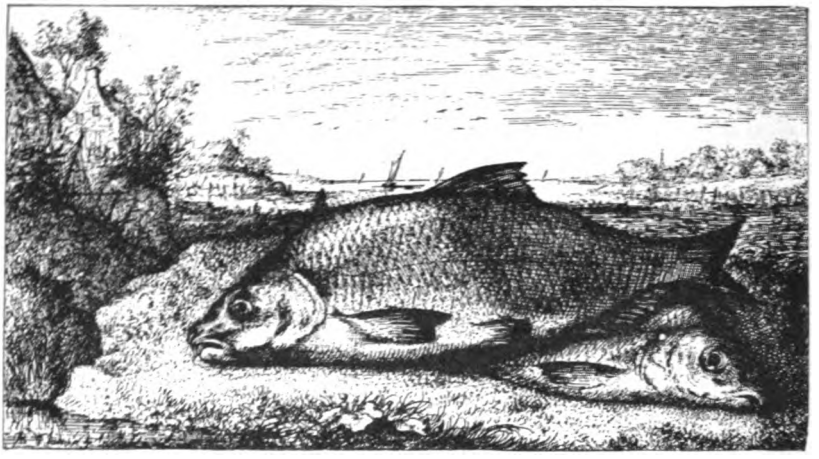
a large washing-basket to overflowing. All these were caught off the rocks; probably a boat with five or six rods would have brought in more. From the description of the fish in 'Sea Fishing,' I am inclined to think that these large cuddies were the billet which are found on the Eastern Coast.

The smaller cuddies come in very usefully as bait for the long lines, and with these haddock and whitings, codlings, skate, and congers can be caught in quantities.

Lobsters too are plentiful amongst the outer islands, and it would be well to add a few pots to the outfit. A careful study of the chapter on shell-fish in the before-mentioned work will show how they can be captured in various ways, and they will make a welcome addition to the larder.

Such a trip as I have suggested would not be ruinously expensive; the larder would be well supplied by the fishermen themselves; and, whether the catch was phenomenal or moderate, the party would return to their work refreshed and invigorated by the sea breezes, and in a fair way to become enthusiastic and practical sailors.





SWIMMING FOR LADIES

BY MABEL VERONICA BATTEN

WHAT woman or girl is there amongst our sea-loving nation who cannot recall her ecstasy at her first real swim? I think nothing can equal the delight of feeling at home at last on the kindly breast which had hitherto been viewed with suspicion, not to say positive fear. The idea of fear—like snoring or sea-sickness—is generally indignantly repudiated by our sex, and many a woman have I seen feigning an enthusiasm and confidence she was very far from feeling in the water. Women cannot brook being defeated in trivial matters, though they are capable of making a big sacrifice in a very stoical manner. The dislike of being 'just left' by another woman, added to a little real pluck and a laudable desire to be thought courageous, are elements which judiciously mixed furnish creditable material for future female swimmers—and of such is the kingdom of all foreign coasts.

Not so our English watering-places. They do not offer the same advantages to girls who wish to learn to swim. The separation of the sexes rigorously enforced, as a general rule, in this country, effectually bars any but the most bold and lion-hearted women from venturing beyond their depth. We hear of far fewer accidents abroad than on our own coasts, where, in addition to the usually shelving beach, is added the very real danger of women and children all bathing together without any

helpful male in case of accidents. English seaside places should move with the times, and now that the spectacle of knickerbockered ladies astride the tandem wheel no longer evokes the faintest curiosity in crowded towns, I see no reason why English seaside resorts should not reform their dress, manners, and customs, and countenance and encourage the only safe and sensible form of sea-bathing as practised abroad. Swimming is doubtless taught in most girls' schools at the seaside. But considering the enormous advantage it is to learn when young, I cannot but think that every English family who can afford it should under existing circumstances repair annually for their summer holiday to a foreign seaside resort. Their boys and girls would then learn together in the water, thus allowing the girls to gain that confidence which they can never feel with only their own weaker sex to depend on. The English system of sea-bathing is greatly responsible for much swimming with one leg on the ground, and small wonder at it!

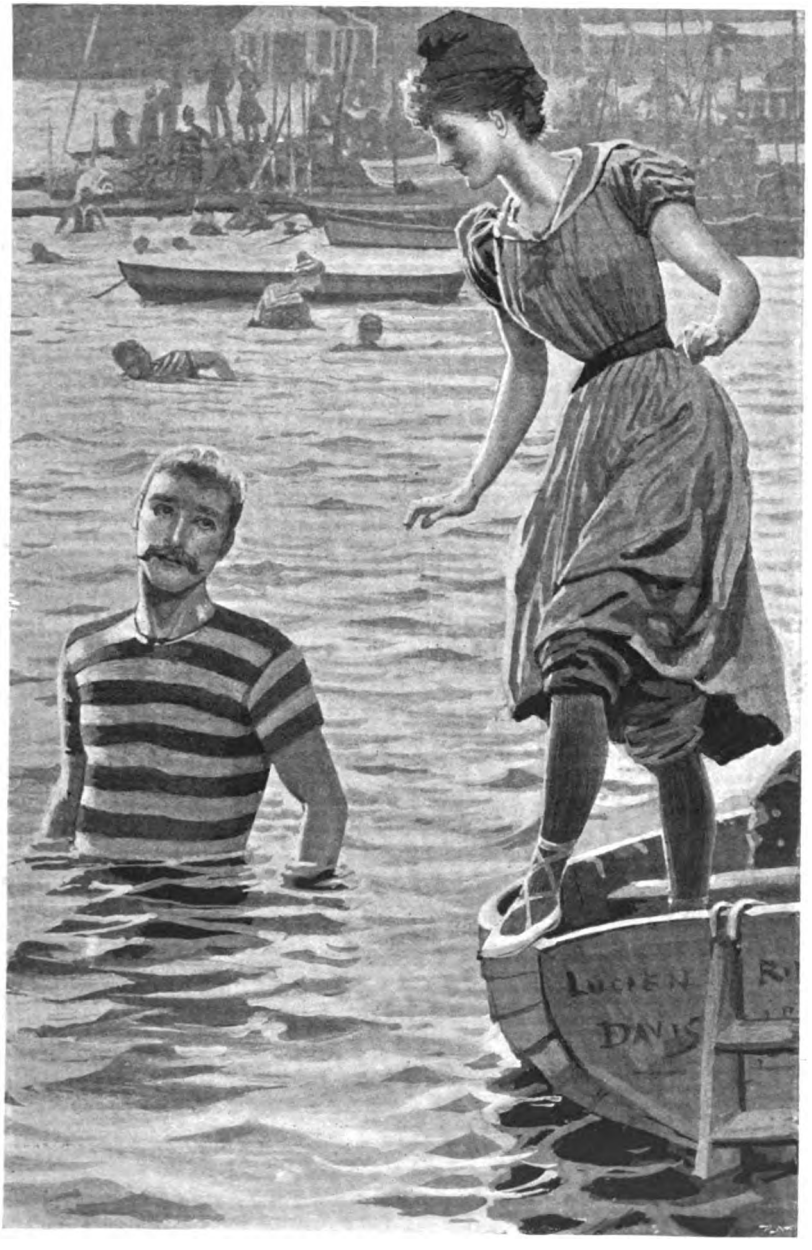
I should like to say a word about the great advantage of girls and women taking their first swimming lessons in very calm water, and, if possible, on a day when there is little or no wind. Even a slight breeze will break the surface of the water into a thousand little angry ripples, which are very discomposing and discouraging to the open-mouthed novice who suddenly finds herself brimful of water. The amateur in swimming, like the amateur on wheels, invariably keeps the mouth open. You may see scores of lady cyclists in Battersea Park any morning trying to assume an air of jaunty confidence. But the earnest stare and the wide-open mouth betrays them to 'one who knows!'

Therefore the would-be swimmer should select a day when the sea is of buttery smoothness, with just that imperceptible land-swell which seems to give an added buoyancy to the water. Choose a boat with a comfortable step-ladder for your pupil to cling to—this is a *sine quâ non*. Bring it just within her depth and take her quickly out of her depth the instant both her hands have a firm hold of the ladder. Then keep the boat steady and get her accustomed to feeling how easily her hand on the steps will keep her head well above water. Confidence once established, she will very soon learn to strike out with her legs, and in three lessons she should be able to let go of the boat, always providing you stay quite close to her in the water. I do not approve of beginners, even those who can swim a little, being persuaded to take a header from the boat, though this plan is approved of by one of our first swimming teachers. The shock of the sudden

plunge is quite enough to terrify any nervous girl, not to mention that she invariably falls flat on her chest, and experiences much the same stinging feeling as if she had just received a smart box on the ear. Directly she is able to swim, say twenty yards, entirely alone, she can then begin to learn to take headers.

The first hints for learning are always the most important. I am myself fortunate in having received from Mr. Beckwith the benefit of his valuable experience. He told me it was a great mistake to teach children from the shallow end of a swimming bath, and advises the deep end, with a small floating lifebuoy for them to cling on to with the teacher in the water by their side, and they will learn far quicker than by the usual method, where they spend half of the time endeavouring to swim with one leg on the ground. He also remarked that the temperature of most swimming baths was not warm enough. The sensation of cold, as we all know, adds greatly to that of fright. All his own children were given their first swimming lessons in a tank with water at 80°. Costume is always important in a lady's eyes, on the land or in the water, and it may be remarked that elaborate bathing dresses are entirely out of place for the would-be swimmer. Flapping sailor collars, coloured braid, and short, outlined tunics do not help to beautify the female form, but rather tend to make it look as if its legitimate place was on top of an organ. A bathing costume is no more really becoming to any woman than a cycling attire, however well thought out. To make the head look neat is very important, and I may go so far towards betraying feminine mysteries as to observe that the first thing many swimmers do is to carefully push back all the hair on the forehead under the cap, substituting an artificial fringe of Polish hair, warranted to curl tightly however wet it becomes! This is tacked into the rubber cap, which is then concealed by a smart red silk handkerchief tied into a bow on top of the head, or one of those Breton jersey fisher-caps, which pull right over the rubber sponge bag, only revealing the curly little fringe of borrowed hair. The most beautiful head of 'woman's glory' appears unsightly in a dripping state, and what woman could look well with her own fringe hanging in limp strands over her eyes, and her back coiffure in ribbon seaweed streamers over her shoulders?

As to the bathing costume itself, dark blue or black has the best appearance. A neatly fitting bodice and knickers cut in one with an added gored skirt, not too short, looks well, and a broad black or blue canvas belt round the waist. Many ladies wear stockings, and this fashion finds great favour abroad. Others


LUCIEN
DAVIS

prefer *espadrilles* or canvas shoes, which certainly look smart. But they become very heavy in the water, and should only be worn on a shingly or rocky coast.

As to the sensations of the good swimmer, that which is paramount is a delightful and exhilarating feeling of buoyancy, which is really quite intoxicating in its effect. The sense of freedom and vastness is almost too overpowering at first. I well remember, on one of my cautious expeditions from the step ladder which I had only just learnt to leave a few boat-lengths behind me, suddenly realising how very small I was and how very large the sea! I felt a thrill of terror, horrid possibilities of cramp occurred to me, and I even fancied I could feel a sea monster tugging at my unwilling toes! Luckily there was a friendly Frenchman at my elbow. He was rather surprised at my entreating him to tow me back to the boat *faisant le mort* while he did so. I know I could not have swum one single stroke at that moment, such was my unreasoning fright at my own daring in having swum so far from my floating haven of rest.

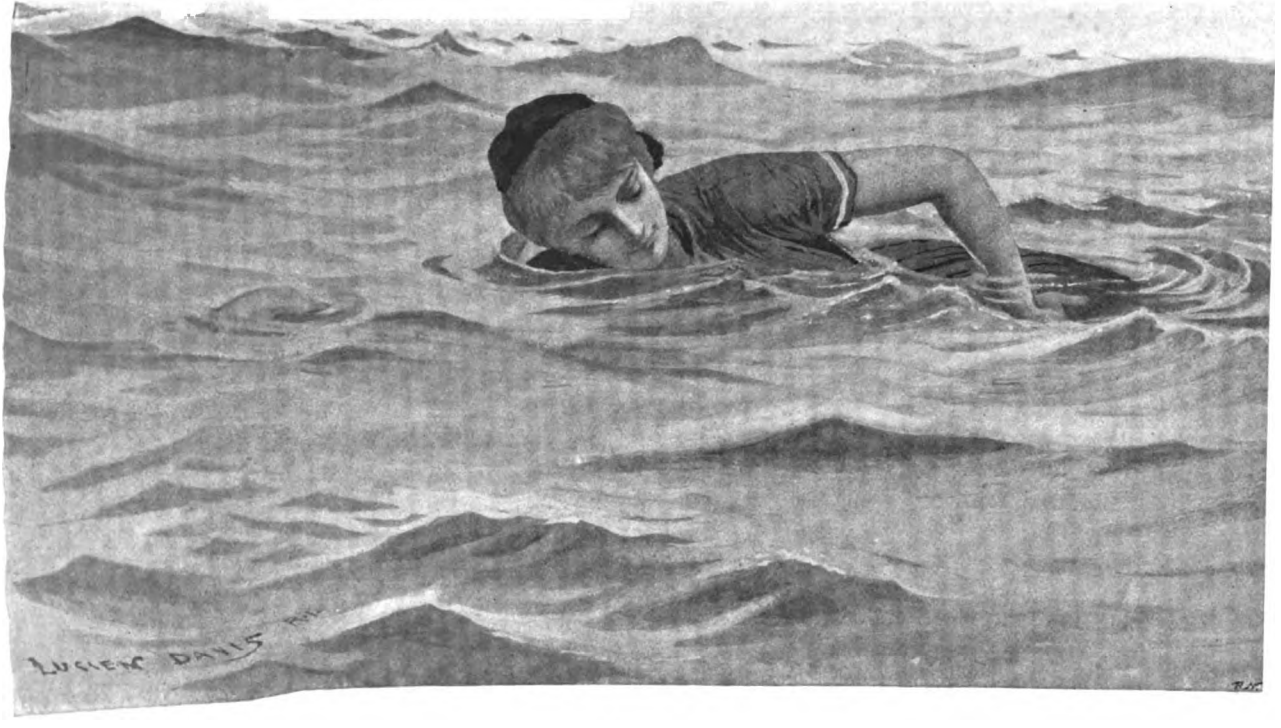
This brings me back to what I said about the advisability of having one's teacher in the water with one, and I strongly impress on all except very good swimmers to remember not to leave the boat unless with a trustworthy escort. It is curiously amusing to note the momentary familiarity of those we meet in deep places, especially if the sea be rough. Not long ago I found myself on the splendid *plage* at Ostend, with a spare half hour not too soon after breakfast, and not too near luncheon time. Though sea-bathing, like most enjoyments practised in solitary state, is apt to be dull, still I thought, for the good of my health, and perhaps because I had a new dark blue uniform, that I would have a dip, in spite of a rather choppy sea. So in I went, and, after much patient wading through tiresome little waves which were quite full of 'bobbers' of both sexes, set out for a mild swim past the boat which was anchored just beyond the breakers. This unheard-of proceeding on my part created quite an excitement. I shouted as well as I could to the boatmen that a good *pourboire* should be theirs if they would follow me *au large*. This I said waving one hand vaguely in the direction of England. But the incorruptible Belgians (there were two in the boat staring stolidly at me) became quite angry at this suggestion on my part, and ordered me in gruff and imperious tones to return at once. Knowing there is often an under-current at low tide, I was preparing to obey their mandate when I heard a puffing and panting close behind me, and a choked voice inquiring '*Sprechen sie deutch mein*

fraulein?' I looked over my shoulder and beheld a colossal pink and yellow German much out of breath at his endeavours to catch me up. After politely expressing his admiration of my swimming powers he requested to be allowed the privilege of escorting me a little further seawards. This he proposed much in the same way as if he were asking for a *tour de valse* at the Casino. I assented with equal politeness, and after a pleasurable swim, during which we each admired the other's strokes, he escorted me back to the boat. Then, both bowing amiably, we pursued our respective ways towards our *cabines*, where the luxury of a hot fresh-water tub soon removed that feeling of stickiness which to my mind is the one objection to sea-bathing. Here, again, the advantage of foreign bathing versus English is evident. In every *cabine* there is placed, as a matter of course, a *bain de pied* of fresh warm water, which you can souse yourself with before beginning drying operations. The comfort of this is immense, and I wonder it is not insisted on in every English seaside place.

Little or nothing is attempted on this side of the channel to make sea-bathing a luxury and pleasure. Ideal swimming can be enjoyed on the coasts of Italy, where you start with a peerless climate and a perfect shore. Ardenza, which is a kind of Italian Trouville, cannot be equalled, or at any rate outrivalled anywhere. The coasts of Normandy and Brittany, especially the latter, are very delightful also, and bathing can often be enjoyed, without fear of harm to health, right up to the middle of October. Dinand, a perfect paradise for sea-bathers, is too well known to need any recommendation. Canoes, rafts, floating-stages and boats are all provided there to ensure pleasure and impart confidence to the many lovers of swimming and bathing who yearly pay it a visit, whilst, further up the coast, St. Lunaire and St. Briac provide equally good bathing for those who prefer quiet.

The pleasure of sea-bathing depends greatly on the point of view taken by the bather, and it is interesting to note the very different motives which prompt the English and the foreign bather to indulge in this fascinating pastime.

We English are accused of 'taking our pleasures sadly.' But with regard to sea-bathing I am sure we only look upon it as an amusement *pur et simple*. Not so the French, and, in fact, all foreigners. By foreigners I do not include Anglo-maniacs, who are as English, and even more so, than ourselves. I mean the unfashionable Parisians and the provincials and bourgeois class who go annually to the *bains de mer*, just as our English upper middle classes do. To these, sea-bathing is a faith cure, no more or less.


LUCIEN DAVIS

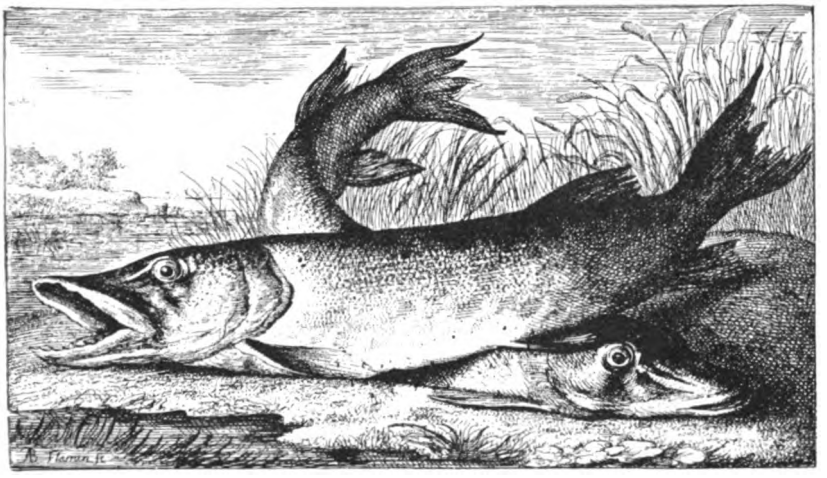
The family French doctor recommends a course of twenty-five sea-baths for Mademoiselle Geneviève, and fifteen ditto for Monsieur Jules. Not one more and not one less! Forthwith the two young persons commend their hitherto only partially-tubbed bodies to the deep sea, and bathe with a seriousness worthy of the Carlsbad Sprudel. All their friends know the prescribed number of baths. And should you invite Mademoiselle Geneviève to swim with you after she has completed her twenty-fifth bath she will regret that the pleasure must be deferred till next season. It will not strike her as possible that her *traitement hygiénique* can do otherwise than suffer seriously should she indulge in one extra dip! This blind faith in a given number of sea-baths is very amusing. I once saw a very corpulent but healthy-looking Frenchman, attired in a peg-top striped maillot of surpassing size and brilliance, standing up to his knees in the surf, and bobbing backwards with great solemnity at each advancing wave. It was one of those disagreeable days, when the wind cuts you like a knife, and the constant patter of small, cold, and persistent rain would drive anything but a fish out of the sea. This poor human porpoise, however, stood his ground bravely, shouting cheerfully meanwhile to his family and admirers on the shore. He was explaining to them between each wave that he had to return to Lille next day, but that he was taking his twenty-fourth and last bath. '*Quel froid—brr!*' &c., &c., '*mais enfin c'est bien fini!*' He then walked out of the water with the air of a cheerful but shivering martyr, and allowed himself to be draped in a dressy *peignoir* held ready for him by the little *bonne* of the family, who enthusiastically trooped off with him to his *cabine*.

As to river and fresh-water bathing, I consider that it should be taken in very small and prudent doses by girls and women. Defective circulation and a tendency to anæmia is the great drawback with which our over-civilisation has endowed half our girls. And fresh-water bathing has an exactly opposite effect to sea-bathing, relaxing instead of stimulating. It is consequently far more tiring and lowering to the system. It needs an exceptionally active circulation to recover from immersion in cold fresh water, and I should not recommend it to any but the very strongest of women.

I remember some years ago bathing in the Lake of Como, just opposite the Villa d'Este Hotel. It was towards the end of September, and a glorious sunny morning. But the cold of the water, which looked so inviting, almost paralysed me, and after about three minutes I was glad to scramble into the boat and be

rowed back, in a semi-numb condition, to the bathing-house. Of course, lake water, more especially when surrounded by mountains whose chilly streams are perpetually flowing in, is colder than anything short of icebergs.

The bathing season is now well on, and I hope that there may be some hints in this paper which may add to the enjoyment of those who are fortunate enough to find themselves at the sea-side.



NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

THUS Mr. Edwin Ball writes to me:—'Mr. W. J. Ford, in an article on cricket in this month's BADMINTON MAGAZINE, says that "Of the old-time professionals, Griffiths was the biggest hitter I remember, and it seems only yesterday when he hit a great soarer to square leg clean out of the ground—a very rare feat. Griffiths, by the way, is reported to have hit all six balls of an over delivered by the Kent lob bowler, 'Farmer' Bennett, out of the Hastings ground for six. The truth of this I cannot vouch for, but local tradition maintains its accuracy." Mr. Ford, I think, is referring to the match that was played at the *Oval*, and not *Hastings*, between Surrey and Kent, at which I remember to have been present, when Ben Griffiths (the 'Lion hitter,' as he was called in those days), from *Wiltshire's* bowling and not Bennett's, hit four consecutive sixes in one over (there were, of course, four balls to the over in those days), and, strange to say, each ball went to precisely the same spot, over the fence to the tavern on the right-hand side of the Oval. If I remember rightly, it was at this same match that John Lillywhite, who stood umpire, no-balled each ball of one over of Wiltshire's, who with some degree of temper dashed down the ball, causing some little scene. Possibly he hadn't sufficiently recovered from the effects of Ben Griffiths' severe punishment. If Mr. Burrup, the old

secretary of the Surrey Club, is alive, I have no doubt he will confirm me in the correctness of my statement.'

The tendency of experience on the Turf is to make men believe only what they see, and that is why such unsurpassed judges as Tom Cannon and James Jewitt—and others—whilst acknowledging that there was no line between Velasquez and Goletta, in the race for the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Goodwood, rather expected to see the filly win. Her performances, 'on the book,' looked better than his win at Ascot, they thought, and, taking nothing on trust, their judgment leaned towards her. But Velasquez won in the handsomest style possible, and after the race Lord Rosebery made no secret of his conviction that the colt was 'one of the best horses we have seen for many years past.' The strength of Velasquez's trial I do not know—I should much like to know it, but that is the sort of question one does not ask. However, Lord Rosebery evidently had no doubt as to the result, and his belief in the son of Donovan and Vista was amply justified. Tom Cannon was the critic of make and shape who took exception to the colt's forelegs on the ground that they looked weak. It is only to be hoped that they will stand, for it is a real delight to the lover of horses to see Velasquez extended, with such a rider as John Watts on his back. The style in which he disposed of Goletta was amazing, and Hellebore was never in it when racing really began, when Watts asked the colt to go on and win. I anticipated seeing him win easily, as readers of last month's number of this Magazine are aware; and if a better two-year-old comes out this year, his or her owner will be a lucky man. Rumours of something superlative at Kingsclere are annually rife, and I quite expect to see something from there a good deal better than Bluewater, who, I may remark, is not regarded as anything approaching to a good animal. 'A little better than a smart plater' is the stable estimate of her, though she is a particularly game filly, and does better out than at home. But whatever may be in reserve, I shall be very much surprised to see Velasquez beaten this year.

A couple of years ago I met John Porter at early exercise on Doncaster Town Moor, and casually remarked to him that it was a pity so promising a filly as Throstle had turned jady. 'Yes,' he replied; 'but it's no wonder, galloping as she has been day

after day with a horse about two stone better than herself.' Matchbox was, of course, the colt thus referred to as so vastly her superior; and we saw what happened. The jady filly won the St. Leger next day, and Matchbox was a moderate third. The moral of this little anecdote is that one should not talk hastily about horses having 'no earthly chance.' Who thought—who could have been persuaded—that Throstle would beat Matchbox? No one could have known their relative capacity better than their skilful and experienced trainer. I have heard Porter described as not a very good judge of a handicap, but I never heard any one venture the opinion that he was not a most admirable judge of 'classic' form. That anything had any 'earthly chance'—why 'earthly' should be added I do not know, but it is apparently held to strengthen the expression—of beating Ladas and Matchbox seemed incredible, and as for Throstle (who won rather easily), her form was perfectly well known. Perhaps John Porter's estimate ('about two stone') was an exaggeration, but that Matchbox was from a stone to 21 lb. the better animal no one for a moment doubted—till the reverse had been publicly proved.

Recognising what has just been written, it is difficult to see what has any chance of beating St. Frusquin and Persimmon in the coming Leger—no less difficult than the same problem was two years ago. And such upsets of shrewd and cautious calculations are very rare, so that we may really expect with much confidence the victory of one or the other. The question is of which? Persimmon is the bigger horse with the longer stride, he is in all ways well suited to the Doncaster course, and he will be ridden by Watts, who is a superlatively good horseman. Persimmon beat St. Frusquin in the Derby, over the longest course the two have run together; what argument can be advanced to support the idea that the result will be altered on the 9th? The only thing that I can suggest is that St. Frusquin was not quite at his best on the Derby Day, and I am inclined to fancy that this is the case. In the Two Thousand he was not nearly the horse he had shown himself in his first race this year, and both at Newmarket in the Princess of Wales' Stakes, and at Sandown in the Eclipse, he looked to me fresher, harder, and generally better than at Epsom. All accounts from Newmarket agree that since his last appearance he has progressed in the most satisfactory manner possible, and my strong impression is that he will win the Leger.

The much regretted death of Lord Limerick reminds me of an odd experience which is perhaps just worth a Note. Some years ago I made the acquaintance of a Colonel Hunter, and accepted an invitation to dine at his house. The late Lord Limerick, a first cousin of the Colonel, was one of the party, and after dinner we three sat down to play whist, another cousin—whose name I forget—making the fourth. As my host dealt, I noticed for the first time that he had no thumb on his right hand. Afterwards I learned that it had been blown off, and it is strange, having seen him on several previous occasions, that I had not noticed the loss. Such, however, was the case. The glance which revealed this loss led to my thinking how curious a thumbless hand looked, and by way of comparing it with a hand duly supplied—as I imagined—with digits, I glanced at the hand of Lord Limerick, who was my partner. He too had lost a thumb—or did my eyes deceive me? The comparison with a sound hand must, I thought, be made with the player on my left. I looked at his hand. *He too had lost a thumb!* I was playing with three first cousins, and there were five thumbs among the party. I imagine that this must be a unique experience.

It is rather a curious fact with regard to books that volumes which appeal with very special force to a small class of readers often do not appeal to a large circle with quite sufficient force to insure a remunerative sale. The Rev. H. A. Macpherson, who has done such excellent work for the 'Fur and Feather' Series, has just completed 'A History of Fowling; being an Account of the Many Curious Devices by which Wild Birds are or have been Captured in Different Parts of the World.' The book is full of quaint information, and includes all sorts of feathered fowl, from wild swans to humming birds; but whether it will ever be published—and it would be a misfortune if so much carefully compiled knowledge were wasted—depends upon the collecting of a certain number of subscribers in advance. If they appear Mr. David Douglas of Edinburgh will produce the volume.

A number of communications have reached me on a subject about which I lately made an inquiry on behalf of a correspondent—dog-breaking and the value of retrieving setters. The

following notes are from a well-known sportsman, who speaks with exceptional authority:—'I am much interested in the Notes by Mr. C. Browne in the June number of the BADMINTON MAGAZINE on training setters. As I have bred and trained Gordon setters for some forty years, I should like to say something on the subject. The point put first is "retrieving setters." I should like to put that last—not that I undervalue it at all, but because it comes last in the education of a setter. The question of hunting puppies in their first season is a first consideration, for on that, I think, hang the most important points of training in general. The plan I adopt is this: The puppies should be absolutely broken to come to whistle and to heel, to drop to the hand, and to remain dropped till called, before they are allowed to see game at all. This can easily be done, especially if you have a trained setter as tutor, and in a few walks on land where there is no game, the young one is made to sit down by the old one. He soon learns by example to do so. The great object of this is to have complete command of your puppy *before* he is driven wild by excitement. I presume that you have a well-bred animal to deal with, whose natural instinct is to range and point. All danger of running to shot, or rather to chase, as that is the mischief most likely to occur in training, is at an end, as you can drop your puppy whenever you like.

'The rest is simple, some two hours a day for a week or ten days during pairing time should bring the puppy forward enough to begin his season. I should, however, strongly advise that the trainer should not himself shoot over the young dog for the first two or three points. The report of guns just over his head, and the falling birds, quite a new experience to him, are a great trial, and this makes it necessary that the trainer should give all his attention to the young one. Of course he will be close to his dog, and a word in time will be quite enough to keep him where he is, and down. This presumes that during his training he has always been kept down after the game he has pointed has been put up. He should be most particular in keeping his young dog down after the shot rather longer than is necessary for reloading a breechloader, because on this depends his being absolutely down charge, and a very few lessons make him so for his lifetime (of course supposing that he does not get into the hands of "sportsmen" who are so anxious to pick up their birds that they cannot

remain down charge themselves). Never allow him to be hunted with dogs that are not also quite down charge, at all events for his first two seasons.

'If this method is adopted I think the objections to using a dog in his first season vanish. He will not run to shot if he has been properly taught, and even if, under the excitement of a hare or a flapping bird just in front of him, he should move or show a tendency to move, if the trainer is doing what he should do—viz. giving all his attention to his pupil—one word will right it. Moreover, this close attention every day gets less and less necessary, as down to shot becomes what you want it to be—a fixed habit. If, however, the shooters are sportsmen unaccustomed to dogs, not knowing what they ought or ought not to do themselves, the trainer had better leave his puppies at home, as it is at least as easy to spoil a dog as it is to make him; and if you once allow a fault to get hold you will be fortunate if you ever cure it. As to making setters retrieve, I used to think it better not to teach them this business until they had had about four seasons' work, and I still think that this is a good general rule. For many years I have always had one setter used to retrieve. I have now one that began that part of her work at the end of her second season. She was and is an excellent ranger, and very perfect in her work at grouse, though I use her to retrieve young rabbits in the summer. When often she has to be sent in quick to the shot, it has done her no harm whatever in her other work, and, in spite of four years' retrieving, she ranged last August as well as ever, was perfectly down charge and steady from chase, and content to set her dead bird in the heather and watch the keeper pick it up. All the same, I don't think you could do this with every dog.' For the present I must leave this subject, but some of the letters I have by me are too good to be left unpublished, and I shall have more to say next month.

At the very last moment before going to press, when, indeed, the preceding Notes have *gone* to press and are beyond recall or mitigation, the amazing news comes that St. Frusquin has been struck out of the Leger. As I scribble these lines, while the press waits, I do not know the reason. He must have broken down hopelessly, of course, and with him goes the anticipation of what must have been one of the most exciting Legers on record.

THE
BADMINTON MAGAZINE.
October 1896

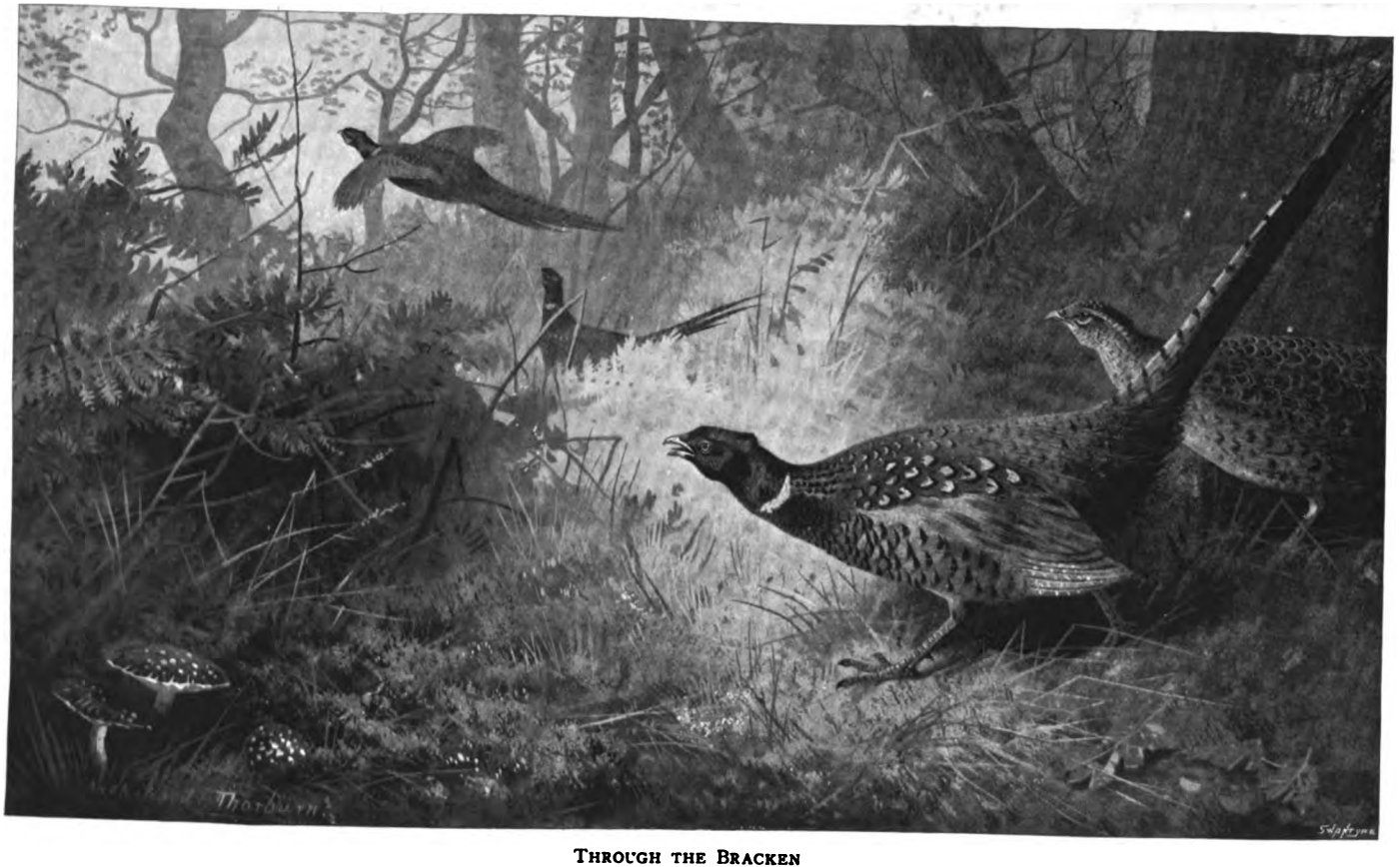
THE PHEASANTS

BY ALEX. INNES SHAND

THE pheasant is dear alike to the sportsman, the lover of nature, and the epicure. We English are said to have no great liking for foreigners, but we have given him a warm welcome, and *en revanche* he makes himself thoroughly at home with us. We can fix pretty exactly the date of arrival of Roman and Dane, Saxon or Norman, but no one professes to tell us precisely when the pheasant came over. All we know is that he is the first and most favoured of our oriental dependents, and he was domesticated here long before we had dreamed of establishing empire from the Hindu Kush to Cape Comorin. The cuckoo comes and goes, the swallow only stays through the summers and the sunshine, but the pheasant is as happy in Norfolk or Kent as on the lower slopes of the Himalayas; for the alien, adapting himself to circumstances as a matter of habit, has naturalised himself among the partridges and rabbits. Like the deer in some ancestral park, or the sleek cattle in the soft green meadows, he lends an appropriate touch of poetry to the woodlands and is in animated harmony with the coppice and the hedgerow. It is clear, indeed, that Nature must have intended the pheasants to settle here. The hen, in her sober, quaker-like dress, may sit scentless and scatheless on her nest in the bracken or the withered grass, unremarked by the weasel or the prowling fox, and eluding even the eyes of boys who are out bird-nesting. When she hurries off

to snatch her hasty repast, the olive-coloured eggs blend sympathetically with the oak leaves on which they are laid. Even the hooded crow or the rook would seldom find them, did it not follow the footsteps of the keeper when he goes questing in his coverts in the spring. As for the vainglorious cock, he is a chartered libertine, devoted to the ladies, selfishly neglectful of family cares, and, with his quick sense of hearing and wary nature, exceedingly well able to take care of himself. Besides, he pays the penalty of being a polygamist. The untimely death of the domestic male partridge may be the missing of a fine covey from the fields; but, save to the victims themselves, the fate of a score of cock pheasants is of no sort of consequence. Yet when the shooting season begins, what can be in more perfect keeping with the gold and glow of the autumnal foliage than the splendid plumage in which the cock pheasant delights? You see him strutting in the sunset on the shorn stubbles; like his Asiatic cousin the peacock when he spreads his starry train, he seems the incarnation of feather-brained vanity. These resplendent colours make him conspicuous at any distance, though it would take careful stalking to get within gunshot. The decline of the sun gives warning to roost; he flies up into the oak or beech, where the skeleton boughs have been already half stripped by the rain and wind. You fancy you might spot the very branch on which he has perched, yet the plumage has lost its shimmer among the shadows and the fading leaves, and the bird has vanished from sight like a rabbit gone to ground. So these glorious colours serve him equally against the hawks and the ground vermin, for they blend quite as naturally with the brambles and the withering bracken.

There is nothing more interesting in sylvan craft than superintending the rearing of a fair head of pheasants for autumn sport. You can do nothing for the partridges and hares except to take certain precautions against poaching. But the pheasants are in some sort the poultry of the woods, and demand constant care and continual watching. Left to themselves, the wild stragglers would soon be nearly exterminated, and we should be back in the days about the accession of George III., when a single bird killed in Norfolk was thought worth sending to Windsor as a present to the king. They are the poultry of the woods, yet, even when reared in coops and fed from the hand, it is happily impossible to eradicate their savage instincts. They are essentially game birds, and, though never willingly taking to their wings, they have an irresistible propensity to wander. Apparently capricious in their tastes, they nevertheless know exactly the ground that suits



THROUGH THE BRACKEN

them. There is nothing they affect more than silent stretches of wood, with thick undergrowth, watered by brooks or oozing springs, round which the rank vegetation flourishes. Yet we have known them, when hatched and nursed in such a Paradise, transfer themselves to some bleak height scantily covered with stunted larches, where they fell an easy prey to the poachers who took free license to shoot there. Indeed, it is heart-breaking work to attempt pheasant preserving on an isolated manor, however well adapted to them. To gèt up satisfactory shoots and make heavy bags you must be surrounded by preserves nearly as good as your own. Fair exchange is no robbery; you get back as many birds as you lose. It is curious to remark how the roving birds, like sharpshooters thrown out in advance of an army, take advantage of every scrap of cover. They have been fattened by hundreds in the glades of the quiet home woods or in some sheltered field. The maize and the buckwheat are still being scattered profusely, but as the birds grow big and strong the daily muster diminishes. For food is plentiful everywhere, and they have gone wandering abroad to forage for themselves. They are not only epicures, but almost omnivorous. They will stray far afield to find their way to the falling showers of acorns or beechmast; the various berries in the hedgerows are laid under contribution, and in the Highlands we have known a clump of junipers or rowan trees with their ruddy fruit attract all the birds in the neighbourhood. So we can understand how the pheasant comes to roam. He is lured on insensibly from dainty to dainty, always keeping to the covered ditch or screened by the leafy hedge, till he is tempted to cross the open on a run or take flight to some far-away coppice. There he roosts for the night, and, should he fancy the spot, there he abides till, like the adventurers who are bitten by the tarantula of travel, he shifts his quarters from sheer love of change. Though always indulging his insatiable appetite and pecking promiscuously at odd hours, like young ladies, he is to be seen regularly in the wheat or on the stubbles each morning and evening. The pheasant breeder should always be liberal of compensation, yet we can understand that the gorge of the farmer may rise when he knows that the squire's pet fowls are swarming in his standing corn. Nevertheless, we honestly believe that, on the whole, the pheasant is no bad friend to the agriculturist, for, with the much-abused rook, he destroys immense numbers of the wireworm and other noxious grubs. So the woodpigeon, which is even more execrated than the rook, pays for the damage he does to seeds and roots by living

on ragweed and wild mustard for a full three-fourths of the year.

There can be few more fascinating pursuits than pheasant rearing, and any keeper who is worth his salt takes to it passionately. There is just enough anxiety to make piquant excitement. A wise master 'trusts him all in all or not at all,' and gives him *carte blanche* and a free hand. He strolls about the adjacent farms, where he is heartily welcomed, to make arrangements with the good wives for the supply of brood hens. He is charged not to haggle in his bargaining, and that wins the regard of the ladies, putting him on a pleasant footing with the tenants, who can do so much to help him in preserving. When the pheasant hens begin to lay he is abroad at all hours—the gun on his arm for a chance shot at hawk, or jay, or magpie—looking out for the eggs. Thrusting the twigs aside with the gun barrels, he knows well how to search in the most likely places—among the brambles, or the bracken, or the rank growth in the hedge roots. There may be from a dozen to twenty of the small olive eggs, and then he pillages the nest straight away. Should there be but a few, he marks the place for a future visit, but as he carefully replaces the cover he looks anxiously over his shoulder. The odds are there may be rocks on the neighbouring trees, indifferent to his gun, but observant of his proceedings, and he shakes his head uneasily. Phlegmatic as he may ordinarily be, his pulses are quickened when he comes back. He stoops and pushes the leaves aside to find the tale of eggs complete, or to swallow his disgust over a scattering of broken shells. These mishaps will occur, but all the same there is pretty sure to be a satisfactory total of eggs for the home hatching. His sylvan poultry-yard is fairly set out with the semicircles of coops through long days and broken nights, and thenceforth he abandons himself to the cares of office.

When the chicks are beginning to chip the shells, he and his *aides-de-camp* are ever on duty. Flags by day and flaring lanterns by night, with here and there a wakeful retriever chained up on guard, warn the four-footed prowlers to keep their distance. The foster-mothers are more anxious and fussy than the keepers, for the precocious nurslings are almost as troublesome as those ducklings that will slide out of the shell into the horse-pond. They take to running before they have well begun to walk, and hide themselves in the high jungles of unmown grass, where the truants are likely enough to come to grief. When you pay a visit to the flourishing settlement, you are reminded of the

stirring that disturbs an ant-heap. Till you make a sign, you may scarcely see a feather; neither can the mothers, who, on your approach, crane their necks through the coop-bars, and are clucking and calling in an excited chorus. But if the chicks are summoned by a whistle at feeding-time—a sad mistake, by the way, though a common one, for it keeps them unnecessarily tame—the familiar signal sets the grass far and near in motion, like ripe corn shaken by a breeze, and the lithe and graceful little forms come swarming out from all sides, the laggards tripping up, in their haste, lest they should miss anything that is going.

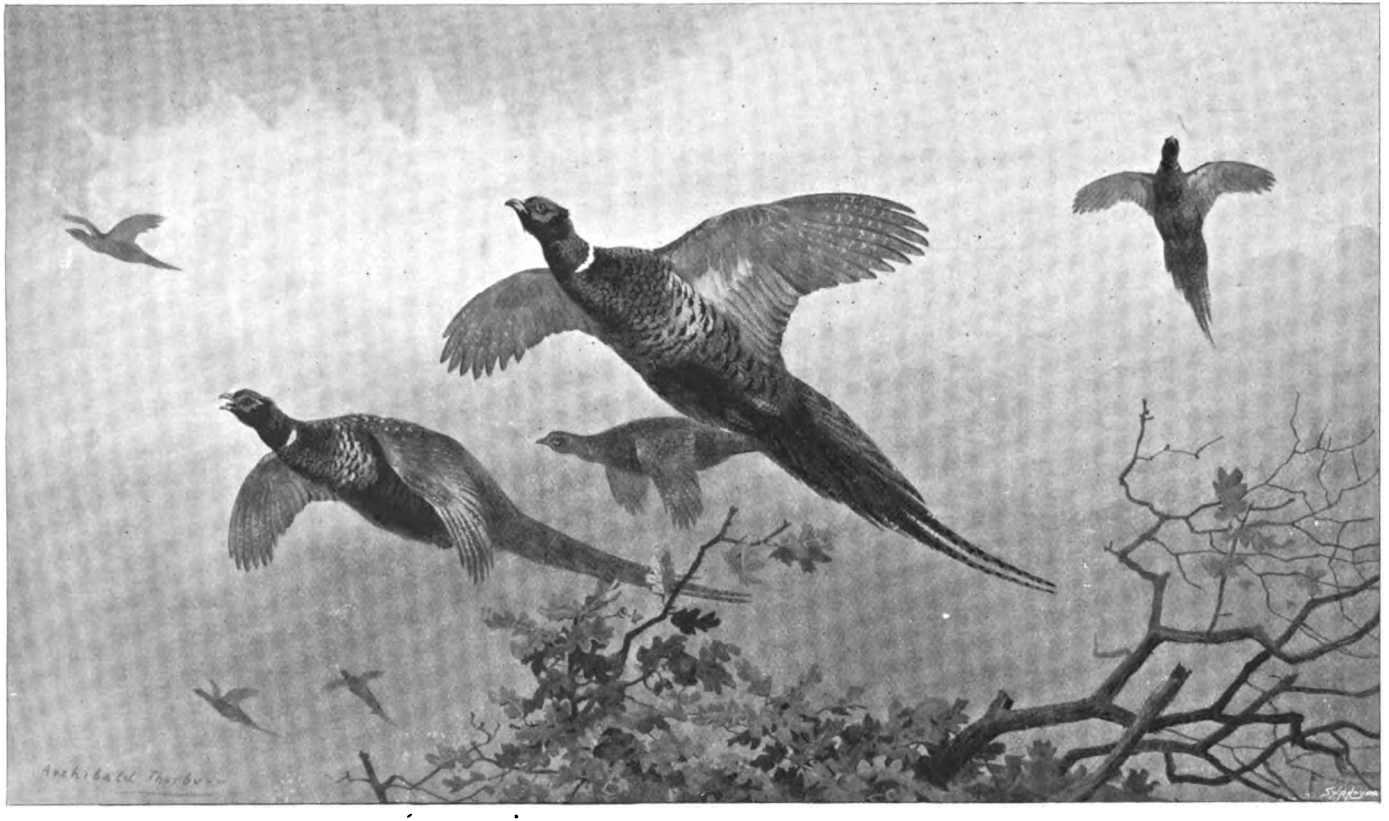
Unfortunately it is not only the guardians who have a watchful eye to the nursery. There is many a predatory bird quite as keenly concerned in the progress of the chicks. The kestrel or the tiny sparrow hawk may make a dash at any moment from beneath the drooping branches of the oak, risking a right and left from the gun, but probably escaping scot free by its celerity with a luckless poult in its clutches. And the jackdaws, who are always on the look-out, are still more dangerous, for they will wait with indomitable patience for a swoop when the watcher's back is turned. The jay, too, will cut into the game; nor is the generally vegetarian rook to be trusted, for he turns bird of prey on occasion like his cousin the carrion crow.

Altogether the duties of the keeper are at no time a sinecure, and, moreover, there are hazards which he must reckon with, but cannot control. A soaking season may drench the grass and saturate the soil, when the chickens get drowned in the reeking jungle. Or if they escape these fatal catastrophes by flood, they fall victims to diseases of the damp, to the roup and the pip, and the many maladies to which delicate pheasant infancy is subject. But the breeding season must have been unfavourable indeed if all these incidental casualties go for much when the broods are dispersing. The keeper going his rounds, even on outlying farms and in isolated coverts, comes across his late charges everywhere in high heart and condition; he can count them by the score or hundred on the nearer stubbles. He has saved his credit, and he is reckoning on his reward in the shape of handsome tips, and he looks forward hopefully or exultingly to triumphant bags.

That is natural enough, but we cannot altogether sympathise with him. Ludicrous nonsense is always being written about battue shooting by critics who have made acquaintance with the game as they see it hanging at the poulterer's; and it must be owned that a battue is capital sport in its way, developing all the finer qualities of a cool and confident shot. But for ourselves we

have no predilection for excessive slaughter. For real enjoyment give us the preliminary days among the hedgerows and spinneys, when you are shooting for sheer pleasure, after your own sweet will, and turn aside for partridges or the chance of a wild-duck or anything else. That was the favourite amusement of the port-drinking, steady-going sportsman of the older school, though he certainly went about the work in somewhat pottering fashion, and was content with poorer results than would satisfy us now. Colonel Hawker going out, early in October, on his favourite Dorsetshire manors, would congratulate himself on a brace or leash of cocks in his very moderate, mixed bags: more than once he notes in his journals that he had beaten the whole of his best coverts without killing or seeing a single pheasant. But the good Colonel, like his *confrères*, when he did get a chance seldom threw it away. His mode of shooting may strike us now as a sort of sublimated and sportsmanlike pot-hunting. For with single-barrelled guns, slow loading, and possibly a flint lock, the shooter was trained to take his time and make the most of each opportunity. Style and practice were in keeping with the quaint formality of the costume. Conceive a man now attiring himself for a day's sport, in Lowlands or Highlands, in a top hat and frock coat—such as we see in the plates in the 'Oakleigh Shooting Code' or Scrope's 'Deerstalking.' The inconvenience of the 'chimney-pot' in a high wind must have spoiled the shooting of a Ross or Osbaldistone, and unless the flowing surtout were of the stoutest fustian it must have left its shreds on every stake and thorn. The sportsman was generally attended by a steady old pointer, or by a couple of cockers or clumbers, broken to work within quarter gunshot. The pheasant was never hurried, and when at last pushed up, he was deliberately covered and generally dropped to a deadly aim, unless the flint flashed in the pan or a damp cap missed fire.

It was somewhat slow work in every sense, though our grandfathers, who took their pleasure soberly, enjoyed it. The pheasant, being not much more common than the bustard, repaid considerable expenditure of patient science, for he was a rare and valued prize when brought to bag. But now, when there is fair preserving, those off-hand irregular field days, improvised in the smoking-room overnight, or at the breakfast table on a brilliant autumn morning, are very different. For once the squire who delights in his dogs has a chance of seeing his favourites exhibit their qualities. He takes out a couple of friends, a brace of cheery spaniels, with two steady retrievers—one trotting at his



ROCKETTING PHEASANTS

own heels, the other following the head keeper. The spaniels at a wave of the hand make a wild dash at the hedge; no fear of their scurrying too fast ahead, for they have to fight their way through the matted thorns and the bristling weeds with the burrs that cling to their coats. Scarcely have they disappeared when their merry voices open on a scent. Their course may be traced by the shaking twigs, and by the frantic struggle when caught up in the withes which hold them tight round the loins. The blackbirds fly out with startled chuckles. The woodpigeon, sitting close till the last moment on her eggs in the pollard, hustles in a headlong rush through the boughs of the ash. Here and there a rabbit scared from the ferns or the grass makes a swift scuttle for the bury. But the spaniels are yelping more excitedly than ever, and evidently they are working on a burning trail. There is a fluttering in the ditch, a struggle upwards through the hedge, and with a sharper whisking of the wings than the flight of the pigeon, the cock pheasant shoots clear of the quivering sprays, to be grassed by the gun on the other side. A hen or two, flushed in succession, in similar fashion go away unharmed, and then the next turn may be yours. There is no waiting for the slow advance of a line of beaters; the excitement, whatever it may be, is incessant, nor is it least with the third gun who has gone forward. For the pheasants will run till forced to rise, and the 'stop,' if they neither scent nor hear him, may have the cream of the sport with the pleasures of protracted surprise.

Then the stray bits of spinneys, the small copses, the unconsidered shreds and patches of alder or osier beds, are so many speculative lotteries, with rich possibilities and little chance of absolute blanks. There is no regular beating. The keeper, with a watcher or two, go thrashing with their sticks in the likely thickets, and perhaps some hobbledehoy sons of theirs who have been following drop into the line. The pheasants have a fair chance. There is no netting to guide them as they ought to go. A gun is on either side, with another well in advance. The birds rising promiscuously, offer fair shots in the open, but there is, nevertheless, the hope of a small and select constellation at the end. And all that desultory shooting is in favour of the forthcoming grand parade, if you are not contemplating a record field day, for the wanderers are warned back to the quiet of the home woods. As we said, we do not care for wholesale slaughter, and nothing can be more repugnant to the feelings of the real sportsman than having consignments of caged fowls from the

game dealers turned down to swell the stock in the coverts. It is unpleasantly suggestive of the ambulances when sharp fighting is going forward to see cartloads of blood-stained feather and fur despatched at intervals to the hall or castle. Nevertheless, cover shooting conducted on sportsmanlike principles is a beneficent and genuinely English institution, nor can there be any more crucial test of imperturbable nerve and intelligent shooting. The best man is apt to be flurried when surrounded by strange guns shooting decidedly jealous, and nothing brings home to one more impressively than the battue the fact that pheasants have short bodies and long tails. When the birds are flying across him the duffer almost invariably shoots behind, and consequently is responsible for many of the wounded. When they are rocketing upwards with a rush, heading pretty straight towards the zenith, he is altogether unequal to the gymnastic feat of adjusting his gun almost vertically to the shoulder. On the other hand, it is pretty to see the practised shot, handling his piece with the coolness of a veteran on parade, yet falling easily into seemingly impossible attitudes as if steel springs were set in sockets of india-rubber.

One great objection to the battue is that, as the day must be inexorably fixed, the sport and the pleasure must depend on the weather. It is the reverse of happiness, especially when a man gets on in years, the turning out in driving snow showers, or standing, with feet chilled to the bone, ankle deep in muddy rides. Moreover, then the beaters will shirk the thickets, and each drive will end in a partial failure. But on a bright, crisp November morning, when the leaves have been falling fast, nothing can be more exhilarating. The beaters look forward to it as much as their betters; it is regarded as a sort of annual parochial or manorial festival. It is a safety-valve for rustics with sporting proclivities to let off the superfluous steam, though doubtless there is a darker side to the question, and it may lead them into future temptation. But how the broad faces beam like the ruddy sun, emerging into watery smiles from the morning mists! The keener of them will not spare their skins, but to the prudent poor man clothes are a consideration; and if you mean them to see the business thoroughly through, it is well to put them in a uniform of thorn-proof stuff. As for the leggings or the long gaiters, these each hedger or woodman finds for himself. The waiting at a cool, draughty corner may be somewhat of a bore. But when the signal is given, and you hear the first tapping of the sticks, your senses are all

on the alert, and you have a variety of little rural incidents to amuse you. Flights of small birds, packing perhaps for the autumn migration, are the first to go. Mistaking, as many people do, their personal importance, they take to flight with wild cries of alarm. Here and there a quick-eared hare comes lolloping along, and you can see him as you peep through the boughs prick those sharp ears of his, hesitate, shake his head mistrustfully, and turn back. A rabbit pops out to pop in again, or a squirrel scrambles up one of the tallest of the trees, carefully putting the trunk between himself and danger. Perhaps you have remarked some premature and unaccountable excitement in the middle of the wood: pheasants have been rising with unnatural haste long before the line of beaters can have approached them. It is explained sufficiently when a grand old dog fox, with his glistening fur in fine condition, comes leaping stealthily over the waving bracken fronds, like a made hunter taking low fences quietly. He sits up on the bank before breaking, takes a survey of the surroundings, seems to realise that all the fuss and worry is no concern of his, and, stretching at a canter across a strip of grass, slips quietly into the nearest covered way.

But if all has been ordered well and peaceably, the birds have been crowding forward, stooping their crests and seeking to skulk, as is their instinctive habit. The tremulous movements of the undergrowth indicate the general dismay and reflect the panic-stricken confusion. You might compassionate them if you had any leisure to think, but even with the keeper, who has tended them more tenderly than his own babies, the lust of blood is uppermost. At last some nervous hen finds the strain too much for her, and betakes herself to the unfamiliar wings with the rush of half a dozen woodpigeons. The panic spreads like fire set to powder, and in another minute or less the air is alive with scattering rocketers. With the sheafs of shooting stars, with the swift comets with their blazing tails, crossing and re-crossing in eccentric orbits, with the pulses going at the gallop in the embarrassment of conflicting chances and temptations, no one can say that in the hot corners you have tame sport. The quickly passing crisis tries the cool temper of the most hardened shot, and the excited novice with the makings of a sportsman strives more or less successfully to pull himself together. Were there a gallery of experts looking on, as at pigeon matches, they would single out some of the veteran guns for imitation and unqualified admiration. Not a single precious second is wasted. Each shot is delivered with fatal aim and

swift decision. Crack! crack! and the bird doubles up, as if a hinge had collapsed somewhere in the spinal marrow. But, unhappily for the pheasants—who, if they are doomed to die, must desire such a quick and easy death—each of the guns is not a Lord Walsingham or a Lord de Grey. There is a great deal of promiscuous tinkering; there is too much wild shooting regardless of sex; and if many of the cocks escape scatheless on scattering trains of the tail feathers, not a few go away with deadly wounds, to flutter down, out of sight and unmarked. There are preservers who, in their ambition to run up a grand total, keep pressing forward from beat to beat. It is the imperative duty of common humanity to have a sufficiency of sharp markers on the look out, and to make close and careful search before going on. At the best not a few of the wounded must be overlooked, but suffering is inseparable from every battlefield. The good sportsman will do what he can to reduce it to a minimum, and will send his keepers on their rounds at daybreak, with their retrievers. The foxes who scent a feast, like the wolves or the vultures, will have been up and about even earlier, and will willingly lend a helping hand. But though a vixen with her well-grown cubs will make liberal provision in her larder, even she may be satiated in the excess of carnage.

Would that the foxes were the only poachers. No doubt well-stocked coverts are a standing snare to village ne'er-do-wells and gangs of dissipated colliers. We do not mean to discuss the ethics of the matter. We shall only remark that if the landlords are to cease to rear game because it gets various ill-conditioned vagabonds into trouble, we should logically give up wearing the watches which are snares to the pickpockets, and dispense with the use of plate and jewels in consideration of the foibles of burglars and housebreakers.

POACHERS

THE ONLY GAME

BY J. F. SULLIVAN

WE were convinced that we knew something about games in our road. We had a tennis club, and Wilkinson, Dipps, and Banting had each a tennis lawn. We had a little club bungalow on an island up the river, and were always quarrelling about it because it had only accommodation for three, and every Saturday to Monday there were at least seven who wanted to use it.

We had a croquet club; we rode horses; we got up private theatricals and fancy balls; we played bowls, billiards, and Halma; we went long walks; we went fishing, and just lately all our ladies—twenty-nine of them—had simultaneously acquired bicycles, and were engaged daily in falling off them. We laboured under a delusion that we were really strong in the games line, and that we knew something of most games worth playing.

But one day a thunderbolt fell among us. The thunderbolt which fell was the revelation that there is but one game, that its name is 'Golf,' and that those trivialities in which we so vainly indulged were nothing—absolutely nothing—not games at all!

It was The McGourock who let this light in upon us, and practically saved us.

There had been a house to let in our road, a villa named 'Sidelines,' with a tennis lawn, and one day McGourock moved in, and those of us who went out after breakfast next morning observed a painter painting out 'Sidelines' and substituting 'The Bunkers.' Those among us whose gardens adjoined that of 'The Sidelines,' and who happened to go into them before

breakfast on that morning following the arrival of The McGourock —some half-hour before that painter came to paint out 'The Side-lines' and substitute 'The Bunkers'—saw him in his garden engaged with golf-sticks and a little white ball stamped with a cross-pattern. He had made a little hole in the tennis lawn, and was trying to knock the little ball into it.

That day Mrs. Banting called upon Mrs. McGourock to ask whether she could be of any service to her in the confusion of a move-in. She found furniture piled up in the front hall and on the stairs, and from the drawing-room window she could see more furniture in the garden against the house-wall; but no furniture had invaded the drawing-room itself, which was occupied solely by golf-bags, boxes of balls, little tin flags, ball-stamps, scrubbing brushes, pots of white paint, and books and periodicals devoted to golf, all arranged conveniently round the floor, ready to the hand.

'I thank ye,' said Mrs. McGourock, 'but I'm thinking the furniture and things will just settle down into their places by degrees; and we've had all the golf things put in here so that we can find them nicely. Ye play golf, of course?'

And when Mrs. Banting replied 'No,' Mrs. McGourock looked at her—only one look, but sufficient.

Mrs. Banting had received the first shock of that thunderbolt. She had acted as our buffer, and she went forth from 'The Bunkers' paralysed by the revelation that she knew nothing of The Only Game.

That evening, while Wilkinson was smoking a pipe in his garden and trying to water a great oak with a half-inch hose, emitting a quarter of a pint in five minutes, Peter McGourock looked over the fence and passed the time o' day.

'Ye'll have a club here, of course?' asked Peter.

'Oh rather!' replied Wilkinson; 'no end of clubs. We've a capital tennis club, and a croquet club, and a river club, and a bicycle club, and——'

But Wilkinson drew up suddenly, thrown on his haunches, for the grey eye of Peter McGourock, which should have been ablaze with enthusiastic interest, was pale with a strong contempt.

'But how about The Club?' he asked.

'Club?' said Wilkinson; 'why—well, we've all those clubs—what more——?'

'I was not asking about these treevial things,' said McGourock. 'Where's your Golf Club?'

'Eh? Oh—why—we haven't—er—exactly any golf club—that is, not just yet. Is it a good sort of game?' said poor Wilkinson.

Peter looked him all over, very slowly; then looked the hose all over, very slowly; then Wilkinson's garden; then Wilkinson's house, right up to the top of the new Louvre pot; then,

repeating *very* slowly, 'Es—et—a—good—sorrt—of—game?' he turned away and disappeared into his drawing-room.

For days after that poor Wilkinson, while watering the big oak with the half-inch hose, would cast furtive glances at The McGourock tapping the little white ball into the little hole in the lawn; and at times he could perceive, with the tail of his eye,

Peter McGourock eyeing him over, or portions of his property; and at times he could hear the muttered words, 'Es et a good sorrt of game?'

At length Wilkinson made a heroic effort to put matters on a less painful footing; he looked over the fence at Peter, who was doing something to a golf iron with a file, and said cheerfully, but with a dreadful nervousness within:

'If it—er—when you could spare ten minutes, I should take it as a favour if you would teach me to play golf.'

'Ten minutes, ye say?' said Peter, using that horrid eye of his.

'Well, well—of course I don't mean to say I could *learn* in ten minutes—ha! ha!—ridiculous, of course,' said poor Wilkinson. 'But if you'd kindly teach me the stroke——'

'Sirr,' said Peter, 'a man cannot be *taught* Golf!'

'Well—of course I don't mean to say—that is—but a fellow might try to learn.'

'Golf,' said Peter, 'is not a thing that a man can *learn*.'

'Well, but—hang it all!—how do people ever *play*? People *do* play golf, don't they?'

'Play?' said Peter, 'and what might ye mean by "play"?'

'Why—well—confound it! Don't you see people knocking confounded little white balls over confounded obstacles with things like that you're filing at?'

Poor Wilkinson was turning. Even Wilkinsons will turn.

'Ah,' replied Peter, 'ye see people do that—and many's the number of them; but ye talked of *playing*. Sirr! Ef a man begins golf when he's put into short clothes, and devotes his life to it (excepting the Sabbath only, that was specially ordained for him to repaint balls and see to things), and if et's granted to that man at the close of a long life to arrive at the knowledge that he knows nothing of golf, that man can die a happy man; and when he's finally holed he will not have lived in vain. Ay!' continued Peter suddenly, 'et *es* a good sorrt of game; it's just a gran' game; it's just the only game.'

. . . . . .

From pure inability to bear the severity of Peter's eye, our road decided to form a golf club, and a deputation waited on Peter to beg him to show us how, to become president—and every other officer he cared to be, down to caddie.

'And where do ye propose to make your links?' he asked.

We had thought that out before. There being no available land

within a reasonable distance, we had agreed provisionally that we might utilise our back gardens for the purpose.

No alteration would be necessary, as obstacles were the great desiderata—and there would be plenty of obstacles. So Peter, having gathered conclusive evidence of the fact that no other available land did exist, and feeling that golf, even with drawbacks, was the one necessary of life, proceeded to lay out the course.

This required an expedition to survey the ground, and a provisional committee were appointed, with Peter at their head. It was a great occasion; the committee had to call at every house and consider the best method of utilising its garden; and it was considered a point of etiquette that whisky-and-soda should be on the table at each house to welcome the experts. After discussion, it was decided that as Wilkinson usually had the largest supply of whisky, the first teeing green should be Wilkinson's lawn; particularly as his lawn was terraced, and the highest part of it commanded an extensive view of obstacles.

The first hole was to be in Banting's grass plot, seven gardens away. It would have been quite possible to get on to Banting's Green in one good drive but for the providential interposition of Pordle's cherry tree.

It was arranged that Pordle's summer-house—some way out of the straight line—should constitute an official bunker.

Now, to loft the ball well from any position near Pordle's Bunker was no easy task, seeing that the player had to avoid the branches of a large elm; and the ball, if stopped by a branch, would inevitably drop through the roof of Pordle's greenhouse and be very difficult to extract by any sort of legitimate play. Bogey for this hole was fixed at three.

From Banting's Teeing Green to Peters's Hole was a single-drive affair, but beset with difficulties.

The digression of a few feet to the right would dash the ball against the tower of Pillicott's stable, whereupon the ball would be bound to dribble into the water-butt; while a slight divergence to the left would smash the window of Pillicott's billiard-room; and the Provisional Committee of Survey agreed to recommend—after the formation of the club—that a portion of the club's surplus funds—should any exist—should be set aside for the purpose of indemnifying Pillicott for any casualties connected with the pursuit of the pastime There being no funds as yet available, and a possibility that there never would be, the committee delicately abstained from any mention to Pillicott of this

particular item of the course, judging it would be kinder to let him find it out naturally and gradually in the progress of things. This hole had no bunker; but bogey was fixed at three, owing to the water-butt and window difficulty.

It was arranged that the tee-off beyond Peters's Hole should be from the roof of Tubbs's tool-shed, it being necessary to start from a height, in order to get well over a fowl-house in close proximity.

It was necessary to gently loft over the fowl-house, and between Tubbs's pigeon-cote and a poplar tree, on to the gravel path at the corner of Tubbs's kitchen; from this point one could drive straight across the road, under the Doctor's lamp on the further side, and between a conservatory and a house-wall to the foot of the Doctor's rubbish-heap, which constituted another official bunker—Rubbish Bunker.

The drive across the road was a difficulty, because it was impossible for the player to know whether anyone was about to pass along the road; and it was therefore necessary to arrange the height of the stroke to a nicety, so that the ball should pass over the road at just such a height as to avoid the head of a pedestrian, and yet low enough to avert the smashing of the Doctor's lamp over the way. The ball could not pass over the lamp, because it would then come in contact with a 'mop' tree and fall into a difficult gully, and from the gully it would need three strokes, a dribble, a gentle loft over a dust-hole, and another loft, to bring it to Rubbish Bunker. The committee found it impossible to allow for vehicular traffic in that drive, as a ball passing, for example, over the head of a butcher-boy, or a cart, would either plunge into the mop tree or smash the Doctor's lamp, the latter alternative a serious expense for the club.

Beyond Cattlebury's Uncle's Green, the round included our tennis ground, an asparagus bed, Slamm's Anthouse Bunker, Watherspoon's asphalted sideway, and Crackleton's Hole in the stableyard.

Then came a difficulty. The only possible way to obtain a drive from here was to open the two windows of Crackleton's wash-house and send the ball straight through, which would enable it to cross the road again and pass between Wilkinson's gate-posts (the gate also being left open) to Wilkinson's dust-hole, which blocked it. Hence, by a short dribble, the ball could be placed in position to loft it over a holly hedge on to Wilkinson's Green—the lower lawn—where the hole was. Bogey for this was four; and this completed the round of eight holes, bogey for

the whole round twenty-four. The progress of the Provisional Committee was a most successful affair, whisky being partaken of at each house on the course; and toward the finish of the round it was observed that Peter McGourock's manner was considerably more gracious than at the beginning, and that his eye was lighted by an absolute enthusiasm as he related to eager listeners how, although he had no recollection of having met any man who could really *play*, in the true sense of the word, he himself had, on several occasions, beaten bogey at St. Andrews by a good seventeen—in fact, after the second whisky ceremony

at Wilkinson's, we were given to understand that he had on one occasion completed the long round in thirteen strokes—a really record performance.

McGourock said he could throw up a real bunker on the tennis ground—in fact, two bunkers. It was objected that this would destroy the courts and stop tennis, but McGourock said that didn't signify in the least. There was some murmuring among the tennis players; but we were all in absolute deadly fear of the scorn of McGourock's eye; and the thing had to

be done. He said also that gateways *must* be made in all the party-fences; and *this* had to be done too.

Then another difficulty arose. It was the daily custom of the ladies, as has been said, to practise falling off bicycles up and down our road; but the fact that the golf round crossed the road in two places rendered the bicycle practice dangerous. This was put to McGourock, who replied that it couldn't be helped, and the ladies must give up bicycle practice.

Then a boy turned up—none knew whence or how. He was believed to have come from a dirty little back street a little way off, but why the School Board allowed him to wholly suspend his attendance and devote himself to us we could not make out. We feared that boy from the first moment we set eyes on him. He was a Scotch boy with unlimited confidence in himself; and he seemed to be an absolute professor of golf.

The first day he began to play he somehow—with whose

authority we know not—constituted himself caddie, and simply sat on the lot of us; in fact, our dread of the scorn of *his* eye was only inferior to our dread of that of the eye of McGourock.

Under the tuition of McGourock and The Boy we made our first round. It was disastrous.

First, Wilkinson, standing too closely behind Dipps when the latter was attempting his first tee-off, suffered a compound fracture of the hat and a considerable contusion of the scalp. Next, Dipps, having with great effort performed a drive of seven yards, made another mighty stroke at the ball on the strawberry-bed where it had landed. There was a wild scattering of earth and strawberry-leaves, and Dipps gazed with great pride at a missile flying through one of the next-door windows; but when he looked again at his brassey the head was not on it, while the ball lay innocently on the strawberry-bed as before. It was therefore concluded that it had been the head of the brassey and not the ball which had gone through the neighbouring window; and this was subsequently ascertained to be a fact.

The head, not content with going through the window, had destroyed two Dresden vases and a large mirror.

Wilkinson, following on, promptly lost three balls; one was believed to have landed in a roof gutter: but no man knows to this day what became of the other two, nor what direction they took; and some hold that they are still whirling through space, to the danger of the public. Then Cattlebury dented Wilkinson's shin (for Wilkinson seemed extremely unlucky at golf), hurt his own leg, and finally drove his ball through the window of Pillicott's billiard-room. It was agreed that this should not be considered as a disaster, seeing that such a casualty had been anticipated and provided for by the Provisional Committee of Survey.

Dipps made a really brilliant stroke from the corner of Tubbs's kitchen across the road, but a carrier's cart happening most unfortunately to pass at the moment, the ball took a tuft of hair off the back of the carrier's head, and, deflected from its true course, smashed the Doctor's lamp on the further side of the road.

Pillicott required thirteen strokes for the space between the tee-off on Tubbs's tool-shed and Cattlebury's Uncle's Green; Wilkinson nineteen, and Dipps no fewer than thirty-five, bogey being three. Then Banting unfortunately killed Mrs. Cattlebury's pug, and wounded the cockatoo.

On that first round the casualties were:—windows broken, 9; contusions, &c., 5; golf-sticks damaged, 14; pugs killed, 1;

cockatoos damaged, 1; balls lost or strayed, 29—total of casualties, 59.

At each misfortune The Boy laughed in a demoniac way, and the scorn in McGourock's eye was fearful to look upon.

That evening we met at Wilkinson's and agreed that the game thus played did not seem promising; but McGourock declared his intention of going over the round regularly until we should succeed in finding more suitable links: and such was our dread

of his eye that we dared not request him to abstain; and he *did* go round, all day, every day, accompanied by the boy. We were miserable; he had thrown up bunkers in our tennis ground, and we could not play; and his irritation when any of the ladies attempted cycling on the road was too terrible to defy. He objected to our even playing tennis, or croquet, or anything in our own gardens—indeed, it was risky to go into them at all. At last, when the gardeners left because they objected to be 'it on the 'ead with golf balls, we secretly urged one another to take some decisive step with McGourock.

At this crucial time fate interposed. We found a suitable common some way off, and the club applied for permission to practise the game on it. When the conservators objected that the commoners who used it as a promenade might not like the innovation, The McGourock explained that it would only be necessary to warn them off by shouting 'fore' for their common to legally become the property of the club. How he convinced the conservators of this I cannot divine; but we put up a corrugated club-house eight feet square on the common.

Then came friction. First, the ladies wanted to join the club; but McGourock did not like ladies, and refused to hear of it; and his veto was sternly seconded by The Boy. From time to time certain of us have yearned to vary golf with an occasional turn at our tennis; but The McGourock will not permit that either, as he says it puts the hand out for The Game.

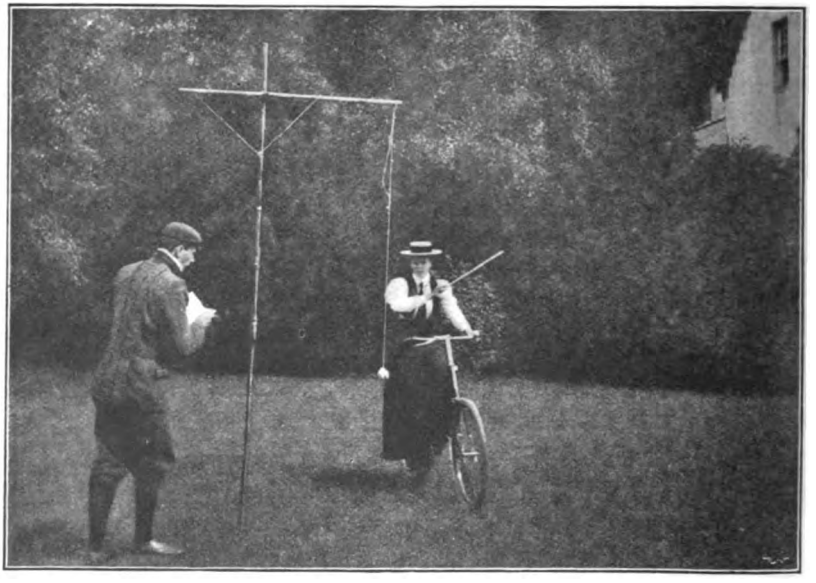
We are learning golf under the stern eye of President McGourock, and—well, we like golf; but we are in search of another stern devotee, a Scotchman for preference, to go the round with him, and engage his attention, so that we may be able to enjoy ourselves a little now and again.

If you happen to know of such a man, we are quite willing to hire him, or even buy him out and out for a lump sum.

CYCLING GYMKHANAS

BY A. R. B. MUNRO

THERE comes in the history of every large house-party a time when yawns are infectious and bosom friends bore. The weather



A SHARP BACKHANDER

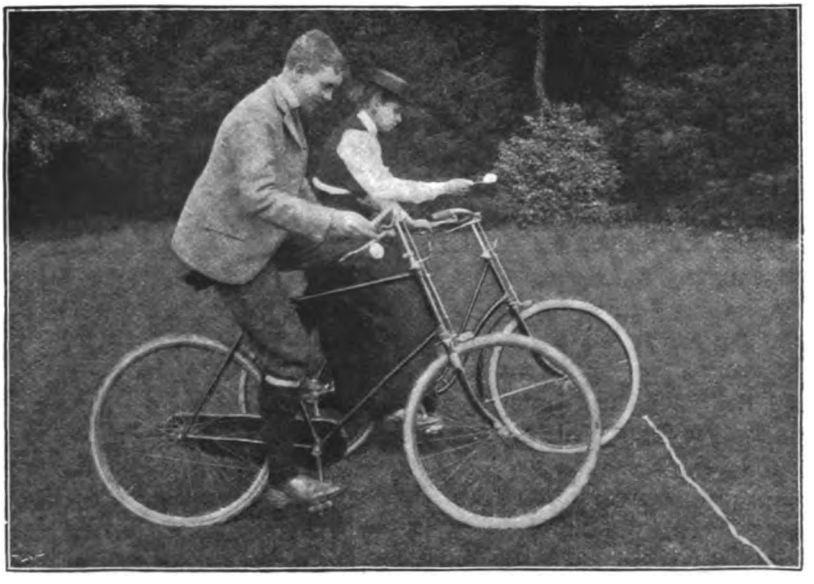
has been, but no longer is, beautiful, and more than one whisper has been heard in the drawing-room, 'Can't we do something

exciting?' For the tame guest, who has to work for his invitations, this is a cue; he doubtfully but dutifully murmurs, 'Charades.' The suggestion arouses no enthusiasm. He bids higher, 'Theatricals.' People shake their heads. Too much fag! He gives it up; he has no more ideas. After all the poor man has done his duty, you know. He goes off, snubbed, but not offended, to have a smoke, and with another yawn (of relief this time) the ladies relapse into resignation and needlework.

Somebody has an inspiration: 'Sports! Bicycle Sports! *Gymkhana!* The very thing!'

It is done, and it proves an immense success; therefore, when the next batch of guests arrive, it is worth repeating; and here are a few hints, founded on experience, and—tell it not—some failures, of how best to do it.

The following general directions to begin with are essential. (1) Ladies only on the board of directors. The men may be used as fags, and if anything goes wrong you can, of course, lay the blame on them; it is the usual thing. (2) Give a small brother



EGG AND SPOON RACE: A CLOSE FINISH

a post on the committee. He will be an efficient lieutenant, and can always be snubbed if necessary. (The same remark obviously applies to the men.) (3) Elect as chairman a lady of strong will, and (if such exist) of illogical obstinacy. The growth of

brilliantly impossible suggestions always becomes luxuriant just *after* everything has been settled; she will be the pruning knife. (4) Conciliate the gardener. This is important. Apparatus is not a difficulty; a little ingenuity and string will always be equal to

DRESSING THE SCARECROW

the manufacture of a makeshift. For lemon-cutting and tilting at the ring, for example, a couple of alpenstocks and the shaft of a landing-net make, as the illustration shows, a realistic gallows; a walking-stick is the sword, and a tennis ball the lemon. Two rides out and home at a good pace—four cuts at the ball, that is to say—are allowed to each competitor, and only clean hits are counted. It is a point worth mentioning that on the return journey a out from right to left across the front of the bicycle is the most graceful stroke, and at the same time is more likely to score a hit than an awkward attempt with the left hand. To score a 'highest possible' in this competition looks the easiest thing in the world. *Experto crede*: it isn't.

In the needle and thread race the humour lies in the contortions which result from the male effort to thread a needle quickly. Handicapping is unnecessary. The man wins the riding part of the race easily, but when he begins to fumble about with the needle and thread, he at once puts on a pained look, pricks his fingers, smothers a yell, and tumbles over his bicycle. By the

time he has done all this the lady is triumphantly holding up her needle, threaded; so, like a wise man, he smiles, congratulates her on her victory, and turns away to suck his lacerated thumb.

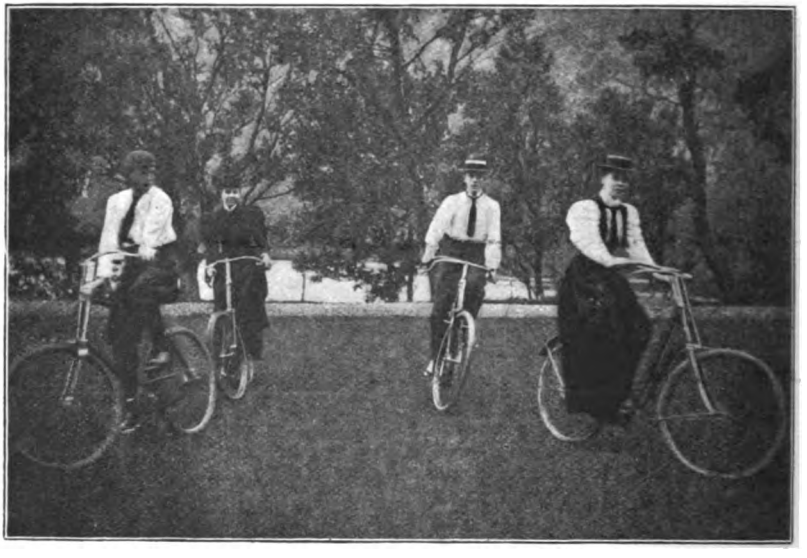
Hockey matches with three players, or, if the space be limited, with two players, on each side, make a competition in which clever riding can and, in fact, must be shown. A game with two a side on a large tennis court is pretty to watch, and is just risky enough to be wildly exciting for the players. None but really good riders ought to compete; but if both ladies and gentlemen take the precaution of lowering their saddles an inch or two before starting, there is no reason why there should be any accidents. Still, when the play is keen, spills do occur, and it is quite worth while to have one's foot as near to the ground as possible in order to minimise the risk. It should, in addition, be an absolutely rigid rule that no one may compete whose machine does not carry a powerful brake.

The method of 'dressing the scarecrow' is sufficiently obvious from the illustration. A series of the most inconvenient garments

TWO SECONDS BEFORE THE SMASH

available is arranged on a line of sticks, and the object is to 'get 'em all on'—somehow. The wild attempts to do this without wrapping the dressing-gown round the back wheel, and gouging out one's eyes with the sunshade, will, as the theatre playbills

say, 'elicit continuous roars of side-shaking laughter'; and occasionally the performer provides an additional attraction by endeavouring to conceal the loss of his temper. This is a time race, and the winner is the person who, in the shortest time, brings in all the articles of personal adornment. He may wear them on himself or on his machine, according to taste, and, in the case of the more voluminous garments, it is sometimes difficult to say which course he has adopted. There is one hint for the lady who organises: Do not borrow the top-hat from any gentleman



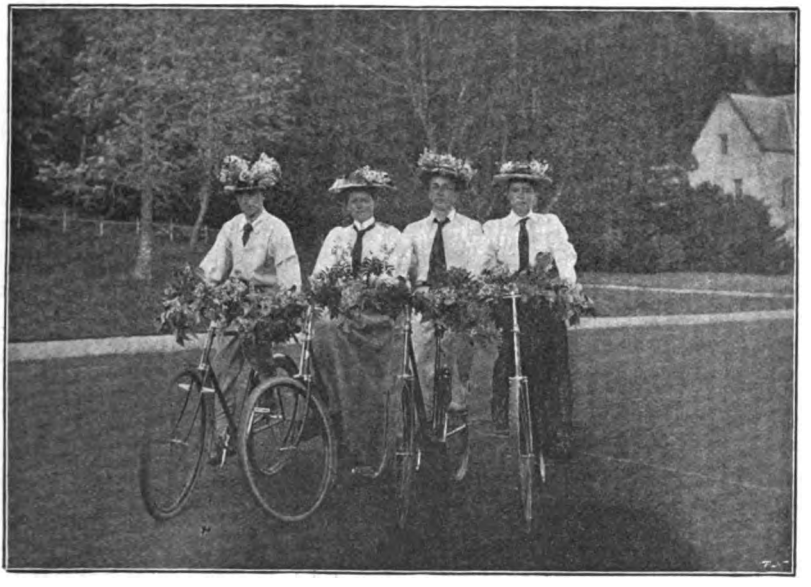
OPEN-MOUTHED EXCITEMENT

whose goodwill you wish to keep. The reasons for this precaution are obvious.

The musical ride is the only competition for which it is allowable to practise beforehand. A tennis court, *with* the white lines, makes an excellent circus, and the best plan is for teams of four—two ladies and two men—to arrange privately, and, if possible, practise privately, a series of five or six figures. It is quite superfluous for me to indicate how these figures are to be arranged. Any lady who knows the lancers, which is equivalent to saying every lady, can easily work out practical modifications of the dance figures to suit the requirements of the bicycle. Almost anything that is done in perfect combination is effective, and the judge's post is in consequence by no means a sinecure. *Verbum sapienti:* Do not allow anyone to photograph you in

practice; you will be excited, and your mouth is sure to be wide open.

The illustration of 'the winning team' shows that an extra effect can be obtained by decking the bicycles and their riders with flowers. I grieve to say that the losing teams, who had not thought of this refinement, were most unjustifiably angry about it. They alleged that the judge took no notice of the riding, but thought the flowers looked 'sweet.' The judge was a lady, so of course this must have been a libel.



THE WINNING TEAM

A musical ride implies music, or, in default of that, at any rate some kind of organised noise. The advertisements of the instruments known as 'bigotphones' say that 'any child can play them with effect.' Quite true. And the effect at close quarters is startling. Give the small brother the post of conductor, and you may be sure that the music, whatever else it may be, will not be tame.

In conclusion, these are merely suggestions. Modifications and enlargements may be left to readers who care to follow the hints here suggested.

IN RAJPUTANA

BY COLONEL G. H. TREVOR, C.S.I.

THERE is no part of our Indian Empire where the conservative spirit, the divinity that doth hedge a king, is more pronounced than in Rajputana, or Rajasthan, the land of chiefs. Though in olden days it was often the strongest arm and will that made the head of his clan, the Rajput has always held royal blood in reverence, and, like other natives of India, is content to let those in whose veins it flows recline in the lap of luxury, and pursue any pleasures they like so long as they do not oppress the poor. Indeed, the chief who spends his money freely and makes a grand show with his palaces, durbars, elephants, horses, fireworks, and what not, is generally, if not always, popular. It seems a point of honour to keep up all inherited establishments. Hence one of the features at Jeypore, the foremost Rajput State in point of revenue, and generally accounted the most civilised, is a collection of birds and beasts in the Maharaja's palace, kept nowadays, it would almost seem to an outside observer, to provide a fighting tournament for distinguished visitors. Who has passed through Jeypore without being struck by the city, with its broad streets and the beautiful gardens outside, in which stand the Albert Hall and Museum? And then, after being primed with information as to the manner in which Indian art has been encouraged, and what progress has taken place in developing irrigation, public works, &c., &c., by a sudden transition to see quail, partridge, black buck, rams, boars, and I know not what, tilt at each other in single combat! It was an old-world picture brought out for a royal duke to see, and I dare say he enjoyed it more than many other things he saw on his Indian tour.

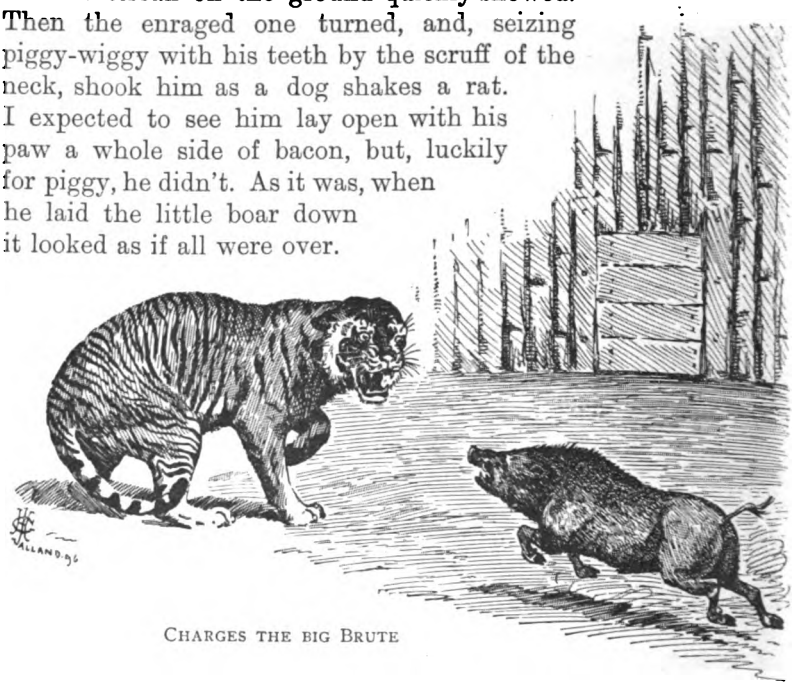
Those who have seen cocks fight can understand how gamely little quail and partridges go at each other. There is a famous picture of Landseer's which will give some idea how

black buck and sambhur lock their horns together; it is impossible for pen and ink to describe the rush of two mighty rams and the terrific force with which skull rebounds against skull; nor can I do justice to an encounter of boar with boar. This, by the way, seemed more difficult to regulate than any of the others. The skilled attendants always managed to part the combatants before either was really hurt, though occasionally I saw blood on feather, lip, and nostril; but in the case of a boar's charge no one could guard against a rip from the razor-like tush if it chanced to strike home. All that could be done was to pull back the leashed quadruped so as to avoid a second cut. The extraordinary pluck of the boar has long been celebrated in prose and verse, and this reminds me of a remarkable illustration of that pluck which I saw at another show in another Rajput State, Oodeypore. This time, too, there was a distinguished visitor, a very big Lord Sahib.

In the morning the Maharana, who represents the cream of Rajput aristocracy, had provided a shoot for his lordship, but the drive had only been productive of pig, and four boars laid low at fairly long ranges constituted the bag. In the evening the entertainment was of a very different character. Imagine a smooth, sandy floor, ten or twelve yards in diameter, sunk like a large bear-pit, with four or five trap-doors opening into it, the traps being lifted from above. This circular enclosure has walls sixteen or eighteen feet high, with a rail round the top for spectators to lean against as they look down. Outside, on a level with the floor of the pit, is a place where pigs from the jungle are fed every evening, and one of these, a boar standing barely two feet high, was decoyed by feeds of grain through an open trap into the pit. Then the trap was closed, apparently without causing the boar the least uneasiness. The next move was to shove through another trap, down an inclined plane of planks, a tiger, nearly full grown, who had been caged for a year, and certainly showed no signs of being savage. With drooping tail he looked timidly round, and seemed anxious to back out the way he came, but, the trap being closed, he slunk round hugging the wall, and seeking for another aperture. To put a little stingo into him two or three things were thrown at him, and presently the dummy figure of a man was let down with a flop almost on his head. He seized and made short work of it. By this time he had got away from the wall, and suddenly the little boar saw him, and without a moment's hesitation charged the big brute like a torpedo diving under a three-decker. He didn't mean to dive, but just as he reached the tiger the latter quietly hopped over him as a girl over

a skipping-rope, and the boar continued his charge for some paces, apparently nonplussed at not having hit something. Then, turning round, he charged again, with exactly the same result, the tiger showing no wish to touch the torpedo. After three ineffectual rushes of this kind the boar seemed to have learned a wrinkle, as the fourth time, while the tiger was quietly hopping over him, he jogged his tushes upwards and struck ile, or rather blood, as a red streak on the ground quickly showed.

Then the enraged one turned, and, seizing piggy-wiggy with his teeth by the scruff of the neck, shook him as a dog shakes a rat. I expected to see him lay open with his paw a whole side of bacon, but, luckily for piggy, he didn't. As it was, when he laid the little boar down it looked as if all were over.



CHARGES THE BIG BRUTE

Presently, however, it appeared that the boar was only winded. He recovered his breath and looked round dazed, as if inquiring what had happened. Then memory returned, and, shaking himself together, he made at the enemy again, more fiercely than ever. The tiger eluded the charge, and full of admiration and compassion for the gallant little torpedo, the Lord Sahib asked the Maharana to end the unequal combat. Immediately one of the large traps was raised, and the tiger bolted through it, leaving the boar alone in the arena and thirsting for the fray. 'Never again,' quoth his lordship, 'will I shoot a pig; such pluck is inconceivable.'

The next morning one of our party, a doctor, saw the wounded boar, and reported that barring a stiff neck he appeared to be doing

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well, while the Maharana assured me that three days after the pig was returned to the jungle all right. I made inquiries as to whether anyone had ever seen a fight between a big boar and a tiger, and was told by a native gentleman of a well-authenticated instance in which a tiger and big boar had been found dead within a few yards of each other. The ground between, ploughed up, bore traces of a deadly fight, which was also evidenced by the wounds on each of the bodies. It was surmised that the tiger in search of food—and nothing pleases him more than wild pig when young and tender—had come across an infuriated sire in defence of his family, and that thus both had died in a conflict which no tiger would provoke if he could help it.

If you want to hear about the boar you should go to Jodhpore, which ranks with Oodeypore and Jeypore as a big State, though very different in other ways. The rocks and vegetation near Jodhpore afford splendid cover, and if you get up very early in the morning, when the pig are out in the open, you are sure of some of the best pig-sticking in India. The natives all ride horse or camel from their earliest years, and the Maharaja loves to mount his English guests, whose name is legion, in a way worthy of the traditions of the place, which embrace every form of generous hospitality. Alas! that the Maharaja I refer to, His Highness Jeswunt Singh, has lately died, leaving an only son who is still a minor. Fortunately his brother, Maharaja Sir Pertab Singh, K.C.S.I., A.D.C. to the Prince of Wales and a Colonel in the British army, who has been Prime Minister for many years, survives, and the young Maharaja, a youth of sixteen, is intelligent and of good disposition. Who has not heard of Sir Pertab Singh and his wonderful polo team, which used to beat with ease every team they met at Poona and Bombay? And who that has been to Jodhpore does not know of his prowess as a sportsman, among other gifts that go to make a remarkable man and a jolly good fellow?

It used to be said no one could ride a pig like Sir Pertab and his friend Hurji, and that, often tired of spearing, they would polish off a boar by blows from sticks on the head. A rap across the snout repeated several times with precision makes the animal feel very sick, and insures his not cutting the horse, which he often does when the spear is used. I have heard Sir Pertab Singh give all sorts of wrinkles about the little game in which he is so proficient, and on one occasion when an officer had been unhorsed, and the boar turning back had charged him on the ground, luckily inflicting only a slight flesh wound before Hurji Singh

arrived to stop his ever charging again, my friend was good enough to say, 'Remember, Sahib, if you are ever on the ground and a pig charges you, your best chance is to get your hands in his mouth and force open his jaws. He will rise on his hind-legs, on which you must suddenly withdraw your hands, and seizing him by the legs hold him up head downwards until help arrives, or you can get at your knife and cut his throat.' Of course I thanked the professor for his advice, and said I had been advised in my youth when I wanted to catch a bird to put some salt on its tail.

Little did I then dream that within a year or so it would fall to Sir Pertab himself to give a practical illustration of the acrobatic feat he had recommended to me. Yet so it happened: his horse came down while he was riding a boar, and the infuriated beast, turning, charged and managed to gash him in the thigh.

HE GOT HOLD OF THE HIND LEGS

But he got hold of the hind-legs and held them up till succour arrived and a friendly spear relieved him of his difficulty. A very distinguished officer now in Ireland witnessed the scene, which I trust my good friend at Jodhpore will pardon my chronicling here. When 'the boar, the mighty boar's the theme,' memory is apt to run riot in anecdote, and I take some credit for restricting myself to two, illustrating the pluck of the most courageous of animals and the coolness, strength, and address of a brave Rajput.

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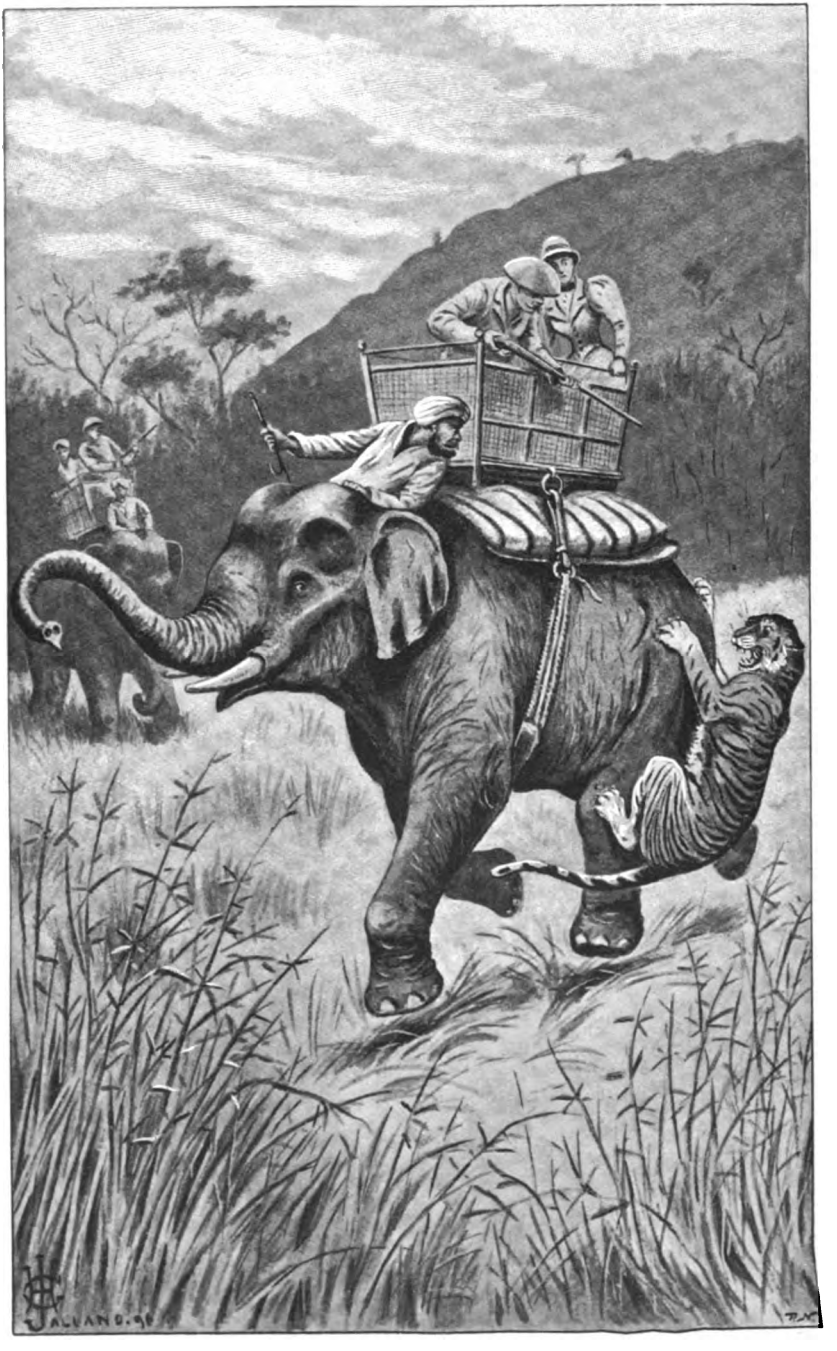
After so much about the boar I am asked to tell about a tiger shoot. Some of my friends in Rajputana, experienced Nimrods, who can count the tigers they have slain by tens and twenties (the Maharana of Oodeypore, His Highness Futteh Singh, G.C.S.I., has probably the highest score), could do this much better than one who has no claims to the name of *shikari*; but probably readers who have never seen a tiger in his native jungle may profit somewhat if the tale be told by an occasional rather than experienced actor, as shikaris are generally of two classes, either modest and laconic to a fault, or else revelling in the opposite extreme. From the expeditions against tigers in which it has fallen to me to take part, I select two or three for present narration, in the hope that they may arouse some interest without being hackneyed or drawing upon the imagination. In the cold weather, which, as all the world knows, is not the proper season for tiger-shooting, because the jungles are thick and there is plenty of water about everywhere, the Ulwar State in the north of Rajputana is, or was a few years ago, renowned as affording the English sportsman all necessary requisites for this species of shikar in the pleasantest form possible. The Maharaja, himself a shikari, would invite his visitors, among whom have been viceroys and royal dukes, to a camp pitched at some distance from Ulwar itself, and surrounded by jungles in which tigers were preserved by good cover and water being always available and no one being allowed to molest them save by royal permission. Still the jungles were of such extent that sometimes even the Maharaja could not find a tiger for himself or guests, and on the occasion I refer to we had three or four blank days.

Not blank, however, as regards enjoyment. Riding on elephants in cool bright air, under a sun never too hot; winding slowly up and down hill sides, where the forest was so thick you had constantly to stoop and feel the branches scraping your arms and thick solah-topee, or bustling along open glades of cool green beauty; meeting everywhere the gorgeous peacock and trees with flowers, generally scarlet, almost as gorgeous; hearing no woodland music but unmelodious sounds of Indian birds, and, most welcome of all, a rustle every now and then in the undergrowth which would disclose a jungle cock, sounder of pig, jackal, ravine deer, or sambhur; then a picnic lunch in some convenient place, which to the ladies of the party was possibly the pleasantest part of the day; as the afternoon wanes, again on our elephants with faces turned homewards, so as to arrive in camp in time for

a cup of tea and warm bath before dinner, after which His Highness comes in to smoke a cigarette and drink a glass of wine, and as he is always merry, and a master of the English language, contributes to the hilarity of the evening. Such days are surely not barren, even though that keen hunter, the head of the Maharaja's shikaries, grunts and shakes his head contemptuously at the hyena which constitutes the bag. But I must tell of a day when this functionary, never remarkable for the suavity of his language (I can see the old man now glaring through his spectacles), was more jubilant.

We started on this occasion as usual after breakfast, the Maharaja with the Agent to the Governor-General (A.G.G. he is usually called) leading the way, the Political Agent, Col. F——, a traveller from England with his wife, and the rest, some ten elephants in all, following. Mrs. F——, be it noted, occupied a back seat in her husband's howdah, which is generally the sole privilege of the attendant who assists, by holding cartridges, &c., the sahib in front. For some unexplained reason we reached the jungle the beaters were to drive without having any idea as to the plan of operations. Col. F—— eventually managed, after speaking to the Maharaja, to signal us away in various directions, and the beat began between our elephants forming a somewhat irregular line at wide intervals from each other and a hill in front. The jungle was not thick; in parts, indeed, it was fairly open, with quite a park-like aspect, but still we were hardly in view of each other, excepting the A.G.G. and the Maharaja. Hence it was only safe to shoot straight in front, which was all right so long as the tiger moved on from the beaters in front of our elephants. If anyone does not know what a 'beat' or 'drive' is, let him or her understand that it consists of a number of men (sometimes five or six hundred), according to the extent of the forest, forming line and advancing with discordant cries, rendered still more uncouth by the sound of tom-toms and an ear-piercing shell. A few have firearms from which, if the tiger is very sluggish, blank cartridge is fired; the rest beat the bushes with sticks. It is astonishing how close some animals, notably the tiger, will lie when they don't want to move on, and how very small they appear creeping through the underwood. As the line of beaters approached our vicinity several shots fired in quick succession were heard, which, it turned out, came from the rifles of the Maharaja and A.G.G. One at last took effect, as the tiger lay up in a thicket close to the A.G.G., who waited for him to emerge before putting in another shot.



ABOUT THREE FEET BELOW HER PERCH

Hereupon up comes Col. F—— to see what has happened, and out charges the tiger at his elephant, which turned tail and ran. It was an anxious moment for Mrs. F——, as the beast left the mark of his paw on the elephant's tail about three feet below her perch. Col. F—— fired twice, the second time with effect, as the tiger retired very sick and lay under a tree. Fortunately the ground was pretty open, so no one was hurt by the elephant bolting, and the mahout managed to stop and turn before he had gone fifty yards. The beaters were now very close, so the A.G.G. on a very staunch elephant went in and finished the wounded tiger, that no one might be mauled. By this time six or seven other elephants had come up, and several followers on foot, and presently appeared the head shikari with a lot of beaters. Seeing the dead tiger, the old man says, 'What have you done with the tigress?' Hearing that no tigress had been seen, he turns on the beaters and accuses them of having walked over her. Promptly he sends them back to drive again, and after a few minutes, while we are all in a cluster talking, up sure enough sneaks the tigress.

It was a mercy and wonder no one was hurt, for she did not run straight, but zigzagged in and out amongst us. Rifles were loosed off right and left, with no regard for the chance of ricochetting or a trigger being pulled before the muzzle pointed downwards—common enough in movements of hurry and excitement. How it was, seeing that elephants and men on foot were huddled together in a bunch, with the tigress doubling in and out among them like a rabbit, that no one received any damage, I can't explain. I only know that as I realised the blessed fact I drew a pent-up breath of relief, and instantly retracted a previous opinion that the safest plan of tiger-hunting was from the back of an elephant. When I say no damage I must except the tigress, who was hit so as to show a track of blood marks till she came across two other rifles four or five hundred yards from us, which soon gave her the final quietus. I just arrived in time to see her draw her last breath. Congratulating the Maharaja that no one had been mauled, and on our lucky escape from each other's bullets, I asked if it was not a very risky proceeding for the beaters to go back a second time after having previously walked over the tiger. He smiled, and said coolly, 'Oh, they get mauled sometimes.' Calling up the head shikari, he pointed to him and said, 'This man's son was killed by a tiger,' whereat the bereaved parent appeared to be rather pleased and proud. It is astonishing how callous and foolhardy beaters will be at times in order to show a visitor sport, and how power-

less a visitor is to prevent a day's sport being marred by a catastrophe. This truth, I am sorry to say, is illustrated by my second anecdote.

The Maharaja of Jeypore had very kindly arranged a shoot for our party during the Christmas holidays at a picturesque spot some thirty miles from his capital, and, as an excellent sportsman and charming fellow, Col. P——, was directing, assisted in camp by Mrs. P—— and three daughters, we were evidently in for a good time, and as a matter of fact spent six most enjoyable days. It would be easy and pleasant to dwell on each day's excursion and the good-fellowship which made that Christmas a jolly one in every sense; but I must resist the temptation and confine myself to a single drive. It was a glorious spot: a long stretch of rocky upland thickly clothed with forest descending more or less gradually to a plain, in one part spreading into a grand amphitheatre, on each side of which are ravines and open valleys formed by rocks and sloping hill-sides in irregular profusion and of varied beauty; gullies and crannies of all sizes to suit the most fastidious of wild beasts in all weathers; no stiff climbing, and miles of level walking in large tree jungle that makes a deep fringe to the plain in which our camp is pitched. It was an ideal country for shikar of all sorts, and when we arrived six or seven tigers had already been marked down. The practice is to tie up a young buffalo to a tree in three or four places; the tiger comes and kills, drinks the blood of his victim, drags his prey to a convenient place, and lies up till it suits him to dine, which is generally after sundown. Native shikaris versed in woodcraft follow his tracks, trace the locality in which he is lying up, bring their reports to camp, where the expedition and all necessary arrangements for the beat are arranged. In this way by means of several kills the presence of at least half a dozen tigers within a length of as many miles had been ascertained.

The jungle, however, was too thick to be beaten properly, and we had three or four unsuccessful drives owing to the tiger breaking back through the beaters. Our plan was to drive and ride out after breakfast to a convenient distance from the scene of action, shoulder our rifles, and follow a guide silently in single file through the forest to the stations we were to occupy, on high rocks or eminences which commanded the path the driven tiger was expected to take. The three ladies always accompanied, and so did a tiffin basket, while elephants were left at a distance, to be used only if a wounded tiger had to be followed up. One fine morning we were posted along the brow of a hill beneath which

deep down was spread the jungle to be driven, which was so dense that the army of beaters, five or six hundred men, as it advanced towards us, was hidden from view. Beneath my perch was a drop of some forty yards on to a bare space at the foot of our hill, and the other rifles were similarly, though not quite so favourably, situated. The bare spot looked small enough, while beyond it the sea of forest was almost impenetrable to the eye, though one of our ladies fancied she saw the tiger through it, and vainly endeavoured to direct my eye to the place where, according to her, he was awaiting the further advance of the beaters. Vexed

TILL IT SUITS HIM TO DINE

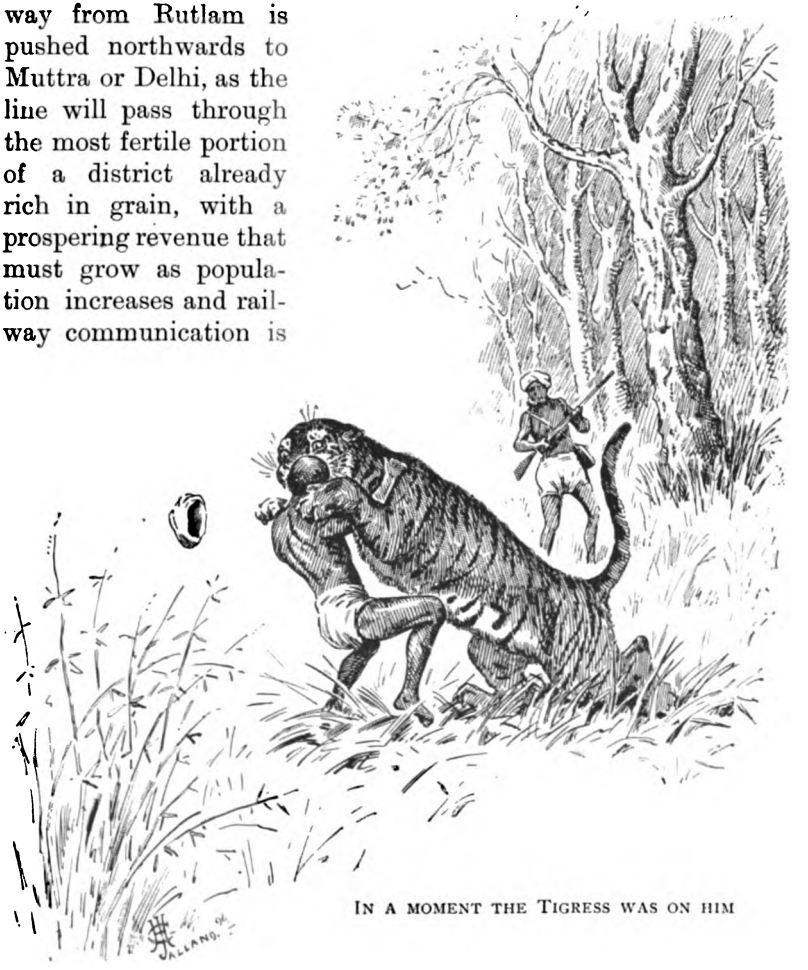
at my stupidity and owning myself a duffer, at length I withdrew my strained eyeballs from the spot they had been piercing, and suddenly on the bare place immediately beneath me saw the tiger standing. I had time to take a deliberate, almost vertical, aim downwards, resting the rifle on a rock. As I fired, away galloped the tiger through the jungle in front of the other rifles, some of which had snap-shots, but the foliage enveloped him like a garment, and he was quickly hidden from view. Two of our party mounted elephants, which had great difficulty in wading through the jungle, and tore down numberless branches in forcing a passage, but searched in vain, and at last, in spite of native

reports that my bullet had struck home (who does not know the flattery of such reports?), I reluctantly made up my mind that I had missed an easy shot, that the tiger had got away, and that it was time to go back to camp. So we prepared to depart, descended the hill, and, remembering the tiffin basket, sat down on a gentle knoll to discuss sandwiches and whiskey-and-soda.

Suddenly from within fifty yards came a roar, followed by one, two, three, four shots—then silence. To seize our rifles, load, and take up position in front of the ladies, was the first step; then, when nothing came, to send scouts to reconnoitre carefully. After ten minutes or so a messenger appeared through the thick forest we were facing, and said the tiger was lying dead yonder, and had mauled a man. We followed and found he had spoken truly. Fortunately, one of our party was the best of doctors as of good fellows, and quickly attended to the wounded beater, who seemed a bit dazed but tolerably calm, though the tigress had broken his arm with her teeth and left claw marks on his back and head. When a temporary sling had been improvised, and his wounds had been carefully washed, he was carried home on a charpoy, having said nothing but 'Tell the Maharaja.' The poor fellow evidently thought he had done some doughty deed of valour, whereas the tale told by his companion, a native shikari who carried a gun, indicated only rashness. Said the man of the gun: 'We were creeping through the jungle, having tracked the tigress by her blood, which in two places where she had lain down was in large pools; others told us she was badly hit and couldn't be far off. Suddenly the Naga in front whispers, "There she is at the foot of that tree." She was lying as if dead. Says he, "Shall I throw a stone at her and see if she is dead?" "No," says I, "let us climb a tree—then throw." I turned to climb; he waited not, but threw his stone. In a moment the tigress was on him. I fired four times and killed her. It was difficult to shoot for fear of hitting the Naga.' We praised the shikari, and told him he had saved the man's life. The centre of an admiring circle, he looked justly proud and pleased. I wrote and told the Maharaja, and three days after, when we broke up our camp and departed, the wounded beater was doing well, having been carefully tended by our doctor and a hospital assistant, who remained in charge of the case. Alas! he lived only three weeks. Blood-poisoning set in, and he would not consent to have his arm amputated to save his life.

This is too sad an incident to end with, so let me tax my readers' patience with just one more story of a different com-

plexion. It is not often one gets a chance to shoot a tiger from a boat, but the chance may come if you happen to be at Kotah at the right time, and the stars are propitious. Kotah, the capital of a State bearing the same name, is in Eastern Rajputana, on the banks of the Chambul River, and will be a good deal heard of when the railway from Rutlam is pushed northwards to Muttra or Delhi, as the line will pass through the most fertile portion of a district already rich in grain, with a prospering revenue that must grow as population increases and railway communication is



IN A MOMENT THE TIGRESS WAS ON HIM

established with Bombay and Upper India. At present, for want of the rail, it is land-locked, cut off from the outer world. In past years it was the envy of sportsmen who go in for big game. Yet, nowadays, among these same sportsmen the complaint is general here, as in most other districts, that tigers are yearly getting scarcer, and permission to shoot them difficult

to obtain. If the native chief is not given to this species of shikar himself, the English political officer is pretty sure to be, and even with the assistance of a friend at court to arrange an expedition for him, the so-called globe-trotter is often disappointed in the cold weather. It was my good fortune once on a visit to Kotah at that season to meet with a little tiger-shooting under circumstances altogether exceptional.

The chief, a minor, was absent, being then a pupil at the Mayo College in Ajmere, and the State was governed by a council of local notabilities, assisted by the Political Agent. The leading member of council, a Rajput gentleman of considerable powers of management and experience in dealing with matters of that kind (I might say, of all kinds), had done his best to provide me with a tiger, and I was told to be daily in readiness, as news might come in at any time. Accordingly I found myself one fine, cold morning after breakfast on board the State steam-launch, bound for a voyage up the river with pleasant companions, including two ladies. The launch towed a boatful of sportsmen, so there were rifles enough to finish off a dozen tigers. The plan was to beat a range of jungle, said to contain three tigers, which came down to and skirted our right bank—if that term can be rightly applied to the lofty rocks more or less precipitous through which the river has hewn its devious way.

Opposite and near Kotah the channel is always broad and deep, even in the hot weather, when mighty rivers in India become rivulets trickling through sand. The scenery as we steamed past the picturesque fort and palace was splendid. The Chambul seemed to swell with majestic pride, as she bade us admire her guardian mountain walls and the forest growth which adorned them, and to smile in the sunshine as we responded to the invitation with exclamations of delight, ardent enough to satisfy the most exacting Naiad. On the return journey we beheld her in pensive beauty—sky, stream, rocks, and foliage steeped in and shot through and through by the lights of a setting sun: a picture never to be forgotten. After feasting our eyes on Nature for three or four miles, a corner being reserved for all living creatures, from a hyena to an alligator (though of course we could not shoot at such like when in quest of bigger game), we halted opposite to a spot where there was a break in the jungle for about fifty yards along a ledge some thirty or forty feet above the stream.

The plan of campaign decided upon was to drive the tiger across this ledge, where he would be exposed to a battery from the two boats at a distance of not more than forty yards.

The heights above were dotted with men at intervals to mark the prey if it climbed upwards. An hour of weary waiting ensued, during which the din of the beaters with tom-tom, shell, and latterly with blank cartridge, was incessant. For a number of men to advance along a high, steep, rugged hillside thickly clothed with jungle is necessarily a slow business, and the difficulty of keeping line so as to prevent a tiger breaking back can be easily imagined. It seemed to us, when the yelling grew closer and closer and nothing appeared, that nothing would appear. Several shots were fired from among the foremost beaters, hidden from our view by the thick jungle, but still no effect. We were tired of waiting, and said, 'No tiger to-day.' At length, all of a sudden, with two roars—the sound was more like a muffled bark or boom—a tiger ran across the ledge, and as our rifles rang out was seen to stumble, clutch at the hillside to steady himself, and still clutching, to roll down to the water's edge, amid a fusillade from the boats which seemed quite unnecessary, and only calculated to spoil his skin, unless someone thought he was going to swim for the boats. But his course was run; with head towards us just under water, and tail above touching the land, he was soon hauled stone dead into the boat, while a minute or two afterwards we learned that another tiger had fallen a few yards off in the jungle to the gun of a beater, who was roundly objurgated for interfering with our sport.

His excuse was that the beast could not be persuaded to move on by blank cartridge, but turned round on him, so in self-defence he fired a ball. Nevertheless, the way in which his audacity was at first regarded, and he was rated as having done rather a shabby thing, was amusing. Subsequently it was still more amusing to discover that while he had disposed of his tiger by a single shot, ours, which had run the gauntlet of at least twenty, bore the marks of only two. The latter, however, achieved the distinction of providing a singular amount of sport, and enabling perhaps half a dozen men to think that each had accomplished his downfall. It was my luck to be presented with the skins of both, as a memento of a very pleasant excursion when two dead tigers were carried home in a boat, though the fact that I happened to be the chief representative of the British Government in Rajputana had no doubt something to do with this act of courtesy. That word courtesy is redolent of the East, and as I think of the land of the Rajputs its perfume lingers in my memory and recalls a thousand kindnesses.

GAMES OF THE FAR EAST

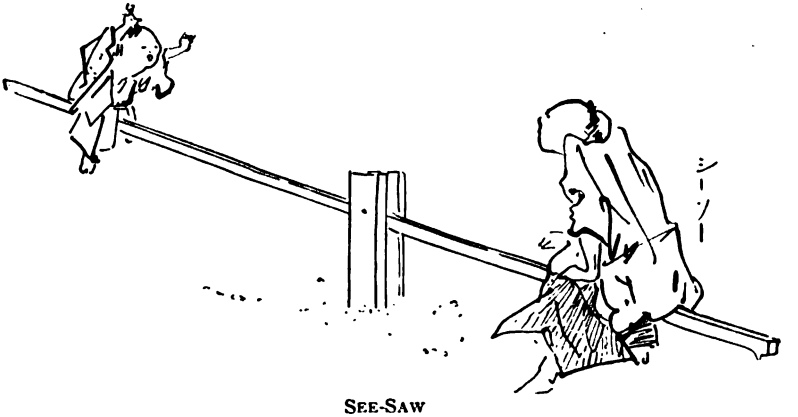
BY PROFESSOR CHURCH

BRITISH Universities are sometimes accused of conceding an exaggerated importance to sport. Certainly the times are changed since the early days of the Henley Regatta, when college crews had to enter their boats under fancy names in order to escape the censure of the authorities. And now what are we to say to this new departure of the University of Pennsylvania? It has actually published an elaborate treatise on the games of Korea and Japan at its own academic press.[1] Shall we follow the example? Are we to look to the Clarendon Press for an exhaustive book on cricket, to Cambridge for a treatise on football, to St. Andrews for a history of golf? The American University justifies itself by the assertion that it is making a contribution to anthropological science. The study of national games is likely to be not the least productive of the provinces of ethnology. Though this is not the point of view taken in my article, which, indeed, is of a far less pretentious character, a few words on the subject may not be out of place.

Proofs are not wanting, especially in various kinds of sortilege, an art which we still practise with a sort of half-hearted belief, that games had an origin coeval with some of man's earliest religious ceremonials. He has always contrived to combine entertainment and duty. A sacrifice was the occasion, and sometimes, it may well have been, the pretext for a feast. So with the drawing of lots, by which either precedence in rank or the division of plunder was to be decided, was closely connected the element of sport. As time goes on the serious element

[1] *Korean Games, with Notes on the Corresponding Games of China and Japan.* By Stewart Culin. University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

dwindles, the sportive grows. What grave issues may not prehistoric man have made to depend on a custom which has come down to us from the remotest antiquity, the breaking of the merry-thought of a bird! In Korea, and in the Far East generally, the arrow seems to have been the first implement of divination. A quiver-full would be shuffled, and then counted out in lots. The combinations were noted, and the 'book of fate' was consulted for the corresponding answers. We are at once reminded of the Meisir, a pre-Islamite game played by the Arabs with seven arrows, at which they gambled for camels, horses, and even each other's bodies. Mohammed forbade it, calling it an invention of the Devil, in curious anticipation of the opprobrious name of 'Devil's prayer-book,' which our own Puritans gave to a pack of cards. From arrows are copied the sticks carved with totems which the Haida Indians of British Columbia use in gambling. To-day in Korea the fortune-teller no longer uses arrows, but a bundle of bamboo splints which he shuffles and then distributes with the aid of a diagram, so forecasting the fortune of his customers. Exactly in the same way the Scythian soothsayers are described by Herodotus as using strips of peeled willow, doubtless in substitution for the arrow, the characteristic weapon of the nation. The arrow, however, still survives in the playing cards of the East, which have the feather conventionally portrayed on

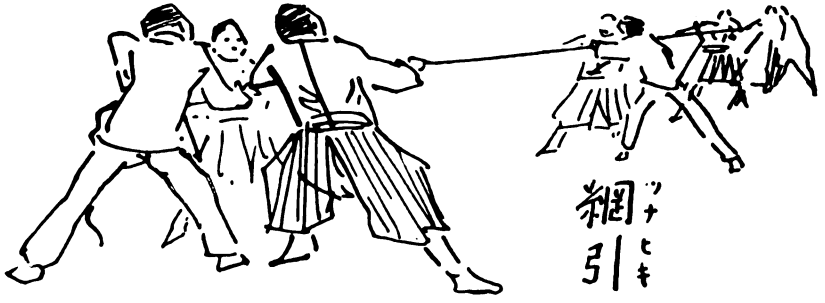


SEE-SAW

their backs. A further indication of their origin is given by their awkward shape, for they are strips of oiled paper eight inches in length and but little more than a quarter of an inch in width. Possibly there is a further significance in the curious names, reminding us of animal totems, which are given to the eight

suits of which the pack consists. These are 'man,' 'fish,' 'crow,' 'pheasant,' 'antelope,' 'star,' 'rabbit,' and 'horse.' But I must pass on to my proper subject.

Of the athletic games of Korea, perhaps the most important is the 'tug-of-war.' It is something like our own county cricket,



TUG-OF-WAR

for whole villages play against each other, the prize for which they contend not being the barren honour of a championship, but a superior harvest, which the heavenly powers are supposed to bestow on the victors. The rope is of straw, of the quite amazing size of *two feet* in diameter. The end is divided into branches, and while the main rope is grasped by the men, the branches are handled by the women. I regret to say that the latter are accused of not playing fair. They load their skirts with stones. A minor and, one would think, not very agreeable form of the game goes under the name of 'neck-pulling.' Two persons sit opposite each other with a cord passed round their necks, and try to pull each other over.

WRESTLING

Wrestling is a common amusement in the country districts, but it does not flourish as in Japan, where it has developed the 'professional,' who, in every game, is the invariable product of popular favour. In Japan, indeed, the game has a most romantic

history, which goes back to a date earlier than the Christian era. A certain Kehaya, a man of huge strength and stature, in fact the Goliath of his time, challenged all the world to wrestle with him. Provoked by his boasting, the Emperor found an antagonist

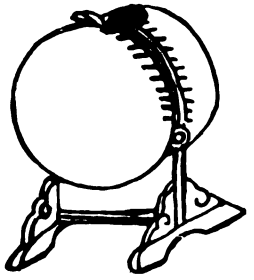
FOOTBALL

who kicked Kehaya in the ribs and killed him. Eight centuries later the Imperial throne itself was wrestled for, not by the claimants in person, but by their champions. About the same time the office of champion wrestler was instituted. The holder had a fan—imagine a Cornish or North-country wrestler fanning himself!—as his badge of office, inscribed with the title of Prince of Lions. Japan was divided into two provinces, East and West, for purposes of competition; and forty-eight falls, *i.e.* twelve throws, twelve lifts, twelve twists, twelve throws over the back, were pronounced to be fair. Wrestling long continued to have a religious significance. This has passed away, but the great matches are still held at famous shrines.

Two centuries and a half ago the ingenious Oriental, always anticipating the slow-witted West, conceived the idea of making

man's love of amusement minister to his spiritual wants. The priests of Kofukiji held a wrestling-match for the purpose of raising funds for the building of a temple; and this happy idea has never been allowed to fall into disuse. The Koreans have, like ourselves, the distinction between the kicking and the non-kicking wrestle. In one variety of the game the players take their positions facing each other, with their feet apart, and each endeavours to kick the other's foot from under him. A high kick is permitted, but the antagonist may then use his hands to catch the foot. As the player who is first thrown loses, the high kick must be a dangerous expedient.

'Ball-batting' is a mild variant of hockey. It seems to be essentially Korean. Though claimed as having belonged of old to Japan and China, it is now played only at Kagoshima, where the Korean potters have settled. It is played by four players on each side. Two base-lines are drawn at a distance which I do not find specified, and exactly between them a central line. On this a ball of wood, three inches in diameter, is placed and struck off with a clumsy looking club three feet long. The players stand one behind another, and if the front player misses the ball the second one takes his place. The object is to drive the ball over the antagonist's base-line. When this is down, a point is scored, and the parties change sides. At Hakoshima the paternal care of the Japanese Government has forbidden the game on account of its danger. Here, again, we have a suggestion of an original religious element now forgotten. The ball is called *hama*, and *hama-yumi* is a Japanese compound signifying 'a bow for driving evil spirits away.' The shape of the club, as it is figured in the great Japanese picture-book, suggests a connection with polo.



FOOTBALL ON STAND

Football is played pretty generally, and is a favourite in aristocratic circles. A newspaper described as the 'Government Gazette,' but rather answering to our 'Court Circular,' has amongst its announcements the news that on a certain day 'football was played at the Palace.' It would be ungrateful, indeed, in the reigning family to neglect it; for when the Mikado had fallen upon evil days, before the revolution which restored him to power, princes of the Imperial house used to

earn their livelihood by giving lessons in football. The ball is described as a 'round bag made of leather and filled with hair.' In the illustration it appears furnished with feathers; in fact, a huge shuttlecock. We may conclude from this, though the rules are not given, that the 'scrimmage' is not part of the Japanese game. Another shuttlecock, which tradesmen kick about the streets to keep their feet warm, is a flattened ball made of cotton cloth, and filled with ashes or clay, and furnished with the tail feather of a pheasant. The shuttlecock proper is the berry of the soap-tree, with small feathers stuck in it. Only girls use it, employing the wooden battledore, ornamented with pictures

BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK

of famous actors, with which we are familiar. It was customary under the old *régime* in Japan to compliment the parents of a new-born infant with a battledore and shuttlecock if it was a girl, with two bows and arrows if it was a boy.

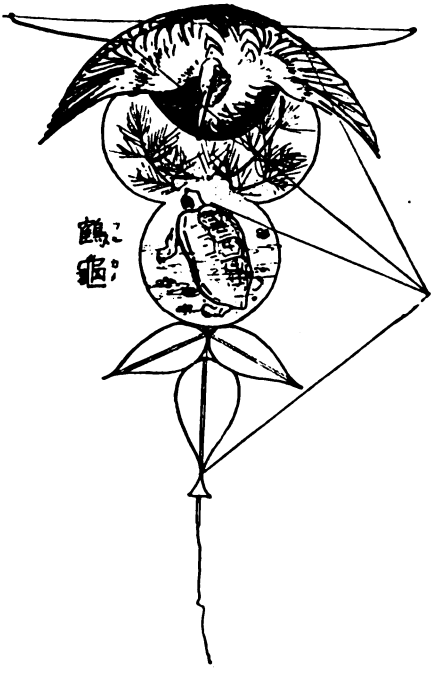
Archery is a favourite pastime, though not practised with as much energy as in former times. The contests are carried on with a good deal of show and ceremony, the antagonists representing different villages or different quarters of a city. There are commonly three or four sides, and each side has twelve men.

The target is square, with a black centre, also square. A successful shot is signalled by waving a flag, and sometimes, on great occasions, by a song from the singing girl who accompanies the side, and a burst of music. The game has created a numerous class of professionals. 'They do not work, but travel from place to place, and are said to think and talk of nothing but arrow-shooting from morning till night.' They are, to put the matter shortly, the golf-players of the East. Unfortunately the King is determined to suppress them; but as a revolution is going on while I write, before this meets the eye of the reader they may be in favour again. 'Pitch-pot' is a game played with arrows which are thrown into a pot. It is said to be a game of great antiquity, and is played by the Korean nobles on certain feast days with much solemnity. There is a sort of resemblance here to the *kottabos* of the Greeks. At least there is pitching and the pot, though in the *kottabos* the thing pitched was a small quantity of wine. A nearer parallel is the pitching of half-crowns into a college cap, which is one of the remembrances of my youth. The winner had the right of being the first to toss them all up, and of pocketing 'heads' or 'tails.' As many as ten kinds of 'pitch-and-toss' are mentioned among Korean games. These include, among other things, the games which our boys play with marbles.

Under the names of 'laying the eggs,' 'setting the eggs,' and 'hatching the eggs,' the Korean children practise the various games known among us as *huckle* or *knuckle-bones* (*vulgo* 'dibs'). In Korea pieces of brick or stone are used; we have kept closer to ancient usage, for the *astragaloi* of the Greeks were exactly the sheep bones of the English game.

Kite-flying is a favourite pastime throughout the Far East. The Korean kite is a rectangular structure, twenty inches by seventeen, and with a hole eight inches in diameter in the centre. The frame is of bamboo; a disc of coloured paper, pasted above the middle, and indeed the colours of the rest of the paper, distinguish one kite from another. The string is of pure silk, and is, of course, by far the most expensive part of the kite equipment. The Koreans leave to their neighbours in China and Japan those fanciful imitations of birds, &c., such as the 'Stork and Tortoise' kite, and the many ingenious forms which we sometimes see in England. They do not care about beauty of forms, but study the arts of 'kite-fighting.' The silken lines are dipped in fish-glue, to which powdered glass or porcelain has been added. The kite-flyer—and all Koreans from the King downwards are kite-flyers—endeavours to sever his adversary's

string. The women, whom Korean etiquette forbids to leave their homes except at night, when the men are compelled to remain at home, fly kites from their yards. Experts profess to be able to tell when the string is held by a woman's hands. The kite has, it appears, a religious significance. It is a sort of 'scape-goat.' A Korean mother will write on a kite the name of her child, and the date of his birth, with the wish that it may carry away with it the misfortunes of the coming year. It harmonises with this religious element that the pastime is rigidly limited to the first half of the first month, and that no one will touch a lost kite.



JAPANESE KITE

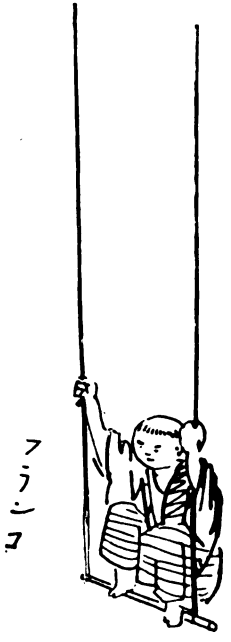
Tops are a winter game; commonly they are spun on the frozen ground or on ice; but one of the refinements of the sport, acquired only by a skilful hand, is to spin them on a slender branch or even a wire. Fighting with tops is a favourite sport, the commonest form being what is called the 'priest-top,' a lemon-shaped toy, with coloured rings on the upper part, and bearing a curious resemblance to the shaven crown of a Buddhist priest. It is furnished with a short iron peg. Humming tops are known as 'thunder-tops.' Another kind is in two parts, joined together by paper, which distends when it is spun. Yet another has the quaint name of the 'child-bearer.' It contains a number of small tops which are released as it moves.

Hoops, of which the Romans were so passionately fond, that even grown men would trundle them, are unknown among the Koreans and their neighbours.

One hardly knows whether to include in the list of games the faction fights with which the Koreans amuse themselves when the kite season is at an end. Every free-born boy, on reaching the age of fifteen, receives an officially sealed tablet, with his

name, the date of his birth, his rank as a 'leisure-fellow' (not bound, *i.e.* to service), and the name of the ward to which he belongs. In Seoul (otherwise Keung), the capital of Korea, there are five wards, four of them named from the points of the compass, the fifth being the central. These furnish the combatants. The little boys begin it, belabouring each other with ropes of straw; bigger boys join in, then the men take part, but the harmless ropes are laid aside for stones, and the casualties are many.

If there is no particular excellence in the outdoor sports of the Koreans, their indoor games are developed with much inge-



SWINGING

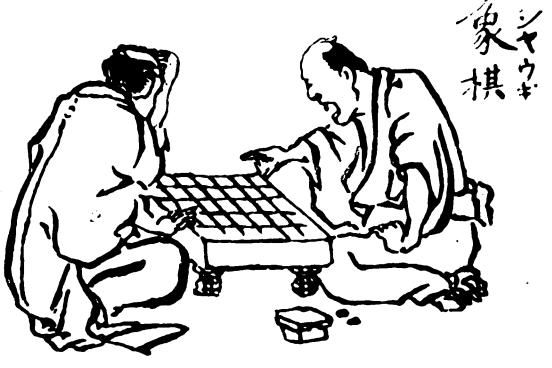
SKIPPING

nuity and subtlety. Many of those that find favour in the West a Korean would think it beneath his dignity to play. He likes to invest his game with all the intellectual attraction that he can invent for it. Dominoes supply an instance in point. The Korean form, played under the name of 'Foreign Tablets' (a phrase which stands for the actual domino itself), is much more elaborate than ours. The pieces are thirty-two in number—it should be said that there are no blanks—of which eleven are duplicates. All the doublets are duplicated, and in addition to

these, one-three, one-five, one-six, four-six, and five-six. (A curious resemblance may be noted here: one-two goes by the name of 'rat's nose,' just as the same throw with the dice among the Romans was called *canis*, the dog.) It would be tiresome to the reader if I were to explain the details of the game. It will suffice to say that the pieces are exchanged among the players, who may be four in number, or three (if three, the four highest doublets are left out), just as they are in some games of cards, and that the object aimed at by each player is to obtain certain sequences and combinations. A sequence which contains all the twos, for instance, counts five. This, and another which contains one-two, three-six, four-five, one-four, two-six, and three-five, are the most valuable, and win the game for the player, who receives from his antagonists five times the amount of the stake.

Backgammon is played in Korea (under the name of 'Double-sixes') exactly as it is played in the English variety of the game, as far as the number of the men and their arrangement upon the board are concerned. But doublets do not entitle the player to move more than two men or to throw again.

Chess is played in Korea with some important variations from the form followed in the West. The most important of these is



CHESS

the presence of an additional piece, the *p'áu* or cannon. The equivalents for the pieces common to both games are general (king), counsellor (queen), chariot (rook), elephant (bishop), horse (knight), foot-soldier (pawn). In the centre on each side of the board is a 'camp,' with nine squares, and furnished with diagonal lines. The king and queen (to use the names familiar to our ears) are confined to these enclosures. The king has the privilege of

checking his rival across the board, if no piece intervenes between them. He has also another privilege, and one of a very peculiar kind. If he is the only piece of his side remaining, and cannot move without incurring check-mate, he is allowed to stay where he is and *turn over*. But to exercise either of these privileges is almost tantamount to confessing defeat. The player who has used his king to check the king of his antagonist cannot win the game; at the best he can only draw it, while the solitary monarch who turns over is clearly in a desperate position. The chessmen do not show the picturesque forms to which we are accustomed. They are draughtsmen, their rank and powers being indicated by their size. On the other hand, the men at backgammon have something like the shape of our chess queen. The game of draughts seems not to be known.

One of the most popular of Korean games is the *Pa-tok* (pebble game) known as *Wai k'i* in China and *Go* in Japan. The board is like a chessboard, but with no variety of colour, and with as many as 361 places (19 x 19) on which men can be placed. The player's object is to surround bodies of his enemy's pieces. When surrounded they are considered to be captured. An important point, however, adding much to the complexity of the pastime, is that any body of men, containing within itself two or more empty spots, called 'eyes,' is safe from attack. It is from the symbols that express this idea, *go ban no me* (eyes of chessboard), that we have borrowed the name of *gobang*. Pa-tok claims an extreme antiquity, having been invented, it is said, by the Emperor Shun (of China) in 2255 B.C. Other authorities gives it a century more of age, referring to the Emperor Yao, who flourished 2356 B.C. 'Among the playthings of modern and ancient times,' says one of the Chinese classics, 'there is nothing so remote as *Go*. Next to wine and women, it leads men astray. If they think it difficult, even village boys and common people can play it very skilfully; but if it be thought very easy, even the wisest and most intelligent, though they investigate it through generations, may not acquire it correctly.' These last are words of wisdom which have a much wider application than to *Pa-tok*. The game is played in Japan as a war-game, and, as may be supposed, is highly popular just now.

Held in even more favour than *Pa-tok* is *Nyout*, which somewhat resembles our 'racing-game.' The board consists of a circle of twenty places, with an interior cross of nine places. Four rude dice are employed, made of wood, flat and white on one side, coarse and black (the wood having been charred) on the other. These

are thrown in a way to prevent the player from arranging the manner of their fall. If all four black sides turn up, the throw is called *mo*, and counts five; if four white sides, it is *nyout*, and counts four; in the other throws each white side counts one. The player who starts by throwing *mo* gains thereby a great advantage, for as he sets off from the top, his throw carries him as far as the end place of the diameter which divides the circle into two, and he is permitted to travel along the radius to the central place, and return thence to the point of exit, which adjoins the point of starting. Missing this, he may have the minor success of alighting on the place which is exactly underneath the starting point. If he does, he may return by the diameter that connects them. Otherwise he must traverse the whole round of the circle. The pieces, of which each player commonly has four, are called horses, and the object, of course, is to get them all out by the *exit* as described above, before those of the other players. If one of a player's horses alights, by virtue of a throw, on another, the two are entitled to move on together; if it alights on an antagonist's, it captures the rival piece, which is accordingly compelled to go back to the starting point. The game is played by all classes, but only from the 15th of the last month of the year to the 15th of the first. It lends itself to a good deal of gambling. Parents forbid it to their children, and schoolmasters search the pockets of their pupils for the implements of the prohibited game. The pocket is, of course, a Western invention, and we are told that for a time the Korean boys evaded by its help the scrutiny of their simple-minded teachers.

CHILDREN PLAYING WITH DICE

Of card-games there is a multitude. Indeed the different kinds of packs may be numbered by scores. Some are based on money or money-tokens, others on dominoes, others on the pieces of chess. The 'jokers' are sometimes the Five Virtues of Chinese ethics; sometimes the Five Blessings; sometimes famous heroes and heroines. There are 'natural number' cards and 'lucky formula' cards, some of them resembling the packs which in our country attempt to combine amusement and edification. But it would be useless, even if it were possible, to describe the games which are played with them. Cards, in China at least, are considered some-

what vulgar; if educated people use them, it is for gambling pure and simple. Hence, as I gather from what Mr. Culin says, there is a difficulty in getting information about them.

Lotteries of various kinds are much favoured, especially by the Chinese; or it may be that the Chinese colonies in America give more opportunities of observing the habits of the people. One fairly harmless form is the combination of some fifty or hundred members who contribute the same sum. The whole amount is drawn out by some lucky member; but each member has, or ought to have, his turn of good fortune It is a remarkable proof of good faith if the forty-nine winners continue to pay up till the fiftieth member comes by his own. In some countries, I fancy, the club would break up. A more popular form is one which resembles one that still survives in some parts of Europe. Eighty members are divided by chance among four bowls; and one of the bowls is declared to contain the twenty winning numbers. Each player purchases ten numbers for a dollar; if less than five are among the winners, he loses his stake; if five, he doubles it; if all ten—this is, of course, the highest possibility—he receives two thousand. The company deducts five per cent., and if the ticket has been bought through an agent, he gets ten per cent. more.

One more Korean favourite must be noticed, the equivalent of *La Mora*, so well known in Southern Italy. One player holds up one or more fingers, and his antagonist guesses at the number. *La Mora* is an inheritance from Roman times, when the game was so popular that the countryfolks' proverbial description of an honest man was 'one with whom you snap fingers in the dark' (*quocum in tenebris mices, micare* expressing the extreme rapidity with which the fingers are opened and shut). The Japanese game is precisely the same. It is called *Satruma Ken.* A variety very characteristic of the people is *Ishi-ken.* The fist is called *ishi*, or 'stone'; the open hand *kami*, or 'paper'; the extended forefinger and thumb *hasam*, 'scissors.' Stone beats scissors, as scissors will not cut stone;

ROPE-WALKING

scissors beat paper, because they will cut it; but paper beats stone because stone can be wrapped up in paper. A beats B, and B beats C, but C beats A, a result not unknown in county cricket. Japanese cabmen thus determine who shall have a fare. Greater dignity attaches to *Kitsune Ken*, otherwise 'Fox' *Ken*. This is taught by schoolmasters. To bend the hands slightly forward and raise them to the ears is 'fox,' to place the hand on the thigh in an attitude of respect is 'headman,' to extend the forefinger, 'gun.' Fox beats headman because he can deceive him; headman beats gun, because gun must not kill him; but gun beats fox because it may kill it.

It may be explained that the players stand back to back. One of them holds up, say, the fist. His antagonist, if he calls out 'scissors' loses, but wins if he calls out 'traper.' His antagonist, taking his turn, holds out, say the open hand, and the other player loses with 'stone' but wins with 'scissors.'

A DAY WITH THE STAINTONDALE FOX-HOUNDS

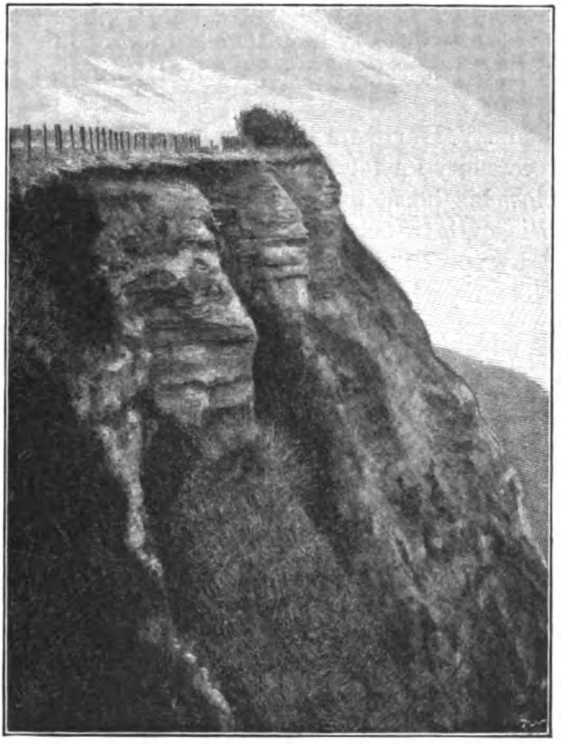
BY RUSSELL RICHARDSON

THE Staintondale pack of fox-hounds is one of the oldest in the country—if not, indeed, *the* oldest—it having been formed about two hundred years ago. By way of introduction, the following particulars may be mentioned.

The Staintondale hunting country extends along the north-east coast of Yorkshire, from Whitby lighthouse on the north to Filey on the south, a distance of thirty miles. The most inland point is Lilla Cross, a mark on the moors some eight miles west of Staintondale—a pretty dale about eight miles north of Scarborough. It embraces some of the roughest and most picturesque country in the county, and the scenery—especially that in Staintondale itself—is of the most lovely and varied description. In some places the high cliffs are so precipitous that hunting on them would appear to be attended with the greatest peril; but though the hounds do indeed occasionally fall from a considerable height, it is very rarely that any are killed. On one occasion a hound actually fell a distance of a hundred and fifty feet, but even then, with careful nursing, it survived the injuries it had sustained. The country is practically divided, for hunting purposes, into two parts: the district north of Peak, which is ten miles north of Scarborough, being hunted on Mondays, and that to the south of Peak being hunted on Fridays, the hounds thus hunting two days a week.

The pack has always been what is known as 'trencher-fed'—one of the characteristics which is shared by very few present-day packs. There are no 'kennels,' as understood by the ordinary use of the word in connection with fox-hounds, but the sixteen couples of hounds which form the pack are kept chiefly by the small farmers—some keeping one, and others a couple—at the

numerous farmhouses lying between Scarborough and Robin Hood's Bay (locally known shortly as 'The Bay'), whilst puppies are 'walked' as far north as Whitby, some forty sportsmen altogether either keeping a hound or walking a puppy. Some of the older families in the district have been connected with the Hunt for a great number of years, and it is with perfectly natural pride that Mr. John Mainforth, the present representative of the ancient Staintondale family of that name, recounts the fact that



THE CLIFF, STAINTONDALE

his family have never been without a hound for a hundred and fifty years back.

The subscribers to the Hunt, who number about a hundred, are chiefly the small farmers living in the district and gentlemen residing at Scarborough and Whitby.

Until last season the Mastership had always been held by one of the farmers; but agricultural depression having made itself as keenly felt in the Staintondale district as in other parts of the

country, the farmers were reluctantly compelled to relinquish the honour, and on the death of Mr. Christopher Leadly, of Cloughton, who had been Master for twenty years, Mr. Tindall, a gentleman residing at Scarborough, was unanimously elected to the position. For six years Mr. Tindall had acted as Deputy Master, and having generously and loyally supported the Hunt for a period of thirteen years, he was fully entitled to the honour conferred upon him.

The expense of keeping up the pack is not very great, though during hard times the cost falls chiefly upon the Master, who, in addition to subscribing very handsomely to the funds, keeps four hounds, and takes a very active part in training and exercising the pack.

'Old Tommy' Harrison, the Huntsman, has figured in that responsible capacity for fourteen seasons, and he wears as though he would blow his horn and lead his hounds for many years to come. He is quite a 'character,' and many a long journey is undertaken by sportsmen anxious to see this old fox-hunting warrior. 'Tommy's' home is at Burniston, a village four miles north of Scarborough, where may be seen the trophies of many a hard chase.

There are two 'Whips'—one for each division of the country: John Hodgson, who resides at Cloughton Newlands, donning the scarlet and looking after the hounds at the meets in the south part of the country; whilst John Newton, junior, of Peak Brow, officiates in the northern district.

These three constitute the 'salaried officials' of the Hunt, and each is mounted on a horse suited to the rough character of the country.

But in writing of the officials, mention must be made of Tom Greenfield, who, single-handed, officiated as Whip two seasons ago, and who, though not now on the official list, still continues to show his zeal for the sport on all possible occasions. Greenfield always performed his duties on foot, and many a hard day's work has he gone through in keeping his hounds together on the steep cliffs. Living at Scarborough, and preferring to walk to the meets rather than make any part of his journey by train, he had usually a goodly distance to cover before joining his hounds. He has walked to a meet as far as Little Beck, a distance of eighteen miles, and after hunting on foot all day he has walked home again.

This will give an idea of the powers of endurance possessed by some of the regular followers of these hounds, for the majority

follow on foot, the country being singularly ill adapted to riding. The present-day fox-hunter is saved many a stiff tramp to a meet by availing himself of the Scarborough and Whitby Railway, which runs along the cliff between the two watering-places from which it takes its name.

Many of the regular followers know almost every hound in the pack by name, and can distinguish most of them by their note alone, whilst for amateur hunters they show remarkable energy and patience in assisting to carry out the hunt. On one occasion a fox went to ground late in the afternoon, and so determined were the keen hunters to unearth him that they stuck to their

'OLD TOMMY' CALLING HOUNDS FROM DISTANT FARMS TO A MEET AT 'THE SHEPHERD'S ARMS,' STAINTONDALE

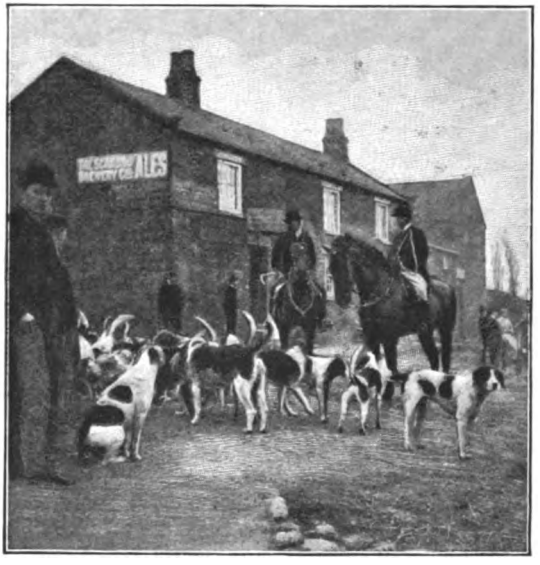
task until six o'clock the following morning, digging through the long hours of the dark winter night by candlelight.

Though the country abounds in foxes, it is exceedingly difficult, owing to the almost inaccessible nature of their haunts and the great protection which the many dense covers afford them, to effect a kill. The average number killed during a season—12½ brace—must therefore be regarded as very creditable under all the circumstances, whilst as many as three 'brushes' have been captured in one day.

But we are to have a day's hunting with this singular pack, and selecting St. Stephen's—or Boxing—Day, the most popular day of the season, we equip ourselves in knickerbockers, stout boots and stockings, and take an early train from Scarborough

to Peak, the annual rendezvous for the meet on Boxing Day.

Arriving at Peak with an hour or more in hand, we have ample time to admire the magnificent views by which we are surrounded. Peak itself is a very small village standing on a high promontory which forms the south horn of the famous Robin Hood's Bay, and is just midway between Scarborough and Whitby. The cliff here reaches the altitude of 585 feet, and as we stand on the battlemented wall of Raven Hall we look sheer down the rocky face of the perpendicular cliff to the sea which dashes at its base. Far below us we see the wheeling sea birds, and hear their discordant cries to the accompaniment of the distant waves, whilst at intervals flocks of chattering jackdaws leave their haunts in the cliff and mix with the white-plumaged sea-gulls. To the north is the beautiful Robin Hood's Bay, at the north end of which we can see, some three miles away, the red-bricked houses of the fishing hamlet which bears that name, and to which the railway winds down after crossing the bleak Peak heights. As this quaint village nestles on the side of the cliff which shelters it from the cold north winds, its old-time appearance carries our memory back to the days when smuggling was extensively carried on by the dwellers there. Looking in the opposite direction we see the ruins of Scarborough Castle, standing out boldly against the clear sky; whilst away to the west stretch the wide Whitby moors. Everywhere the ground is broken, and we see pretty wooded gills running down from the moorland to the sea, each made musical by the rippling brook which splashes over its stony bed.



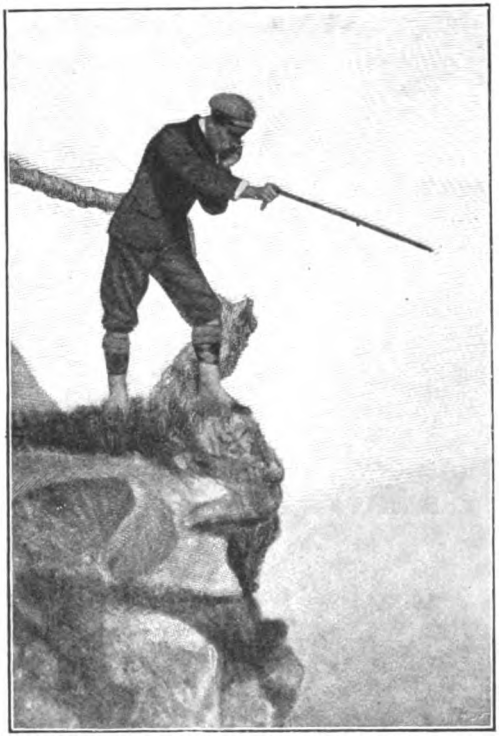
THE MASTER, HUNTSMAN, AND HOUNDS AT 'THE JOLLY SAILORS,' BURNISTON

As we hear the distant horn of the Huntsman, the cold sea-breeze blows away all thoughts of care, and our spirits rise to a sense of exhilaration which makes us feel how good it is to be there. 'Old Tommy' and the Whip, rising early, have collected a goodly portion of the pack by the time they arrive, and, as they and the hounds come trotting up, hearty greetings are exchanged, even the hounds seeming to greet us as boon companions in sport. We are soon joined by an enthusiastic party from the Bay, who come up on foot, bringing with them the remainder of the pack. They are led by 'Gash' Newton, who, in a well-worn sealskin cap and corduroys, and armed with a stout stick, ready to go through anything for the sport so dear to him, would be hard to beat as a type of rough, yet genial, fox-hunter. Some of the earlier arrivals amongst the hounds rush forward to welcome the new-comers, showing in unmistakable manner their glee at being all together once again.

There are now some fifty of us assembled, and, everything being ready, we at once 'throw off,' 'Old Tommy' being at the head of affairs in the unavoidable absence of the Master. As usual on this 'big' day, we are going to hunt the fine stretch of Staintondale cliff which extends from Peak for four miles to the south. The hounds are sent down the cliff on the north side of the headland, and we watch them as they round it in single file, taking a narrow ledge in the rocky wall some four hundred feet above the sea. Then we make for the south side of the point, to find, on looking over, that the hounds are scattered all over the face of the cliff, which has now lost some of its perpendicular character. One or two of the more agile followers of the pack have climbed down, and are urging the hounds onward.

We keep on the top, and soon arrive at a wild and romantic place named Beastcliff. Here the mighty cliff is divided in two, there being a broad tract of level ground—or undercliff—half-way between the sea and the summit. The panorama of which we now have a bird's-eye view is one never to be forgotten. The precipitous cliff-side is dotted here and there with fearless climbers, who share with the tufts of heather and mountain-ash trees the task of relieving the dull grey of the rock. On the level beneath grows a dense brushwood, of which the hounds keenly take possession. Mounted on his horse at the edge of the cliff, the Huntsman shouts down his instructions and words of encouragement to the hounds, and we hear the peculiar hunting cries of 'Gash' Newton as his sonorous voice rings out far below, clear as a bell, on the crisp air. Startled by the hounds, a grand

cock pheasant noisily leaves the cover and sails rapidly away, his brilliant plumage flashing in the sunlight. Two or three wood-pigeons follow his example, and as they fly to less disturbed retreats their beautiful soft blue colour shows up in glorious contrast to the dark undergrowth beneath. A deep bay from one of the old hounds, followed by exultant music from others of the pack, proclaims the fact that at least one fox is at home—in fact, we have not long to wait before we catch a glimpse of more than one, as they are driven from one temporary shelter to another. But with so much cover, and three or four foxes afoot at the same time, it seems an almost impossible task to make one of them break away.



'TALLY-HO!'

After much bustling about, however, an old dog fox evidently thinks he has a good opportunity for slipping quietly away from a place which is fast becoming too hot for him, and he is viewed—lucky indeed the fox that escapes being seen by the lynx-eyed climbers above—slinking away round the south corner of the cliff. 'Tally-ho' is raised; the cry grows louder and louder as one after another we catch sight of him; two or three hounds hit off the line and follow round the point, and away we go, leaving the hunters down below to get the hounds on the track as best they can. Excitement is now pictured on every face and heard in every voice. Away we go, jumping hedges, clambering or vaulting over high stone walls, splashing through swamps—stopping, in fact, at nothing that keeps us from another glimpse of our game.

Breathless, after a sharp run, we arrive again at a part of the

cliff where we can see the fox distinctly as he makes his way down to the beach. The character of the ground has again undergone a change: nearly all the brushwood has disappeared, and only a brown clay wall with a grassy tract below, studded with gigantic grey boulders and fringed with the rocky beach, now meets our gaze. Almost every movement of the fox can be clearly seen from where we stand, or lie with our heads over the edge of the cliff. He lobs over the stony beach, and we wonder whether he is going to take to the sea, as before now we have known these cunning cliff foxes do when deprived of all other chances of escape. But he is not sufficiently hard pressed to be compelled to resort to this extremity, and after inspecting and rejecting several big rocks which are lashed by the waves, he ultimately selects one, under which he crawls, and disappears from view.

A good number of hounds are now on his track, and, waiting until they have passed over the rock under which he lies concealed and have become baffled by the tide, he slips back along his old path, availing himself as much as possible of the shelter offered by the friendly rocks. But he has a hairbreadth escape, as before he is aware of his danger he runs to within a yard or two of a hound which is following his previous line. Again he slips under a rock before he is sighted, and the hound passing by, he continues his way. Before the hounds can be persuaded to retrace their steps in his pursuit he has begun to scale the cliff, and ere they can overtake him he has gone to ground. 'He's holed; fetch a spade an' a poke!' are the instructions shouted up as soon as the men and hounds below have satisfied themselves that such is really the case.

Now we have a period during which we can rest awhile and regain our breath, and we take advantage of this opportunity to ascertain what kind of apples and oranges the man with the basket has brought from the not far distant village of Cloughton.

We observe with pride and pleasure that amongst our little sporting crowd is no less a personage than Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., who is the owner of Cober Hill, a stately mansion which he had built some few years ago at Cloughton. Leading a smart donkey, on which sits his little daughter, and accompanied by a party of guests, Sir Frank seems, with his cheerful smile and kindly word for one and all alike, the embodiment of everything that goes to constitute a fine old English gentleman. The late Solicitor-General takes a generous interest in the Hunt, and it goes without saying that he is highly appreciated in this rough fox-hunting country, where he is as deservedly popular as in his other

spheres of life. The spade and sack having arrived, 'Old Tommy' dismounts, and leaving his horse on the cliff-top, he climbs down to superintend operations at the hole.

The scene is exceedingly picturesque, the Huntsman's scarlet showing out well against the cliff as he descends, followed by two or three hounds, to join the group below. Not to be outdone, and anxious to see as much of the sport as possible, we too climb down, feeling thankful before we have gone very far that we have the old Huntsman with us acting as guide.

Arrived at the mouth of the hole, the services of 'Nailer'—a rough-haired fox-terrier, and a highly respected member of the pack—are requisitioned. 'Nailer' soon shows that he is as good as his name, for after a fierce struggle with the fox at close quarters the terrier holds him tight. The removal of a little earth enables 'Gash' Newton to seize 'Reynard' by the neck, and draw him out. He is held high overhead; the hounds are kept off, and though the fox shows a strong disposition to inflict vicious bites upon his captor, the old fox-hunter is as cunning as the fox, and effectually prevents his doing so.

The crowd on the cliff-top, having been considerably augmented by fresh arrivals from the adjoining villages, and a strong party who have come up by a later train from Scarborough, now numbers over two hundred (a number seldom approached), and as we look upwards we see the faces of a long line of interested spectators peering over the edge of the cliff and eagerly watching the proceedings below.

The fox is deposited in the poke (or sack), and, in spite of the steep ascent, he is safely carried to the top, where a man on horseback takes charge of him and bears him away some distance inland before giving him his liberty.

'Old Tommy' winds his horn; the hounds come scampering up, and we trot away, a few minutes' run bringing us to that charming resort of summer pleasure-seekers, Hayburn Wyke, now bleak and bare in its winter aspect.

The hounds are soon in the wood, and almost immediately there is a burst of music which tells us that a fresh fox is afoot. As we note the pack racing away amongst the leafless trees, we make for a high point, from which we see them run a pretty ring and return to the wood, where the complications soon lead to their being scattered. In all probability the quarry has worked his way down to the cliff and gained a safe retreat.

This second fox has occupied little of our time, and the hounds being drawn off, we take a refresher at the little Stain-

tondale Inn, and go in search of the fox whose life has already once been spared. The hounds are not long before they give unmistakable signs that they are again on his track. 'Old Tommy' soon has them well on the line, and off we all go full cry. The pace is terrific; the music grand. Excitement has now reached its highest pitch, and old and young alike rush forward in pursuit of the fox, as he is viewed crossing a field, amid a scene which baffles description. But the pace is too hot, and, one by one, all but the mounted followers are compelled to give up the chase. What we lack in wind and limb, however, we try to make up by experience, and instinctively guessing that the fox will soon

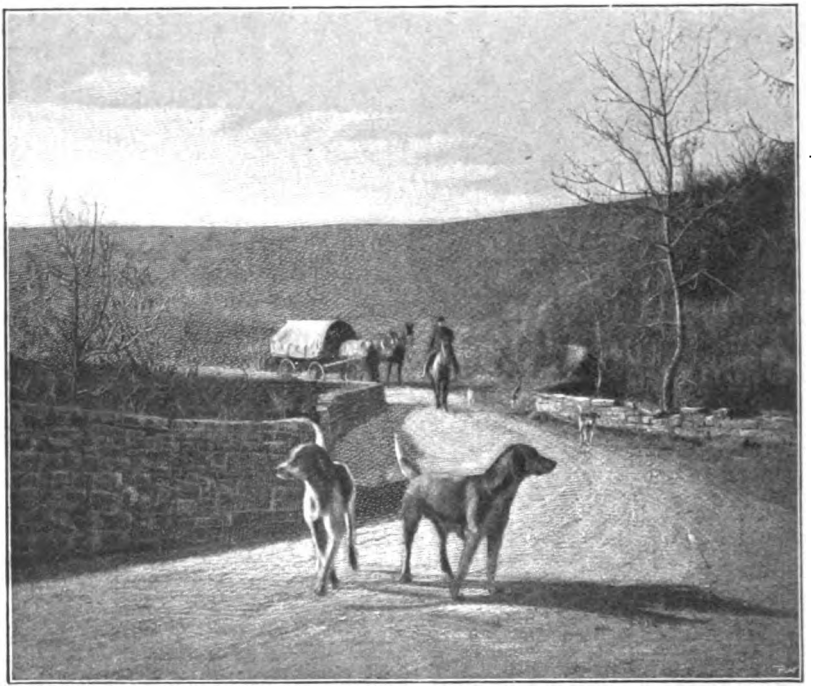
'FULL CRY'

turn and come back for the cliff, we make a lucky point across country, and again sight the hounds as they come rapidly towards us. Dropping down on a bank deeply overgrown with bracken, whose brown dead leaves afford us excellent cover, we breathlessly watch the sport. The chances seem about equal; if the fox succeeds in reaching the little gill for which he is making, he may escape down it to the cliff, and thus save his 'brush.'

The hounds, however, sight him, and a desperate race ensues, ending in favour of the pack, who come up with their prey and

bowl him over within a yard or two of the wood. The hounds give way as the Huntsman gallops up. Dismounting, he distributes the 'brush,' 'pads,' and mask,' whilst all who fail to secure any greater trophy of the chase content themselves with a piece of fur, which is pinned proudly in their caps.

Most of the field now turn homewards, but, to-day being a day of special festivities, the proceedings are not yet over. We again turn to 'The Shepherd's Arms,' and after the horses and



GOING HOME

hounds are stabled we gather together in the stone-floored parlour. Though there are not many of us left, the room is crowded to its utmost capacity, some, indeed, sitting upon the floor, whilst others find a resting-place on the knees of their companions. Then for an hour or so we listen to many a thrilling yarn by the old hands of incidents in days gone by. We hear many a stirring hunting song, and join in the rollicking chorus.

All things, however, must have an end. The horses and hounds are brought out, and we part from our friends from the

Bay, who set off for home, taking with them the portion of the pack which they brought in the morning.

Accompanied by the Huntsman and Whip, and the remainder of the pack, we likewise turn homewards. As we reach different points along the road, first one hound and then another, at a word or sign from the Huntsman, leave us, and leaping a gate or style, trots leisurely to its home across the fields, with many a pause and backward glance at the old Huntsman and the companions it loves so well. If the hound lives in a remote part of the country, a piece of the victim's skin is tied round its neck as a sign that a kill has taken place. Sometimes two or three hounds living in the same direction are dismissed together, and at times they have a journey of upwards of eight miles to make alone. This incident forms, perhaps, the prettiest of any seen during the day. The romantic country, with its little whitewashed farmhouses dotted on the hillsides above, and in the little valleys below, seems more beautiful than ever as the setting sun throws his slanting rays across it, whilst the gently lowing cattle, the hounds making their way home silently across the fields, and the scarlet coats of the hunters combine to make a picture which will long live in the memory of him who sees it.

As we go along 'Old Tommy' tells us how instinctively the hounds, in going home alone after a hard day's hunting, often prefer the comparatively easy route offered by the railway, and how some of them have lost their lives by being overtaken and cut to pieces by the trains.

At length we reach Burniston, and the few hounds that remain with us trot away to their homes in the village. Right heartily do we return 'Old Tommy's' cheery 'Good-night,' and after a sharp hour's walk we reach home again, feeling that we have indeed had a glorious day, and trusting that we may have many more such days with the popular Staintondale pack.

THE AMERICAN QUAIL

BY A. G. BRADLEY

No finer game-bird flies than the American or Virginia quail, which must on no account be confused with the little migratory bird that one associates with toast and the Mediterranean, or notes as an occasional 'etcetera' in an English game-book. In fact, one feels much more inclined to follow the people of the Southern States and call the *Ortyx Virginiana* a partridge, for such, indeed, to all intents and purposes, it practically is.

Though the bird does not get much notice in English literature which deals with American sports, it is, nevertheless, beyond all comparison the most important and far the most valuable item on the American game-list. One half of the cartridges that are loaded in the United States are probably fired at quail; and taking the older States alone, a much larger proportion even than that. It is the one domestic game-bird of the Americans in the sense that the partridge is with us; and not only fills the place of the latter most admirably, but may almost be said to do duty in a certain fashion for the absent pheasant as well. For as to other American game-birds, the prairie chicken or grouse recedes more or less before civilisation, is not easily preserved, and is much more easily killed. The woodland or ruffed grouse, though widely distributed, is nowhere plentiful, and has an objectionable partiality for the tops of trees. The woodcock is partial and scarce, and an inferior bird to the European species, and wildfowl do not come within the range of our comparison.

But the quail has neither a hankering for the wilderness nor a dread of man. On the contrary, he clings to cultivation, and is only too anxious to remain there if given anything like a chance. In former days the comparative scarcity of sportsmen

was sufficient guarantee for the maintenance of the stock of birds. Since the improvement in guns, however, and the immense increase in the number of sportsmen, not merely the game laws but the sense of private property in game have acquired more stringent recognition. And it is a notable fact that, with the exception of a few thinly settled Western districts, some of the best quail-shooting in America is to be had in regions that have been occupied for over two hundred years.

There is neither space nor occasion here to go into geographical detail as to the wide range of the Virginia quail. More than half the area of the United States, at any rate, carries a greater or smaller stock. It is sufficient to say that in the colder Northern States they are either extinct or too scarce for serious consideration; and efforts at re-stocking have, I believe, not been wholly successful. In Canada there are scarcely any left; Western Ontario, their only breeding ground, is almost denuded. And, indeed, extreme winters and clean farming together are, generally speaking, too much for the quail. It is in the Southern States that he really thrives to perfection; and, though still more numerous, for obvious reasons, in thinly settled districts of the new South-West, there is nowhere that he shows finer sport than in the older parts of Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. For here there is always that proportion of open country and woodland, of stubble fields and rough pastures and straggling thickets, that makes the birds, from a sporting point of view, show to the best advantage.

I have ventured the remark—which no one qualified to judge will, I am sure, dispute—that no finer sporting bird exists than the Virginia quail. I am almost tempted to go even further, and wonder if there is another bird that for dash and pluck and versatility is quite his equal: and this with no lack of respect, by any means, for a rocketing pheasant or a driven partridge. Heaven forbid, too, that one should even touch on that profitless but perennial controversy between the old style of sportsman and the new, since each of them are the product of circumstances beyond their control.

But I do think most of us like shooting over dogs; and by this I do not mean putting pointers into a turnip-field where birds are known to be, or over a country where they could be walked up to equal or greater advantage, merely for the sake of seeing them work. When the dog ceases to become indispensable half the charm of his assistance has surely gone. But in a country like England once was, or like a few outlying corners

and the whole of Ireland still are; it is different. Yet, when birds are so scarce and lie so close that dogs are necessary, it is almost sure to mean that most of the shooting is too simple to satisfy a first-class performer. It is here that the Virginia quail comes in, and seems to me to stand as it were alone among game-birds. For none call out to a higher degree the qualities of the setter or the pointer: none lie better to the gun; but when the quail rises at your feet, instead of presenting three times out of four a 'pot shot,' he will so contrive that something like that proportion of the chances he so boldly gives to his pursuers shall tax their marksmanship to an extent that would satisfy the most exacting sportsman of this proficient age. And this is possible from the fact of the covey scattering, as a rule, when first flushed, and the single birds seeking covert of a sort such as enables them to offer a really smart shot to the gun. The English partridge seeks safety from the guns by rising wild or out of shot. The Virginia quail first challenges the quality of the dogs, and then, more often than not, the shooting qualities of their master. He gets away with lightning speed. He generally contrives to have some obstacle handy to his hiding-place which will assist his escape; and of this, whether it be tree, or bush, or fence, he knows how to take advantage with a nimble dexterity and tortuous flight unknown to any other of the gallinaceous tribe. He leads you into every variety of covert; tests your dogs in open stubble, in briary thicket, in silent, leaf-strewn woodlands; and there is no conceivable class of shot that in the course of a single day is not presented by this plucky, saucy, resourceful little bird.

'The Virginia quail,' says that celebrated sportsman and charming writer, the late Mr. Herbert ('Frank Forester'), 'is probably the hardest bird in the world to kill quickly, cleanly, and certainly. He gets under way with the speed of light. Before the wind he goes like a bullet from a rifle, when he has once fairly got on his wings. He flies as fast in the thickest covert, which he affects, as he does out of it. He takes a heavy blow, and that planted exactly in the right place, to bring him down; and, above all, he has a habit of carrying away his death-wound, flying as if unhurt until his life leaves him in mid-air.'

Of the many seasons during which with much ardour and enthusiasm and in various places I followed the Virginia quail, or partridge, as he was always called in the South, it is not easy to select a particular stage upon which to introduce him to the reader. But perhaps most prominently of all these memories there rises one of a roomy old mansion set right in the heart of

what is known as the 'bright tobacco belt' of Virginia. The landscape here lies in pleasant undulations, with little rivulets babbling down the valleys towards the greater rivers. The whole country except the strips of valley land is astonishingly poor, but possesses at the same time peculiar virtues for the production of the highest quality of tobacco. For this is a concentrated crop and takes up little space, and is here forced up by stimulants to a yield whose moderate quantity is more than compensated for by surpassing quality. The main bulk of the country is an alternation of ragged weedy stubbles of wheat or oats, of rough pastures and large maize-fields, of stately forest or scrub woodlands that have covered abandoned lands. It was an ideal country for birds and an ideal one to shoot them in, and well preserved withal. November and December were the two quail-shooting months, and it was almost always some evening in the second or third week of the former that used to find me, after a journey of forty miles over the worst roads in the civilised world, approaching the hospitable portals already briefly alluded to. Within these dwelt one of the most accomplished sportsmen it was ever my privilege to know. I will call him the Major, because everyone did so—on the principle perhaps that if he was not a soldier he ought to have been, and had mistaken his vocation—which was possibly true.

The Major was, I am proud to say, a Briton. He had purchased this plantation after the war, and if the cause of his exile was in part too great a devotion to horse and hound, he at least found much consolation in so fine a field for gun and dog. The Major was as popular as he was celebrated for his shooting prowess. The district was remote from towns, the farms were large, and our friend had practically the right of shooting the whole country for a dozen miles round, and nearly every one was only too glad to see him kill, or help them to kill, their birds. I have qualified this statement because the Major was possessed of a somewhat fiery spirit and a most formidable frame and pair of fists. So, if there was a little bit of country here and there 'posted' against him, it was quite sure to be in connection with some such passage of arms that had occurred between the owner and himself. That the latter had never been shot was the marvel of his friends and those who knew the code of that country. One misguided man had once let fly at him, but was imprudent enough to miss, and before he could get in a second barrel, the pistol was spinning one way and its owner another. As there was little chance of the local law as then administered

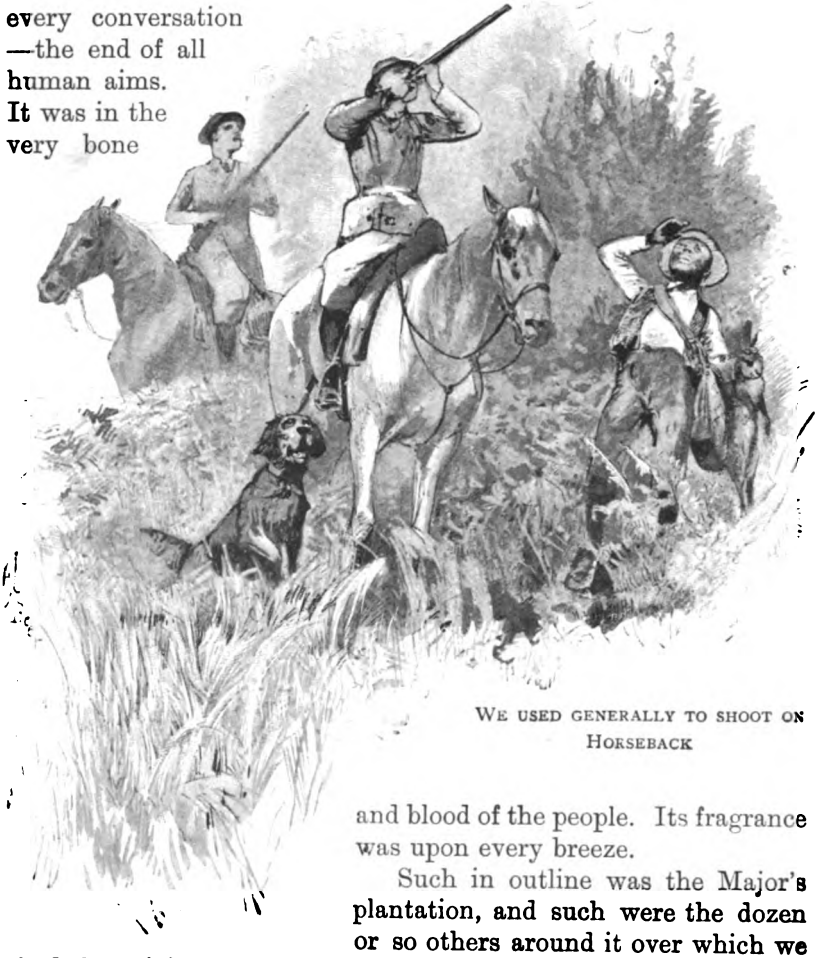
consigning the offender to prison, the Major took care he should at least have to go to the hospital for a considerable period. But by the time the Major and I used to shoot together he was a grandfather, and by far the most nimble grandfather I ever saw. No hours were too early, no day too long, no pace too great, no bird too quick, no colt too devilish, no negro too intractable for the Major.

What a month of months was November in Virginia! The summer heats had gone; sharp night frosts had stricken the rank greenery of field and thicket. The tints of the open country were all brown and yellow, save the dark green of the pine woods and the brighter glow of the freshly sprung wheat. The forests were ablaze with red and gold. A great lull rested over all things—crisp mornings and balmy sweet-smelling days, with floods of sunshine tempered often by the dreamy haze of Indian summer skies, followed each other with little interruption. If you were a loafer, you could loaf to perfection; if you were a sportsman, you could walk or ride for ever. It felt a good thing merely to be alive. And when you knew that in every stubble there were huddling coveys of the little brown fast-flying birds waiting to be shot, the cup of happiness used to seem in these gorgeous seasons to be entirely full.

We used generally to shoot on horseback in the old Virginia fashion, not because we were lazy, but because the beats were very large, and we could by this means cover more ground and handle more coveys in the day. We had often, too, a long way to ride in the morning before commencing operations, and a still further distance to travel home at night. It might be supposed that relays of dogs would be a necessity, particularly as the weather was occasionally as warm as an English September and the country rough to a degree. I can only answer that they were not necessary, and that our native-bred setters and pointers stood up to these long days three, and occasionally even four, times a week without apparent difficulty.

The Major's own property was about a thousand acres, a fourth of which, perhaps, was original forest, another fourth second-growth timber of pine or scrub oak on abandoned lands, while the remaining half would be equally divided between wheat, oats, and corn, or rough knee-deep pasture divided into large fields by snake fences, themselves half buried in woodland growth. Here and there were strips of clean, well-cultivated land, whose recent occupation was indicated by the rows of tobacco stalks still chequering the loose black soil. Here in these ten- or

twenty-acre patches the pulse of the whole estate really throbbed. To them were tributary the greater area of ragged stubbles and bristling corn-stalk fields that covered hundreds of the surrounding acres. For them existed the tall, sharp-gabled barns that dotted the landscape, full now to bursting with the fragrant leaf. The strings of mules, the groups of whistling darkeys, the rows of cabins at the homestead, everything centred in the one word—'tobacco.' It was the burden of every conversation—the end of all human aims. It was in the very bone and blood of the people. Its fragrance was upon every breeze.



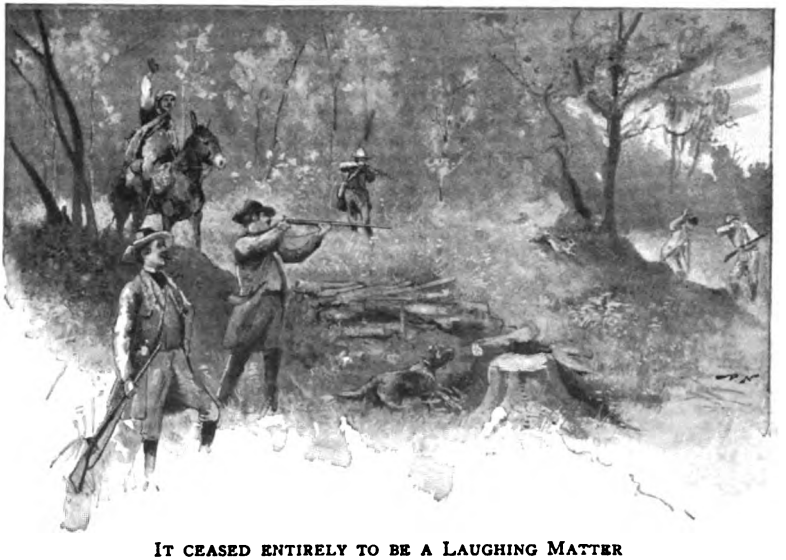
WE USED GENERALLY TO SHOOT ON HORSEBACK

Such in outline was the Major's plantation, and such were the dozen or so others around it over which we had the privilege of shooting. This privilege, however, when their owners happened to be sportsmen, was saddled with the very natural

condition of their company in the field. They were capital fellows these shabby-coated planters, if not perhaps exactly the style of men you would have selected to swop horses with. They were not of the same social stamp as our old friend Colonel Broomsedge[1] of 'Locust Grove,' but they were frank and hospitable, and with the good manners that place such a gulf between the countryman of the South and his equivalent of the North or West. They were all used to firearms, of course, but it was only a very few that were professed partridge shots and kept 'bird dogs.' But these few were very good performers and very keen, and to anyone who shared their tastes they opened freely their hearts, their hearths, and their stubbles. They were a bit wild and dangerous, it is true, and something jealous; for rivalry enters into the American's field sports with a candour that English sportsmen would consider somewhat indecent. There was no particle of malevolence in the hearty way they would 'down' your bird if the chance offered at fifteen yards before you could pull on it, or claim with unblushing promptness the entire merit of a simultaneous shot; but it made you like them much better with a pipe and a glass round their own fire at night than upon the opposite side of a fence during the day. The Major and I, however, used to utilise their spirit of rivalry by suggesting as often as possible the separation of our forces, for which there was plenty of room—he and I taking one beat and our native friends another, so that while we could thoroughly enjoy the day after our own fashion, our local companions were generally quite zealous to engage in what partook of the nature of an international competition. But some of our hosts were of the forest-hunter variety—deadly at sitting shots—men who could 'bark' squirrels, or shoot the heads off turkeys, or circumvent the wily geese that cackled in big flocks on the new-sown wheat-fields, but 'took no stock,' as they would have said, 'in shootin' on the wing'; and if leaving out the terminal 'g' helps to make a sportsman, as we are led in England by inference to suppose, they did this to perfection and without any effort too. They were always delighted, however, to see us kill their birds, and hovered about all day on our rear and flanks with fearsome single barrels of prehistoric build. There was no getting away, of course, from these gentry by any appeal to their bumps of competition, for they did not profess 'wing shooting.' They were out to enjoy themselves, and skirmished around with their long guns, talking farming, and cracking jokes, and now and

[1] *Badminton Magazine*, February 1896.

again taking a promiscuous and generally futile shot at a hare stealing back, or even at a bird swinging round them. You never knew where you were with these cheery casual souls, or from what quarter the explosion might come, or in what direction their cannons might be pointing. The latter when at rest were generally covering some man or dog; for, after the manner of the type, they generally carried them 'at the trail,' with the hammer down upon the cap, or at full cock—the happy medium having with these old guns usually ceased to work or else arrived at a condition that was more dangerous than either. It was holiday time, too, now—the tobacco was housed and fired; and, though



IT CEASED ENTIRELY TO BE A LAUGHING MATTER

temperate men as a rule, both the season and the occasion seemed to demand some little token of festivity. So in the tails of their coats there nearly always lurked a small bottle of ten-horse-power whisky, with a corn-cob stopper. And by afternoon our hosts were sometimes a little merry; and when the men at the end of these long guns got merry, and took heart, and pressed up to the dogs, and came seriously into action, and let fly when the air was full of wings, or worse still, when birds were darting in the woods, it ceased entirely to be a laughing matter, however humorous it may seem in the long ago. Even the good shots were astonishingly indifferent as to

what objects were in the line of fire. There were very few sportsmen of that country who did not carry shot about in them somewhere. I have always regarded it as a special dispensation of Providence to have survived so many campaigns without so much as a scratch, or even a horse shot under me. And I use this latter phrase in no figurative sense, for the horses used often to get badly sprinkled, particularly when they were standing about hitched to trees, while a scattered covey was undergoing treatment. The horse, however, did not as a rule stay on these occasions to get the second barrel, as may readily be imagined, but carried away the balance of his owner's cartridges, and possibly his lunch, leaving only the broken ends of a bridle behind him.

There was usually no pleasanter day in our annual programme than the one on which we shot the Doctor's place. It was four miles away, and as our medico had it rented out, and lived upon the other side of the Major's, he used on these occasions to stop and breakfast with us on the road. He generally brought with him as a fourth gun a dilapidated individual of some local notoriety—a landless, feckless, middle-aged bachelor, redeemed from utter disrepute by his cunning in every kind of sport. This individual rejoiced in the name of Rat Morgan; and no inverted commas are needed in this case, for the suggestive prefix was no nickname, but the short for 'Rattler.' And Rattler was a famous hound who flourished quite early in the century, and was practically the godfather of our dilapidated friend. He had, at any rate, been solemnly called after him by a fond parent—a substantial yeoman, wholly given over to fox-hunting, of little education, and no religion, and considerable eccentricity. Rat's brothers had also been all called by hound names; and no minister, it was said, had ever been asked to assist at the family baptisms. Rat Morgan was fifty at least when we used to shoot with him, and had as yet taken no steps, so far as I ever heard, to remove the scandal, though there had been much competition among the rival parsons of the neighbourhood to bring him to some kind of font and remove such a heathenish stain from their midst. Rat's signature was chiefly utilised upon promissory notes of trifling amount, as I have reason to know. If, however, he had possessed a bank account, his cheques would most certainly have carried the name of his father's favourite hound, for he had no other. Rat, however, had acquired a breechloader by some mysterious means, and was a first-class shot. The Doctor was profoundly respectable, both in birth and standing, and 'rode,' as the local saying went, professionally, the whole south side of the

county. He was a keen sportsman, however, and I don't think that on such occasions as this the most violent epidemic would have kept him on his professional beat.

I dare say we should have looked a strange party, the four of us, all mounted—Rat Morgan usually on a plough mule—as

A Strange Party

we turned out of the Major's gate and went clattering down the hard and rough red highway. Half a dozen setters and pointers of the native stock ran at our heels, for the pedigree Laveracks and Gordons that were then finding their way into the country couldn't have faced our long days or stood up to the briars. Each of us had saddle-bags slung over our McClellan saddles, and behind two of the party at any rate was seated a negro boy, hanging on as best he could to his precarious perch.

Nor was there any trouble here about dividing our forces when we came to the scene of action, for the Doctor and Rat held us in deadly and traditional rivalry.

Quail, like partridge, have their good and bad breeding seasons, dependent upon the weather, though it is not so easy with the former to tell what the year may bring forth till you are actually in the field with gun and dogs. They are late breeders, not pairing till the month of April; and the nests are well concealed in rough pastures or fence corners, though sometimes, unfortunately, they are made in clover or mowing grass. The old birds themselves, however, are infinitely tamer than the partridge in the nesting season. For at that time—and, indeed, throughout the summer, till the broods are hatched—they will

come out and perch on roadside fences or garden palings and fill the air with their cheery piping of 'Bob-white! ah-bob-white!' And at such periods even the very negro with his old army musket respects the trustful, handsome little bird. Their natural enemies are numerous—hawks, crows, and foxes; but the opportunities of escape are considerable in so much covert. The cock bird is as pugnacious as he is handsome, and his size is about two-thirds that of an English partridge. By September the young broods, usually numbering from sixteen to twenty birds, are hatched, and one often hears them scuttling in the dry thickets by the roadside, or occasionally even startles them into the air like a cloud of grasshoppers on their tiny wings.

October is the last close month, and it is not only that the birds then are usually not fully grown, but the country, untouched by serious frost, is too green and dry and tangled for successful

SCUTTLING IN THE DRY THICKETS

shooting. There is as yet no particle of scent, and quail-shooting without scent would be a vain hope indeed. But by November some sharp night frosts, following, perhaps, on heavy rains, have killed the last lush rankness of summer, and turned the landscape into

a vast patchwork of varying autumn tints. The covert is so all-pervading that it would be hopeless to hunt it promiscuously; but the experienced sportsman and even the experienced dog know by instinct what fields are likely and what are not.

The habits of the birds change slightly as mid-winter approaches; and as they are, moreover, always liable to eccentricities, there is ample demand upon the intelligence and experience of the sportsman. Their favourite haunt is wheat stubble, which by November is knee-deep in brown, frost-killed 'ragweed.' And when little streams fringed with brushy alders or denser weeds course through the stubbles, there will, in all probability, be found the greater part of your coveys, till real winter sets in with December, and they are forced to wider rambling in their search for food.

There was no better line of country in Virginia than the one upon which the Major and I used to start on these propitious mornings, as the darkey boys unceremoniously threw a panel of the roadside fence down to let us through into the waving sedge grass that covered the ridge upon which we gave our dogs the word to 'Hie away!' (the American equivalent for 'Hold up!') As nothing is, I think, more tedious than a detailed account of a day's shooting, I will but venture to ask the reader to accompany us just so far as to see where and how a bevy of quail is found, and in what manner it is handled. I may remark, however, in passing, that we didn't call them 'bevies of quail.' Rat Morgan would have wanted to know 'what in thunder we were talkin' about.' The Doctor would have grasped the meaning, but resented the term as 'a d——d Yankee fandangle.' However, let us ride down the slope of this long ridge, the tall yellow broomsedge brushing our stirrup-irons, while the dogs run off their first excitement—though, to be sure, the seven-year-old pointer is much too wise to waste her strength over such indifferent ground. Below us lies the valley, whose course we shall more or less follow all day; and we can see the brown stubbles stretching away upon both sides of the brushy stream that meanders down their midst. Here, too, the eager setters—young dogs, both of them—range wider over the deep stubble; which is quite right, for the birds might possibly be away from the water-courses. It is not very likely, however, this warm morning, so early in the season; and this the old pointer knows full well, as she trots leisurely along in the ranker growth, through which the rippling brook burrows its hidden way. In a few minutes there is a sensation—for we can't always see her—that the old dog has

come to a stop. 'Hi, dar she is!' pipes a shrill Ethiopian treble in my ear. 'Dar she is, Marse Major—stannin' right plum in de bresh!'

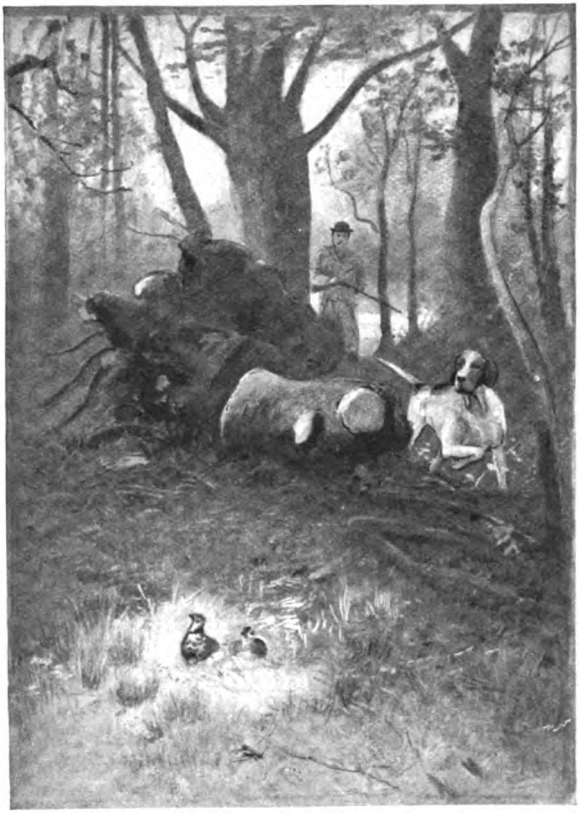
And so she is. The setters are whistled up, and with a timely caution are soon backing their senior in pretty style right out in the field. The alders and willows here form a thicket ten or fifteen feet high, and it is a case of a gun each side of it. We are soon off our horses and abreast of the dog, who begins to crawl slowly on, the setters creeping after her. The birds are running, and we can hear them scuttling over the dry leaves. They soon rise, however, with a great commotion, seventeen or eighteen of them, and the air above the alder tops seems for a moment alive with glancing wings; and from the far side it is not child's play to pick out two outside birds and plant two effective shots before they have dipped out of sight—most of them to swing past the Major in the direction of the forest skirting the valley, the rest to dash on further down the stream, scattering, probably, as they fly.

If it can be avoided, it is as well not to follow a scattered covey instantly, as the birds, either voluntarily or involuntarily, give out but little scent for some time after they have squatted. So, with good prospects of a fresh covey within a few hundred yards, leaving our horses, we hunt onwards down the stream. We are not disappointed, and the former scene is re-acted with those pleasing variations incidental to shooting a sporting bird in a sporting country over dogs. In a quarter of an hour this second covey, taking the same flight, is for the most part in the forest, some single birds, as in the first, taking an independent line and being haply marked.

We have now two coveys scattered in the woods, which are perhaps four hundred yards off, and towards the spot where the first one entered we now bend our steps. A large corn-stalk field with yellow pumpkins lying about and a broomsedge pasture sprinkled with small pines have to be crossed, where we pick up a lagging bird that had been marked and knock over a hare or two—the Brer Rabbit, this, of Uncle Remus, whose diplomatic victories over Brer Fox are by now classical or ought to be; and the turkey buzzard, who was also, it will be remembered, so notably out-generalled by that long-eared practical joker, hangs above us in mid-air, his broad wings silhouetted against the blue sky.

As we enter the woodland it is desirable to make a wide cast round so as to get behind the birds, and drive them, so far as you can drive a quail, back into the open. If you have a heady dog on your string, it is well upon such occasions to leave him with

the horses, for steadiness over this crackling carpet of dead leaves, where the birds are squatting singly or in twos and threes, is essential. The forest is open, and at this season of the year a veritable fairyland. Oak and chestnut, poplar and hickory, rise like vast grey columns from the russet carpet beneath to the fluttering roof of red and gold, of saffron and burnished copper, illumined by floods of sunshine and broken by patches of cerulean



A FALLEN TREE

sky. There is no sound but the tapping of the woodpecker and the gentle rain of acorns and chestnuts on the leafy ground, or the light scraping of a grey squirrel as he leaps from tree to tree. But here is the first of the birds—a whirr of wings, a momentary vision of a brown streak—disappearing behind a monster oak, and Ponto, who has flushed him, sitting on his haunches and gazing wistfully into space with an expression of countenance

that most unmistakably declares, 'That was not my fault.' And in all probability it was not. But of the rest of the scattered birds, in whose midst we soon find ourselves, the dogs for the most part are able to give us timely warning. This, indeed, is the very cream of quail-shooting—I had almost said of all shooting. It is beautiful to see the dogs, with all their senses wrought up to the highest tension, working carefully over the bare woodland floor, and dropping suddenly and without a second's warning into every sort of rigid attitude known to the setting tribe. Sometimes a fallen tree, sometimes a heap of leaves blown against standing saplings, yields a patch of covert, but as often as not the little brown bird is squatting on the open ground not three feet from the quivering nostrils of his discoverer. And what a dash he makes for his life, even rising with this timely warning from your very feet, must be seen to be believed. Leaving the ground with the speed of a snipe and the noise of a partridge, he rushes through the forest trees, twisting and corking like a woodcock, only a woodcock on double speed. Sometimes he shoots straight up like a rocket for some opening in the leafy roof, at others he tears along not a yard above the dark ground. Often, too, on such occasions a bird is flushed by the other gun, and comes rocketing down over your head like an arrow from a bow. And perhaps when you have emptied your right barrel at him, a second with cunning instinct has allowed you to walk over him, and now, thinking the time has come, rises at your back, and gives you an instant's snap-shot through the trees with your left. Many of the birds find their way back into the open, and drop in sedge fields, or in thickets, and occasionally in the open stubble, and are marked, in part at any rate, by our sable horse-keeper. But there is no necessity, with so much country before us, to be too exacting from each covey. So, emptying our pockets into the game-bag, we mount our horses and canter over some half-mile or so of unlikely country till the next stubble fields spread themselves before us. It would be tedious to pursue further on paper the incidents of such a day, varied and delightful as they are in actual practice. We are baffled now and again by the plump of a covey into the dense scrub pine woods that here and there cover abandoned fields. Now and then, too, one escapes us in that mysterious unaccountable way sufficiently familiar to the English partridge-shooter. We kill a woodcock or two and a good many hares, and eat our lunch where some big sycamore or beech spreads its arms above a bubbling spring. And all the afternoon the cheery work goes on through stubble,

thicket, woodland, and pasture. The negroes driving their waggons through the crackling corn stalks, or hauling fence rails from the woods, tell each other that the 'Major's bird hunt'n',' with many strange ejaculations that imply it's a bad day for the 'patridges.' The shadows are long, indeed have faded, before we turn once more into the main road and head for the Doctor's buildings. The western sky is one vast blaze of red, and the indescribable after-glow that succeeds these autumn sunsets in the South spreads a strange and lurid flush over the many-tinted earth. The negro women are calling up the cows. The axe is thudding from the wood-pile of cabin and farmhouse. The scattered birds are piping in the stubbles, and the frogs from brook edges are proclaiming that the winter of their silence and their discontent is not yet quite at hand.

The Doctor and his henchman have got their bag spread out upon the porch floor of the overseer's house, and when the Major and I reckon up our spoils and find them, besides etceteras, to amount to thirty brace of birds, our shooting host has to confess that once more he has been bested by the Britishers, though not indeed by much. He has, however, a most excellent excuse —for to Rat, it seems, was thoughtlessly entrusted the whisky flask, and the natural result of such misplaced confidence had occurred; the greater part, that is to say, of the Doctor's share had leaked out in some mysterious fashion, though it was not into the pocket of his faithless partner, it is to be feared, that the precious fluid found its way. The Doctor, however, merely remarked, and with some justice, that so unequal a division of the refreshment should fairly account for the difference of five brace in our respective bags.

MARINE GOLF

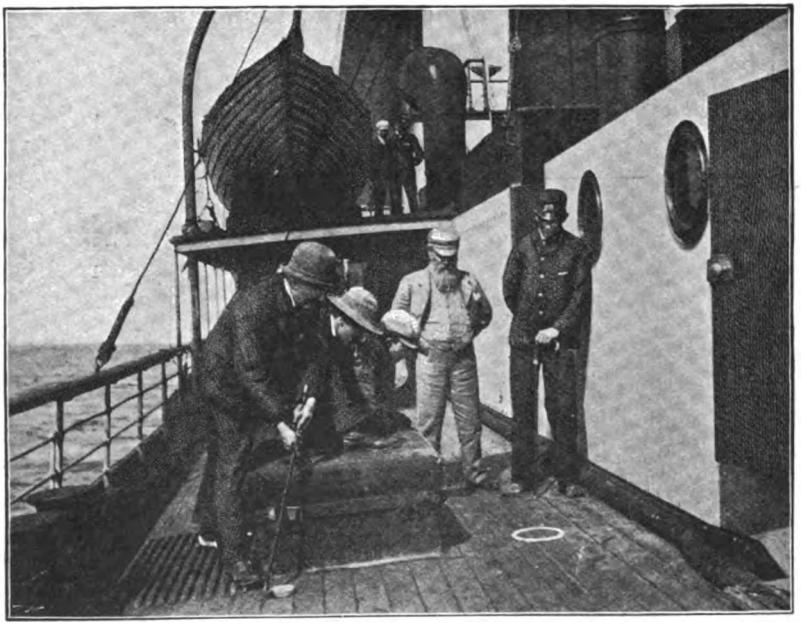
BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

WHILE the 'Royal and Ancient' game now finds a welcome sufficiently hearty throughout the English and Scotch-speaking world, it has not, I believe, enjoyed transplantation to shipboard until within the past month. But though a pale ghost of the real pastime, and no more than a cousin many times removed to right golf, yet the marine species, as recently developed by a few ingenious sportsmen in the Bay of Biscay, on board the steamship 'Wazzan,' is worthy of some consideration. It offers at once that most desirable thing aboard ship—exercise, and a means, second to none, of breaking the monotony of long voyages. Deck quoits and ship billiards hide their diminished heads beside it; bad weather in reason only adds to the charm of the game; rolling and pitching permit of feats in deck golf which landlubbers will probably refuse to credit.

Everything, of course, depends on the nature of the ship and the good nature of the skipper. Given fair decks and an easy-going commander who offers no objection to 'putting greens,' and excellent sport is a certainty. The materials of the game are extremely simple. Instead of a ball, a round disc or quoit of wood about 4½ inches in diameter is employed; and a fairly heavy walking-stick with a flat head takes the place of a club. The holes may be either a spot of chalk, to be covered by the disc, or a circle, about half as large again as the disc into which it has to be played. Hitting is useless, and the stroke for long drive and short put alike is a drag or push. On a smooth deck, if the wind does not interfere, a disc can be pushed forty yards, which is a

longer stroke than any but links on the biggest steamers would require or admit. The best position for driving is to stand with both feet a little in front of the disc; in putting, one foot in front and one behind produces the most satisfactory results; while, unlike golf, the position of the club and ball, with regard each to the other being happily assured before the stroke is made, it is better, in the act of striking, to fix the eye on the distant hole, or upon the exact spot where it is desired to bring your disc.

Our links were most happily diversified, and gave opportunities for varied strokes and great skill. The 'cannon' is admissible,



COAL-BUNKERED

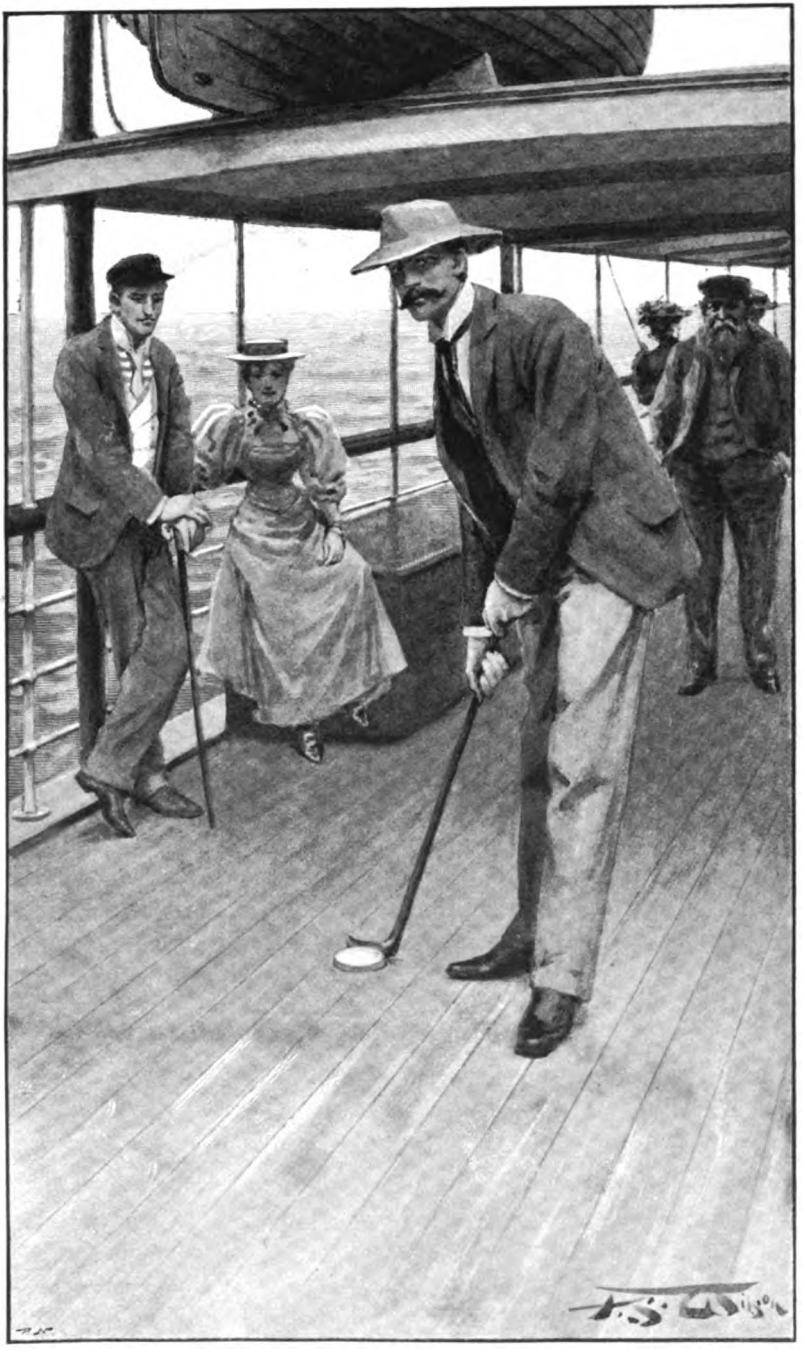
and one of our holes could be played in a single stroke, by a bold cannon off a bollard, if a player stood the risk of going into the sea. The penalty for that achievement was two strokes, and of course a lost hole in hole matches.

Every hole soon gets its own name. Thus we knew one easy hole on the quarter-deck as 'Mrs. Thompson,' from the fact that a genial lady so called invariably sat with her feet in it when on deck. Another was called 'The Devil.' It lay behind the hatch of a coal bunker, and its proper number was theoretically three, but a man thought himself lucky to get home in four. It

was a hole which became impossible at times of heavy head-wind, for the effect of driving against a big wind at marine golf is peculiar. Once let the wind force its way under the 'ball,' and all is over. Your disc, in such a case, immediately gets up on its side and starts to roll with the wind. Its career is then a spectacle of weird horror, and it usually terminates a heart-breaking exhibition in the scuppers many yards behind the place from which it was originally struck, or in the sea. A pitching ship generally means a head-wind and various great difficulties to the marine golfer, but the perfection of the game may best be seen in a beam sea with the ship rolling. Then it is possible to directly approach holes which are unapproachable on an even keel, and the most beautiful curved shots can be made. Your disc takes a bias from the angle of the deck, and will get round impossible bunkers and perform graceful and invaluable feats if started on the right tack. One hole was known as 'Topham,' from the fact that A. G. Topham, the 'soccer' Blue and International, did it in a single shot when, until his performance, three had always been considered the right number. Absolutely accurate strength and a deck with a big slope enabled him to bring off a beautiful stroke 'round the corner.'

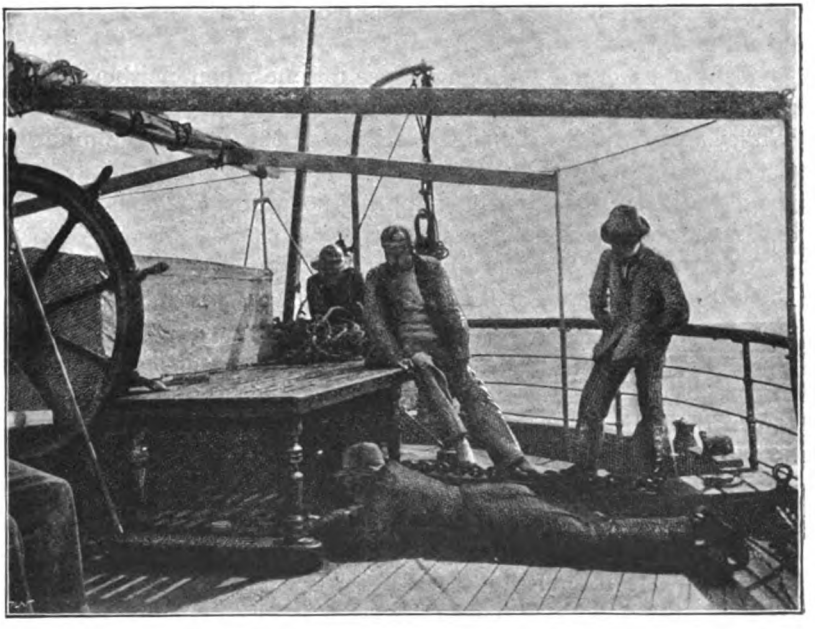
Marine golf naturally produces its own terminology. To be 'scuppered' is a condition of affairs which speaks for itself to anybody who knows a ship; while a 'coal-bunkered' player can also be pictured without difficulty. The frequency of the 'stimey' is of course a nuisance at the game. It occurred so persistently that no records of the ss. 'Wazzan' links were accepted unless a man was going round by himself. Our remedy for the external stimey was simple. To cannon off an opponent appeared coarse and crude; moreover, by such means, a fine shot might often have been robbed of the hole by one far inferior; to pick up was also open to objections. We therefore made the front player hole out first whether it was his turn to play or not. Doubtless a properly constituted golfing mind would find a better way out of the fix than this.

A round of golf on board the 'Wazzan' may be described thus. Hitting off from the tee, beside a coal bunker on the starboard side of the ship, a player had to reach a hole under a ventilator a little aft of the main hold. This was an easy hole of about fifteen yards which might be made in one. The next, down the starboard alleyway, was also easy, but the third involved more care though a short hole. The fourth took the player right aft and lay under a bollard, and the fifth was approached by a cannon off some nautical apparatus connected with the steam steering gear; but bold players



THE DRIVE FROM THE 'TEE'

attempted it directly through a narrow channel beset with dangers. To miss the channel was to be badly bunkered under a small, fresh-water cistern; and that meant losing the hole. The sixth hole required a delicate cannon off machinery forming part of the rudder chains; and the seventh was a straight, narrow drive with more than usual danger of getting 'scuppered.' The eighth and last hole offered a drive of twenty-five to thirty yards and bristled with bunkers. This completed half the course and the return journey was back over the same country.



A DIFFICULT LIE

A beauty of the game is the variation in quality of the 'greens,' and consequent unexpected difficulties in 'putting.' It might be supposed that bare boards were incapable of much change as to surface, but this is not so. Climatic conditions make tremendous differences, and a 'green' so keen under bright sunshine that the shortest and slowest of putts goes too far, will, on a grey day, be as slow again; while if there happens to be any spray coming aboard the difficulties increase, for in a wet place you never can tell whether the disc will 'drag' or 'slide.'

In putting, the danger of a foul shot is as great as in pushing at billiards, and rules have yet to be made regulating the contact

of disc and club over strokes of a yard and less. Direction is everything in driving, but to it must be added plenty of patience to wait for the ship if she is rolling. When you are in a hurry to make a stroke she seems to take a deal of time getting to the proper angle. The wind is the great enemy of marine golf, and on many ships, the pastime would certainly have other foes so numerous, that to play it might prove wholly impossible; but given good-tempered passengers, and officers who can behold a round of holes chalked on the decks without indignation, then marine golf becomes a thing of beauty, and, if not a joy for ever, one at least which should endure as long as the time occupied by an average voyage.

With prophetic eye I can foresee a time when neither 'liner' nor war-ship will be complete without its round of holes. The 'links' will doubtless be considered when the vessel is building; the holes will assuredly be permanent stars or circles flush with the deck, and placed in the happiest positions by some cunning expert skilled in the science of marine golf.

For purposes of record-making, it may finally be noted that Dr. Gilbert Charsley, of Beaconsfield, won the marine golf championship of the 'Wazzan' by one hole from Mr. A. G. Topham aforesaid. The round was an exciting one, and both players showed to advantage. Eight men entered for the championship, and in the case of halved rounds, which often happened—for many holes are halved in marine golf—the fewest strokes won. The record of our 'Wazzan' links was 34, at which three men tied. Dr. Charsley ought to have got round once in 33, but he failed at a short putt at the last hole It must here be confessed that none of us were right golfists worthy the name. Indeed this brief paper is only written to draw attention to the splendid possibilities of marine golf. The game is undoubtedly capable of vast development, and given a big ship, keen players, and no official let or hindrance, the pastime should become sufficiently important to reconcile sportsmen to the ocean for a time at least, and go far to lessen the monotony of long days circled by the rim of the sea.

CRICKET

BY A. C. MACLAREN

To begin with the last half of the cricket season, a few words must be written about Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's. I don't suppose a stronger batting side of Gentlemen has ever been selected for this match, for men with averages of over forty could not be placed higher than eight, nine, and ten in the order of going in, and McGregor, who went in last, was making plenty of runs for Middlesex, going in first wicket down for his county. The side might have looked better with the inclusion of another bowler; but C. L. Townsend was then quite out of form with the ball, and if Hartley had just done a good performance for Sussex, he did very little after the second week in July. Cunliffe, however, must be quite a good bowler. But S. M. J. Woods, F. S. Jackson, and E. Smith, to say nothing of W. G. Grace and A. E. Stoddart, as a rule bowl very well in this match, especially the first-named, who again this year bowled admirably, as he did two years ago with F. S. Jackson. On a hard, fast wicket, which could not be called a true one, the fast bowling of the amateurs was quite good enough to enable them to win by five wickets. Abel kept up his wonderful form in the second innings by very nearly completing his 'century,' and seldom has any batsman batted so consistently from start to finish of a season. Hayward, too, played very well for his runs. The scoring of the amateurs was more consistent; but F. S. Jackson and K. S. Ranjitsinhji played undoubtedly the best, their two not-out innings on the last day being specially good, as the wicket had crumbled

considerably. This is no doubt due to the fact that Lord's sees less water than any other ground, as the authorities do not believe in it, their method of preparing a wicket being to roll into the ground the dew of the early morning. It is a pretty good proof of the wicket being not quite perfect when one remembers that, if games were continually being left drawn on other grounds, they were always finished at Lord's. J. T. Hearne, fine bowler that he is, owes much of his success to the ground and occasionally crumbled state of the wickets at Lord's this season. Where it favours a bowler it is all against a batsman, and people who have hinted at A. E. Stoddart being not quite the player that he was should remember that if one ground has not played well this season it is Lord's.

We now go up North for the second test-match against the Australians, who were just at this time in their very best form, and, if we could not have won, we certainly ought never to have lost the match; nothing but bad batting—really bad batting—caused our defeat. There was no excuse for our collapse on a wicket that remained perfect from start to finish. On such a wicket, when the Australians won the toss, it was no matter of surprise to find them bat all day; and if somebody had to get a century, nobody was sorry to see that the happy lot fell to Frank Iredale, one of the most popular cricketers who have ever come over to play against us. Just at the start, perhaps, as is quite natural, he did not quite time Richardson, but he soon settled down and played a steady and determined innings of 108. Well backed up as he was by others of the team, the highly creditable score of 412 was realised, and this practically put defeat out of the question for them. When we went in to bat, K. S. Ranjitsinhji (62) and Lilley (65 not out)—the latter's innings being very creditable considering how the wickets kept falling—were the only two to play in anything like their true form, the whole side being out for 231.

It was hoped that we should do better in our second innings, as the wicket showed no signs of breaking up; but on following on our second attempt was almost worse than the first, and we always appeared to be losing very easily; but K. S. Ranjitsinhji's play put a much better complexion on the game. No finer innings has ever been played on Old Trafford Cricket Ground; and eventually the Australians had to go in to get 125 to win, on a wicket that was still a very good one. Then Richardson bowled as some of us know how he can bowl when his side appears hopelessly beaten. For three and a quarter hours he bowled like a lion, keeping an excellent length, and only once do I remember

his being hit to leg. Thanks to the bowling of Richardson and the safe wicket-keeping of Lilley, who, standing back, caught three men off the fast bowler, we appeared to have a great chance of snatching the match out of the fire; Clem. Hill, however, after being as nearly as possible run out, as he ought to have been (but the ball being badly returned, he just got the benefit of the doubt), played a plucky game for his side, thus enabling the Australians to score a meritorious win by three wickets, which they richly deserved, for they certainly outplayed us in this match. J. T. Hearne, if he failed to get wickets, kept the runs down at the other end, as one can understand from the fact that nearly three and a half hours were taken by the Australians to make their total.

But the feature of the match was the batting of K. S. Ranjitsinhji. Never were runs obtained in better style or under more trying circumstances, for he was always playing a losing game and getting but little assistance from his comrades. The Australians were loud in their praise about his play, saying they had never seen such placing on the leg side or more perfect timing of the ball; and it may interest some to know that, before the match, when asked if they would like him to go out to Australia, they replied they would be delighted to see him; but after the match one or two were not quite so sure about it—that is to say, from a cricket point of view. The selection of the English eleven was the subject of much comment before, but more especially after, the match, as is usual when a side is beaten. Granted that the public had good grounds for taking exception to my own inclusion in the team, I cannot help thinking that the most unjust remarks were made about Briggs. He might never have played any cricket at all judging from some of the nonsense one heard on the subject. Of course I take no notice of the letters which appeared in the papers, written by people who are not behind the scenes in the cricket world, and who dare not, as a rule, sign their full names to the letters they write. Sometimes men are chosen for these matches who from various causes cannot accept their invitation. When Briggs played he was in very good form with the ball; in the match he took three wickets for 123, and Hearne no wickets for 75. I am, however, quite convinced that some new system of selecting an England eleven ought to be started another year. Is it likely that committees of selection can know as much about who should and who should not play as men like Grace, Stoddart, or Jackson, who play on all grounds and in all county matches of the year? It is quite time something was

done when one committee excludes K. S. Ranjitsinhji and two other committees include him in their eleven.

The next match of importance was the last M.C.C. match against the Australians at Lord's, by no means a favourite ground of the visitors; and this is not to be wondered at, seeing that the light there is often by no means a good one, to them at least, when we consider how they are favoured in this respect in Australia. The Pavilion is greatly responsible for this, and it has had not a little to do with their failures on this ground this year; indeed, they never won a match there, and they would assuredly have lost this last M.C.C. match had it been played out. They won the toss on a good wicket; but Woodcock took three out of the first four wickets very soon, and had it not been for the 103 and 62 of their captain, who was favoured with a bit of luck, yet played very finely, they would most certainly have been defeated. A. E. Stoddart played two most dashing innings of 61 and 59, made on both occasions under the hour, his driving and cutting off the fast bowling being most brilliant. Gunn, besides playing two fine innings of 56 and 26 not out, proved how useful lobs are by obtaining three wickets in the second innings, which nearly won the match for us; for at the close of play on the last day M.C.C. wanted only 68 to win, with seven wickets to fall.

I will now go straight to the last test match, played at the Oval. It was very unfortunate for England that A. E. Stoddart was unable to play, owing to a very bad cold, which he had not shaken off a week after the match. W. G. won the toss; and it was certainly his turn to win, as he had lost on the two previous occasions. The winning, moreover, meant a good deal, and W. G. Grace and F. S. Jackson did not fail to make use of the one hour and a quarter on the first day; for the wicket was very slippery and the ball came straight off the pitch, as the score —60 for one wicket—proved, neither fieldsmen nor bowlers being able to get a firm foothold.

The fact of winning the toss went a long way towards the winning of the match, and what luck there was in the game certainly came our way. On the second day it was at once apparent that runs would be very hard to get, for the sun had dried the wicket, which naturally afforded the bowlers great assistance. F. S. Jackson was out almost at once for a very well played 45, and K. S. Ranjitsinhji soon followed his old Cambridge captain, then favoured more by good fortune than good play. I managed to make a run or two, whilst Bobby Abel played a good game at the other end. It is, indeed, wonderful how well he gets

over a ball on a sticky wicket, considering how short he is. We were eventually all out for 145, and if we take away the 60 made overnight for one wicket, it only leaves 85 runs made for nine wickets when the wicket was sticky. The Australians had half an hour's batting before luncheon, and in that time put together 40 runs, thanks to some fine free cricket on the part of Darling and Iredale. The wicket certainly rolled out better, but the 40 runs scored before luncheon were due more to bad bowling than anything else; for Peel could not get his length, tossing them up rather too often outside the leg stump—a great contrast to the bowling of Trumble, who never bowled a bad ball, his pace being exactly suited to the sticky state of the wicket.

After luncheon, Hayward, who started at the Pavilion end, was severely punished, and 70 soon appeared on the board, thanks to very good cricket with a bit of luck thrown in. Then a separation took place, owing to a piece of bad judgment on the part of Darling, who called Iredale for a fifth run when the ball, thrown in by Ranjitsinhji, was more than half way on its journey to the wicket from the out field, with the result that a good wicket was recklessly lost. Iredale had played a good innings of 30; Darling soon followed, and in his plucky innings of 47 made one splendid drive on to the top of the Pavilion. The wicket was now at its worst, and Peel, coming on a second time, bowled much better; whilst Hearne was as unplayable to the Australians as Trumble was to us; and from the time Darling left it was a regular procession, England eventually having a very useful lead on the first innings of 26. Hearne bowled his very best, taking six wickets for 41, and Peel taking two wickets for 30. Left with not quite one and a half hour's play, the bowling of McKibbin and Trumble was far too good, nobody except Abel playing at all well, the result being that we lost five wickets for 60. The next morning the last five men only added 24, but the wicket was at its very worst, being a little bit firmer, which made the ball break quicker. Abel played very well again for 21. The Australians were left 111 to get to win, and of course a great deal depended on the start. Richardson started bowling in preference to Peel, as W. G. Grace thought Peel wouldn't bowl quite his best against the left-hander, Darling; but, as Hearne got the latter's wicket with his third ball, W. G. showed sound judgment, as events proved, by at once putting Peel on in place of the fast bowler. After hitting Peel for three, Iredale put one up tamely into F. S. Jackson's hands at short mid-on, and from this point the Australians never looked like winning.

Trott and Giffen stayed together for five overs, and then

Giffen was bowled by a clinking good ball, which made haste off the pitch and kept very low; this was Hearne's third wicket for no runs. Another disaster for Australia soon followed, as Trott, in attempting to drive Peel, failed to get hold of the ball; and Brockwell, fielding as substitute for Ranjitsinhji, who had hurt his foot overnight, brought off a fine catch at extra mid-off, just getting down to the ball in time. Peel at once captured two more—Hill and Donnan—six wickets being down for 11. Three overs later, Gregory, in attempting to hook Peel, put the ball straight into Richardson's hands at forward short leg. Kelly had to pay the penalty for stopping a straight full pitch with his foot, and when 25 were registered, Jones hit all across a ball and was clean bowled. McKibbin then, to the surprise of everyone, played the bowling more easily than the rest, and Trumble helped him to put on 19 for the last wicket, McKibbin being eventually caught at slip by Abel, having made 16—top score of his side—England thus winning by 66 runs.

Peel and Hearne both bowled remarkably well in the second innings, the former taking six wickets for 23, and the latter four for 19; whilst of the Australian bowlers, in the first innings Trumble took six for 59, Giffen two for 64, McKibbin three for 21; and in the second innings Trumble took six for 30, and McKibbin three for 35.

After the match there was great excitement, of course, hundreds of people cheering lustily before the Pavilion.

The Australians accepted their defeat like sportsmen, and it was almost a pity that play began the first day; for that was all against them, the ground being in a very slippery state. However, it is gratifying to know that their tour has been a great success in every way; they made friends wherever they went, and were always a side extremely hard to beat. It is very creditable to them that no county succeeded in defeating them; for a team must occasionally have to fight against luck, and every cricketer knows what that means. In my opinion, their successes were due to their captain (Trott) and all-round excellence. No better captain has ever left Australia. Extremely popular with his men, and, for that matter, with everyone who has played against him, he always had his fields placed most accurately, never forgetting any batsman's particular stroke, and invariably managed his bowling changes as only a good captain can do. It speaks very well for him that the team have been good friends throughout; for we must remember that not a whisper has reached anyone about disputes and quarrels, as has been the case on former occasions; and this

has had not a little to do with their success. In the opinion of many good judges, the team is not so good a one as that which contained players like Murdoch, Spofforth, Boyle, Blackham, McDonell, Massie, Bannerman and others: so Trott's team only proves what an eleven, working together, can do. Their fielding was of the best, and in this department of the game they always were in front of us; their catching and throwing-in could not have been better. As to their bowling, which looked weak on paper before they began the tour, it was a matter of surprise to find Trumble bowling so consistently well match after match; but those who know all about his cricket say that he only bowled this season as they expected him to bowl with the last team that came over, when he was not exactly a great success. At any rate, he has now made up for all that, and proved himself this year a great bowler, especially at the Oval in the last test match, when he was quite unplayable.

McKibbin, after the first month, improved in a wonderful manner. At the start his inability to keep a good length prevented him from getting so many wickets as he did in the latter part of the tour. He is an extraordinarily fine bowler now that he has got an accurate length, and I have no hesitation in saying that he can bowl the most difficult ball of any man in the world, getting on a tremendous spin, and cleverly disguising his break: indeed, those who have not played against him on a slow wicket before are, in the majority of cases, quite taken in, thinking the ball is coming in from the off when it comes from leg, and *vice versâ*. On a slow wicket that was scarcely difficult. He obtained seven wickets for 11 runs against Lancashire at Liverpool, the whole side being out for 28, at a time when the county was in fairly good form. Owing chiefly to the success that rewarded the efforts of Trumble and McKibbin, Giffen was not often wanted during the last half of the season; but he did a lot of good work when he was put on, and Jones on the fast wicket was certainly a success, his great pace enabling him to do much damage. The fact of only three centuries having been made against these bowlers, in a year, too, which has beaten all other years for centuries, proves what a strong bowling combination they are. Their batting consisted rather of the steady plodding order than anything else—no doubt due to the fact that they have no reason to hurry in Australia, as all games there are played out.

Iredale, unlucky at the start, put in some rare good work when he did get into his stride. Trott played throughout in his best form, and no batsman makes his runs in better style. Gregory has

perhaps become a trifle less brilliant, but that did not prevent him from playing many fine innings. Darling certainly justified his selection, and another hitter would probably have strengthened the side. Hill occasionally played very well. He is sure to go on improving, and will some day, no doubt, do big things. Donnan was useful, and Giffen showed no signs of falling off. Graham was disappointing, and Eady did not improve, so they got few chances.

Kelly must not be forgotten; he kept wicket very well throughout, especially the latter part of the tour, and he is an example for other wicket-keepers to follow, as I never once saw him appeal unnecessarily to the umpire. Mr. Musgrove, their manager, has had not a little to do with making the tour a pleasant one, and all would be pleased to see him come out again. Considering that many of the team have not played in England before, and that, as a rule, a man will play better his second season in England, I think it highly probable that the next team will take even more beating than did this one.

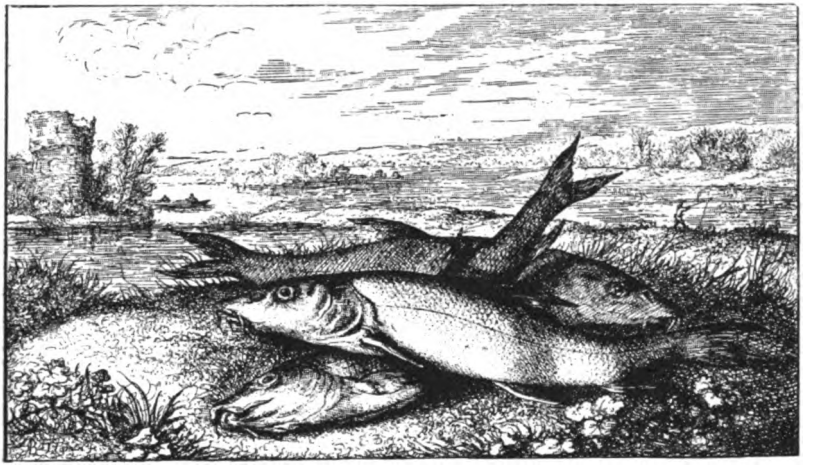
This article would not be complete without a word on the University cricket of the year. There is no doubt that in H. D. G. Leveson-Gower Oxford possessed a most capable captain and excellent cricketer, and in J. C. Hartley and F. H. E. Cunliffe two bowlers who were quite up to the best traditions of Oxford, while they were always backed up well in the field. The captain himself set a splendid example to his side at cover point, and no finer short slip has ever been included in an Oxford eleven than G. R. Bardswell, who, by the way, captains the eleven next year; and those who know most about him consider him a very sound judge of the game. As regards the batting, the captain comes out top of the averages, and he was well supported by H. K. Foster, G. R. Bardswell, G. T. Mordaunt, and P. F. Warner; while G. O. Smith's brilliant innings in the 'Varsity match will not readily be forgotten. R. P. Lewis, too, more than justified the high opinions formed of him as a wicket-keeper three years ago at Winchester, at times doing the most brilliant things behind the sticks; and it was no matter of surprise to the friends of Oxford when they defeated the Cambridge eleven, who were first favourites on the day of the match. The latter were indeed a very formidable side, having plenty of bowling at their command. The one drawback was a lack of variety, P. W. Cobbold being the only man who bowled below medium pace; for G. L. Jessop, E. B. Shine, and C. E. M. Wilson all bowled on the fast side. Perhaps their real strength lay in the consistency of their batting,

in which department N. F. Druce, C. J. Burnup, and C. E. M. Wilson were the most successful, and to this trio must be added H. H. Marriott, who seldom failed to score. It cannot be said that G. L. Jessop quite fulfilled the expectations formed of him before he went up to Cambridge. W. M'G. Hemingway at times played a brilliant innings, but, like many hitters, was a trifle uncertain. They had, too, the reputation of being a fine fielding side. It is a great pity that the no-ball incident of 1893 was repeated in this year's University match; for in this match, of all others, people expect to see cricket played in a proper sporting spirit. Of course the incident provoked endless controversy between old Oxford and Cambridge players; but when even old Cambridge men shake their heads at what was done this year by the Cambridge captain, it cannot have been an action worthy of commendation.

Of the counties this season, Yorkshire have come out easily first, and this is probably due to the consistency of their batting, for no fewer than twelve men average over 20 runs per innings; Brown being at the top with a fine average of 45, followed by F. S. Jackson's 42 per innings. The first named, having made four centuries for his county, does not show any falling off, and the amateur is probably a better player to-day than ever before. He made three centuries for his county, as did Peel. Of the bowlers, Haigh, whom they discovered last year, had a fair trial this season, and comes out first with 71 wickets at the cost of 15 runs apiece. He should improve on this some day, when he has had more experience, for he bowls a very fast ball, putting in several yorkers, and occasionally he bowls a very good slow ball, with which he is apt to deceive a batsman. Wainwright took 90 wickets for 18 per wicket, and Peel 97 for 19 apiece. Hirst, too, captured 80 wickets, but he was a trifle more costly. Lancashire, who come second, have perhaps been the unlucky county of 1896, for they only won two tosses after the second week in July. They have toiled along with the same players of former years more or less. E. Rowley had an average of 27 per innings, and this is the first time he has been included in Lancashire averages. Ward has perhaps fallen off a bit this season; but Baker, Sugg, and Tyldesley, not to mention G. R. Bardswell, have put in some good work. Of the bowlers, Hallam did more this year, taking 58 wickets for 17 apiece. Middlesex come next, thanks to some very consistent batting by many of the team and fine bowling performances from J. T. Hearne. Sir T. C. O'Brien and A. E. Stoddart both average well—41 and 40—Hearne took 118 wickets, costing 17, and C. M. Wells

rendered good service, capturing 35 wickets for 15 apiece. It is a pity such a fine player as the last-named cannot play more for his county Fourth on the list come Surrey, and they can hardly be pleased with their season's work, having lost no fewer than six matches; and this is truly remarkable when Abel played so well throughout the year, and there were also such batsmen as Hayward, Brockwell, and others. Of the new men this season. mention must be made of Hayes, who at times played very well, although his average is not a great one; and there is no reason why he should not train on into a really fine player. Hayward has had a good season, with a batting average of 36 and a bowling average of 14 per wicket, taking 81 wickets, whilst Lohmann's wickets cost him 15 apiece, and Richardson took 191 wickets at the cost of 15 apiece also—a pretty good performance.

Of the remaining counties, Essex and Notts are the only two who are not minus points. For Essex, H. G. Owen heads the batting averages, and F. G. Bull has taken 70 wickets for 15 runs apiece—a good performance—and it is by no means unlikely that he will do big things as a bowler before long. Gunn heads the averages of Notts with 46, and Attewell has done a great deal better than some other bowlers, having taken 86 wickets for 14 apiece. W. G. Grace for Gloucester has the capital average of 53 for 32 innings, and also has the largest score of the season (301) to his credit—a truly wonderful performance considering his age. Mention should be made of C. O. H. Sewell, who averages 30, and he looks all over a first-class batsman. The bowling is weak, nobody averaging fewer than 20 runs per wicket. Storer's fine batting for Derbyshire must not be overlooked, for he topped the century five times for his county, which gives him the fine average of 57; Davidson, too, claims an average of 43, but the bowling reads bad. Of the other counties. Sussex come out very low when one looks at K. S. Ranjitsinhji's performances. His figures for his county read: 33 innings, 4 times not out, 1,698 runs, 165 most in an innings, 58·55. On no fewer than seven occasions has he scored 100 for his county. For Kent, Rev. W. Rashleigh, J. R. Mason, and A. Hearne all did good work. For Hampshire, Captain Wynyard has a fine average of 50, and it was pleasing to see him playing in a test match. The season of 1896 has been remarkable for centuries. 116 having been scored, against 76 of last year. In fact, these centuries are getting monotonous, and a wet wicket season would be a welcome change, so long as matches were finished.



NIL DESPERANDUM

BY THE HON. A. GATHORNE HARDY

WHAT fisherman will ever forget the long drought of the autumn of 1894? While yachtsmen, ladies, farmers, labourers, and hotel-keepers were blessing the unwonted and continuous sunshine which prevailed from August 18 to October 25, one universal cry of lamentation and anguish poured from the lips of unfortunates by the banks of every Highland stream, from Thurso to Tweed, as they tapped the aneroids which declined to fall, and watched in vain—morning and night—for the clouds that never came. It was rumoured—I do not know with what truth—that one angler, who rented the best stretch of a celebrated river at a total cost of little less than 1000*l.* for the season, only secured one small grilse in over ten weeks; and this was but an exaggerated sample of the meagre nature of the harvest reaped by hundreds. Yet it was at the very close of this period, when springs were dry which had never 'given out' during the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and when it was almost impossible in the wettest district of Ross-shire to find enough water to perform the necessary ablutions after the death of a stag, that a little river where I have fished for over a quarter of a century gave me the best week's sport I have ever experienced.

Dearly do I love that little river: its every stone and pool has memories and associations peculiar to itself. Rising high

up among the hills near Loch Fine, it dashes rapidly through gorges and over boulders, preserving for about four miles the true characteristics of a Highland stream; then, when it reaches the strath below, it still keeps fairly rapid, with occasional rocky pools, for about three miles more, while walls and 'putts' of loose stone show the efforts—often futile—which have been made to restrain it within its banks, and to prevent it, when in spate, from washing away roads, bridges, and cultivated land. Thence, for the remainder of its course, it meanders through nearly level soil, gradually growing more winding and sluggish until it makes its way into the sea; the tide always coming into the bottom pools where the tortuous river cuts its way through a partially reclaimed peat bog. It rises and falls very rapidly, as the deep sheep drains carry the heavy showers down almost immediately, so that the upper pools are only in order for a very short time after a flood; and the angler is always liable to be washed out in the very middle of his day's sport. Still, it has many advantages over more pretentious rivers. As the banks are perfectly clear, you can follow your fish anywhere, and therefore need not be burdened with a heavy rod and a great deal of line, and also can gaff and land your own fish. So, too, the lower pools always afford some chance of a fish, or, at least, a basket of sea trout, till the tide comes in, especially if there is enough breeze to make a curl on the surface.

On October 13 the morning broke dull, misty, and still, with a little drizzle falling. We had intended to take a walk after wild grouse; but the day was not inviting, and after waiting till about eleven o'clock in the hope of its clearing, I took my trout rod and strolled off to the river—rather jeered at by my host; but, although I had not much hopes of sport, I knew that I could amuse myself for an hour or two watching the stream, which I had not seen for more than a year. My mackintosh I left at home—a piece of rashness I should not have been guilty of many years ago. A small bag contained my lunch, reel and fly-book, and a net and gaff to screw into my landing-handle, while its outer partition seemed likely to be more than large enough for anything I might have to bring home. A light, but fairly stiff, split cane trout rod completed my equipment, and three-quarters of an hour later I was crossing the foot-bridge over the river, and as I looked upon and through the glassy surface, and counted the stones below, I felt that there was only one place which I could try with any chance of success. Most of the lower water is guarded by deep banks, but there is a long horseshoe-shaped pool, about a mile from

DASHED OFF ACROSS THE POOL

the mouth, with a low, shelving gravel bank on opposite sides at each turn, some part of which is sure to catch every breeze that blows. No time was to be lost, as next day was full moon, and the tide would be in by half-past one o'clock at the latest; so a very few more minutes saw me at the head of the pool with my rod put together, and two small sea-trout flies—a blue doctor, and a nondescript with black body and silver twist on a medium loch trout cast.

There was only a very slight ripple on the water, but at about the third cast something large turned at the fly, and I caught a glimpse of a silvery side as the fish returned to its fastness at the bottom. A short pause, then another cast, and the salmon rose again in the same place—a third—and I was fast in the first fish of the year, which dashed off across the pool almost as much surprised as I was. I treated him with becoming deference, waited till he sulked a minute before I screwed the gaff into the handle, and in a short time administered the *coup de grâce* to a nice grilse weighing 7 lb. I will not enter into a detailed account of the events of the next two hours; but before the tide came in I had risen a number of fish, and killed two more grilse of 6 lb. each, besides an ugly, large, red kipper, weighing 9½ lb. By the time these were landed the tide had begun to run strongly upwards, bringing with it a nice lot of fresh sea trout, of which I secured six in the next twenty minutes.

Fishing was then over for the day, as it is only at 'first of flood' that even sea trout rise for a short time, while salmon stop rising as soon as the gravel begins to be flooded off the shoals. So I collected the fish and hid them in a tuft of rushes, and after luncheon and a pipe, walked home, calling at the keeper's on the way to tell him to send for the fish, which I did not care to carry back myself.

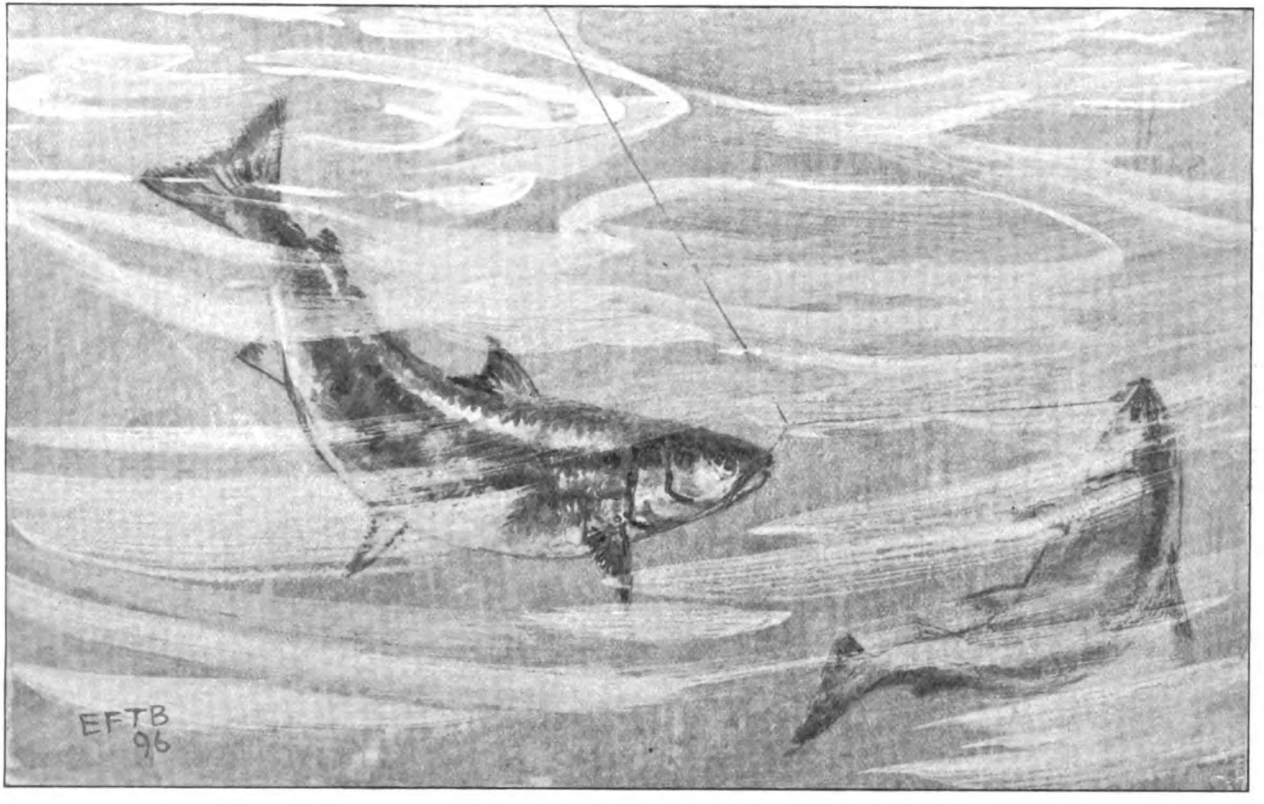
Tuesday found me again in the same place; and although I could only fish for a short time before the tide came in, I got two salmon weighing 18 lb. between them, and lost another I had nearly landed, on a bit of wire fence which had at some time been washed in and which I could plainly see in the deep part of the water bending as the fish struggled before the final catastrophe The only other adventure of the day was that a second fish took the tail fly after I had nearly landed one on the dropper, and pulled his predecessor off in his eager struggle to escape, falling a victim himself to his philanthropic efforts.

Three times during that eventful week did I have two salmon on at a time, but I never succeeded in landing both of them,

though once, at least, I was sufficiently near it to hope against hope for success. The next day, in the same water, fishing till four o'clock (the tide was now growing more obliging), I beat all previous records. I had become alive to the fact that the pools were swarming with fish, and that they were as greedy as they were numerous; so I suggested in the morning that a gillie should come down to the pool on the chance of finding something to carry up. I shall never forget Duncan's face of surprise when he came down to where I was fishing, and found the banks of the long pool fairly strewn with fish. He walked off to a neighbouring cottage for a sack, and a little later staggered to the road bearing it on his back laden with ten fish, the largest 17½ lb., the smallest 4½ lb., and then waited till he could deposit his burden in a friendly peat cart homeward bound.

The next day the same pool yielded seven salmon, and Friday was the only blank day I had. Blue sky, white frost, brilliant sunshine, and absolute calm were too much for even the greedy and unsophisticated denizens of the pool, and during a great part of the day I sat on the bank, chatting to the keeper, who joined me for a short time on his rounds, and told me that he had counted over ninety fish in one pool higher up, and waiting to take advantage of any change of sky or atmosphere. Even upon this hopeless day many fish followed the fly, and one or two were on for a few seconds; but the odds were too great, and when Duncan appeared with his sack, all ready this time, he had to carry it away empty. Fools the fish might be, but they were not such fools as to attach themselves to gut so glaringly visible.

Such a day—so still and bright, with a peculiar scorching feeling about the sun, is often a 'weather breeder,' as they call it on the West coast, and I was not surprised the next morning to see a cloudy sky, and tree tops bent by half a gale of wind. The long spell of fine weather was evidently coming to an end; but in the meantime I had one really first-rate fishing day before me, and it was with high hopes that I started for the river, although I hardly thought it possible that I could beat my previous 'record' of ten salmon in a day. Hitherto I had dispensed with an attendant, and gaffed and landed all the fish myself; but to-day I told Duncan to follow as soon as our sandwiches were ready, and by 10.30 I had reached the river-side. This time I did not cross the foot-bridge, as I had a fancy to try the pool where the keeper had seen so many fish the day before, and there was abundance of wind—enough to affect even the most sheltered casts. The event proved that I was right, as my fly had hardly



PULLED HIS PREDECESSOR OFF IN HIS EAGER STRUGGLE TO ESCAPE

touched the water before I was into a fish which I had some difficulty in landing, as there was a lot of weed close to the bank on my side of the river; still, before the gillie arrived I had disposed of a nice little grilse of 6 lb. and removed my dropper, fully convinced that it was not a safe place in which to fish with two flies.

A remarkable experience followed. The whole pool, as far as it was fishable, was not more than fifty yards long, and about thirty-five yards wide—yet I never left it till I went home at five o'clock in the evening. So freely did the fish rise, that I did not like to leave off even for lunch, but ate my sandwiches standing up. There were one or two spots which I never passed without a rise; and nothing seemed to frighten the fish, which absolutely declined to take any warning by the struggles of their hooked companions. They seemed quite mad for the fly, and although I was broken once or twice by my gillie gaffing the line in his excitement, and some time was wasted by my experimenting vainly with a somewhat larger fly which the fish followed but would not touch, I had caught twelve fish, the largest 9 lb. and the smallest 5½ lb., before my sport was over for the day. Even then, I believe, I might have added to the number had I persevered; but it was beginning to get dark, and I had fished the water twice over without a taking rise; so I took my departure, and thus ended this memorable week.

The totals and weights as recorded in my rough diary ran as follows:

		lb.
13th,	four salmon . . .	7, 6, 9½, 6. Six trout
16th,	two ,, . . .	9½, 8¾
17th,	ten ,, . . .	17½, 11, 9½, 7½, 7, 7, 7, 6, 6, 4½
18th,	seven ,, . . .	8, 10, 5¼, 6, 6, 5, 8
20th,	twelve ,, . . .	6, 7½, 7½, 5½, 7¾, 7, 9, 6½, 7, 6, 6, 7½
Total,	thirty-five	

All these fish were caught with a 10½-ft. single-handed trout rod and small sea-trout flies of not more than three varieties.

One of my sons suggests to me that I should do well not to publish my experiences, if I wish to maintain my character for honesty and truthfulness. Reverence is not the distinguishing characteristic of the rising generation; but as I can call witnesses both to character and to the facts, I must be content to run the risk; especially as I think my experiences may be of use to others. My success was, no doubt, largely due to circumstances wholly exceptional—and no one could have anticipated or need expect to repeat it in the same place under normal conditions. The largest

number of fish I ever caught in any one year in the same river was forty-nine, the largest number in a day seven, and those results were obtained during three months' fishing with the river frequently in perfect order; so to catch thirty-five in a week, in a very small length of water, after a long drought, must be considered phenomenal, and must be ascribed partly to the enormous quantity of fish collected in the tidal part of the stream beyond which it was impossible for them to run; and partly to some climatic influence which I can neither understand nor explain. I am an old fisherman with a tolerably varied experience, and the more I fish the less inclined I feel to lay down the law dogmatically on the habits and caprices of that most capricious of fish—the salmon. If I have sometimes met with unexpected success, I have much more often returned with an empty basket, when all conditions seemed to point to a record day; but fishing would lose its greatest charm if it lost its uncertainty—and 'scent' itself is not more uncertain.

The moral I draw is that, given the necessary combination of fish and water, however low and bright the latter may be, if you fish fine enough, and use small enough flies, you need not despair. I would also add my own belief that it is a common error of fishermen to use flies unnecessarily large. With regard to rod and tackle, I am well aware that there are not many rivers where it would be safe and easy to catch salmon with a small single-handed rod, yet where I was fishing I believe that I exercised a wise discretion in my choice of a short light rod, considering the day, the water, and the period of the year. It was quite easy to keep as much strain upon the fish as my light tackle would safely bear; and the longer your rod the more difficult it is to gaff your own salmon. The pools were small and low, and the fish hardly ever attempted to leave them; and as I said before, it was easy to follow them along the banks, and unnecessary and inexpedient to let them have a great deal of line out. Of course it must also be remembered that the fish were autumn fish—in fair condition for the time of year; but not to compare with spring salmon. Another advantage of a light rod is that you can strike quick and sharply; and although I agree with those who hold that it is often inexpedient to strike salmon at all in rough water, this rule does not apply to lochs or still sluggish streams where it is absolutely essential that eye and hand should be quick, and act together.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

THE old saying, 'Nothing happens but the unexpected,' certainly was not applicable to the St. Leger, wherein everything fell out precisely as had been anticipated—except, perhaps, that Persimmon did not win with all the ease one had supposed he would. A long way from home, indeed, Watts not only showed his horse the whip, but actually hit him; and when Watts or Cannon does this it means much. Inferior jockeys slash away on very slight excuse; these two finished horsemen never do so. I asked Cannon after the race if he had ever for a moment felt like winning, and he hesitated somewhat before he answered, though the answer was in the negative. He had just ventured to hope when Watts used his whip, but Labrador is a small horse, Persimmon a big one, and the longer stride of the latter told, just as Ormonde's did when the gallant little Bard raced up to him at Epsom, and for a few brief moments seemed to be holding his own. But I do not think that Persimmon was the horse at Doncaster that he was at Epsom, and, had all gone well with St. Frusquin, I have a very strong impression that he would have won the Leger. His sudden breakdown was certainly lamentable. After a notable race I always take the opinion of those whom I regard as the best judges as to what the winner had in hand, and after the Leger I discussed the matter with the experts. From 7 lb. to 10 lb. was the general opinion. My

friend and contributor, Mr. R. K. Mainwaring, thought 6 lb. or 7 lb., Mornington Cannon believed that 10 lb. would have altered the result; and there is no doubt that Persimmon was a good deal more than 10 lb. better than Labrador both this summer and last autumn. Either one has greatly come on, the other has considerably gone off, or they have approached each other, Labrador improving a little, and Persimmon being not quite so good as he was. Probably the last is the real explanation, and, indeed, before the race—one is always so wise after it!—an owner of horses who is a shrewd observer remarked to me that he did not think the Prince of Wales' colt was looking his best.

If all goes well with Velasquez Lord Rosebery has a fortune on four legs in the son of Donovan and Vista. There was an owner of horses some years ago who one day exclaimed, after a long series of victories, 'I am tired of winning races!' (During the last years of his life he was supported by the charity of old friends.) I do not know whether Lord Rosebery will grow tired, and suspect, from the quiet look of gratification which is to be detected on his usually impassive features after a win, that there is not much fear of satiety in this respect. Before the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster it was said that the American-bred Berzak was as good as Diakka at even weights, and if so, if he be, in fact, anything like nearly as good—for I am a long way from believing the story—he must be a particularly smart, indeed a really remarkable, colt. Velasquez, on the other hand, did not look very well, for he was regularly covered with warbles, and this indicates some sort of indisposition; indeed, I believe there was some question of keeping him at home. Nevertheless there was practically no race, for Velasquez, hard held, cantered in without having been anything like extended. He seems to stand altogether apart from the other two-year-olds of the season. Possibly Goletta is second best of those already seen out, but she is a very long way behind the colt.

Habitual betting always strikes me as a particularly foolish habit, because the habitual bettor is certain to lose in the long run; but there is not a little amusement to be derived from the contemplation of the habit in other persons if one be cynically minded. I rarely 'go racing' without coming across the man

who has just had the most phenomenally cruel piece of bad luck ever known in the history of the Turf. This man is, indeed, to be met almost daily, and the recital of his story has its entertaining side, notwithstanding that it grows rather monotonous. Another familiar creature is the man who had resolutely made up his mind to back the animal that has just won, but was put off at the last moment owing to the misfortune of meeting some one of generally recognised super-subtlety, knowledge, and astuteness, who told him something else would win. From this you are invited to infer that the victim is really cleverer than the miracle of astuteness in question. Other types are constantly cropping up, but if I begin to describe them I shall write an article instead of a Note. The worst thing that can happen to the man who is tempted to wager is to begin by winning; because in these cases the result is always the same. Winning the sums that he used to be delighted to win ceases to interest him; he bets bigger and bigger, till one of the runs of bad luck which are certain to occur from time to time overtakes him; then he 'bets to get home,' and is soon more or less inextricably entangled in the toils.

There is not much to be said about the sport of the past month so far as partridge shooting is concerned. Year after year the same story has to be told—plenty of birds (as a rule, that is to say, and it may be said this year), but very little chance of getting near them. As soon as you cross over the hedge or pass through the gate away the coveys fly. The fine dry weather which is good for the birds is bad for the roots, the consequence being, of course, want of cover. In some few places, indeed, there is some cover this year, though I cannot understand how it ever came to grow with the plentiful lack of moisture we endured last summer. One friend of mine set off to shoot at such a place, where he knew well-grown potatoes, turnips, and clover were to be found, and he was rather inclined to chuckle at the disappointment of men who told the old tale of 'can't get near them'; but it rained so hard during his visit that after spending a wretched hour morning after morning in getting wet through he had to give it up. Partridge shooting is always delightful to me in all its phases (except when I cannot 'get on' to the driven birds), but there is not very much to be written about it after it has once begun; though many of us enjoy an anticipatory article if the writer have individuality and charm of style. What does

not amuse me is the inevitable essay of the foolish man who really knows nothing about it, and laments the disappearance of the good old days when a sportsman went out with dogs, &c. That is not entertaining, nor is the equally inevitable reply, which sets forth at length why in these days of scientific agriculture the old methods are impossible.

'May difference of opinion never alter friendship!' I expressed, in a recent number, the very strongest views condemnatory of the action of Mr. Mitchell, the Cambridge captain. There is no one for whose ideas I have deeper respect than for those of Mr. R. D. Walker, who kindly writes to me as follows—giving vent to opinions, he tells me, entirely opposed to those of his famous brothers, 'I. D.' and 'V. E.' 'R. D.' begins his interesting remarks, for the length of which I do not apologise, as he speaks with authority:—'During the past cricket season there have been several occurrences which have given rise to heated discussions and great diversity of opinion. First and foremost perhaps may be mentioned the "no ball" incident in the University match, when Cambridge presented their opponents with twelve runs to prevent the follow on. These tactics occasioned expressions of disapproval from many of the spectators round the ground, and at the close of the innings the Light Blue team were saluted at the Pavilion by a considerable number of members of the Club with unmistakable hisses. Before proceeding to discuss the rights and wrongs of the case, no words can be found to condemn too strongly the conduct of those who so strangely forgot themselves and their position, and it is to be hoped that such a scene may never be witnessed again on any cricket ground, least of all at the head-quarters of the game, where fair play and no favour is always supposed to prevail. The papers were of course flooded with correspondence on the subject, embodying a great variety of views. There can be no doubt whatever that Cambridge were strictly within their rights in acting as they did. They simply did what they thought most advantageous for their side, without infringing any written or unwritten law, and to make use of such terms as "not playing the game," "sharp practice," &c., only argues ignorance on the part of those who uttered them. As a matter of fact, the course they adopted probably lost them the match, though this is beside the question as to the propriety of their conduct.

'To go at once to the root of the matter, the mischief (if one may use such an expression) lies in the laws and not in the players. Whatever it may have been in the past, Law 53 at the present time misses the object for which it was originally enacted, viz., to economise time by allowing the side that fell short of its opponent's score by a certain number of runs to follow its innings. In these days of what are vulgarly called "bread-and-butter wickets" and close boundaries, when three or four hundreds are the constant outcome of the first innings, it frequently happens that two hundred and fifty, and even three hundred runs and more, are insufficient to prevent a side following on. If the leading side is not very strong in bowling, as was the case with Cambridge, and the wicket is still in good order, it may mean, and constantly does mean, another much longer outing on the top of the preceding one, with the possible drawback of having to go in for the last innings on a wicket which has begun to show signs of wear and tear, if not actually breaking up. Hence, instead of reaping any advantage by their opponents following on, the side that went in first *may* absolutely be placed at a disadvantage, though on the particular occasion under notice the wicket probably was easier on the last day than at any other time in the match. Law 54, equally with 53, fails to grasp the situation by debarring a side from declaring its innings closed till the last day of the match. The result of this is that the declaring side nearly always fails to make its declaration till it is not only absolutely impossible for the runs to be got, but also almost impossible to get its opponents out in the time allotted for play. How much more sporting would it be to run the risk of losing as well as of winning! Our leading amateurs and professionals are mostly genuine sportsmen, and it would be far more satisfactory, both to the players and the spectators, to have the match decided, if possible, one way or the other, instead of spending the last wearisome hour or two without any reasonable prospect of an actual result. To sum up, however, the point in question, let the "follow-on" law be abolished for good and all, and allow the side to declare its innings closed at any point of the match.

'With regard to the enormous scores, it is difficult to suggest an effective remedy. Proposals have been made that the wickets should be enlarged in height and width, that Law 24 (relating to l.b.w.) should be made more stringent, that an additional man

should field, though not allowed to bat, &c.; but probably every one will admit that the batsmen should be obliged to run out their hits as far as possible. At the present day a hundred runs in a match, where there is a boundary all round, really does not represent the exertion of fifty, if as much, where the hits have to be run out. If the ball goes over the boundary among the spectators nothing can be done; but a low netting or some such device would, in the majority of cases, prevent this, and then all hits along the ground could be run out, and the batsman would have considerably more exertion in making his runs.

'There is one other incident in connection with the University match which calls for notice, and that is the practice of a fast bowler sending in over after over of short-pitched balls. In the M.C.C. match *v.* Cambridge, a professional bowler accidentally hit one of the Cambridge batsmen, whereupon the Light Blue captain went out into the field and demanded that the said bowler should be taken off. This somewhat extraordinary request was actually complied with, though the next day the same bowler was not sufficiently dangerous to prevent Cambridge from getting over five hundred runs in their second innings and winning the match. But the same captain who made this objection in the M.C.C. match actually allowed one of his bowlers to hit the Oxford batsmen in the first innings over and over again, and did not seem to think that a matter of any consequence. The Oxford captain, singularly enough, did not make a similar objection or ask for the bowler to be taken off, but stood his ground and suffered. Seriously speaking, for any fast bowler to keep on bowling short-pitched balls with the certainty of hitting the batsmen is strongly to be reprehended, and it is not cricket.

'The first test match between England and Australia drew a record crowd to Lord's, and even before a ball was bowled it was a difficult matter to find a seat round the ground. Matters went tolerably smoothly up to the luncheon hour, after which the crowd got inside the ropes, and for some time there was a regular scrimmage between those in front and those behind. It is impossible not to blame the executive for this unseemly disturbance. Everybody knew long beforehand that this match would be *the*

one at which all the devotees of cricket would muster, and a little forethought would have suggested that additional stands should be provided, and a sufficient body of police engaged to prevent the ground from being encroached upon. But even though these steps were not taken, and when it became evident that hundreds who had paid, and were paying, their shillings at the turnstiles would have no chance of a show for their money, it was clearly the duty of the authorities to put up a notice to that effect at the gate; and though one cannot for a moment condone the conduct of the rioters, it is impossible not to sympathise with the majority of those who after paying for admission found that their shillings had only gone to swell the M.C.C. coffers, without affording them a glimpse of the game they had come to see. While on the subject of International matches, a few words may not be out of place with regard to the selection of our representative teams. It has been the custom now for some years during the Australian visits to play what are generally known as three test matches at Lord's, the Oval, and Manchester respectively. Would it not be more satisfactory if a special selection committee of five, or at any rate not more than seven, well-known men in the cricketing world were appointed to choose the teams, men who not only see the cricket on the London grounds, but all over the country, who have been or are leading exponents of the game themselves, and are consequently best qualified to form a sound opinion as to the powers and capabilities of each individual cricketer, as well as of other questions affecting the composition of the teams?

'A few words in conclusion about our visitors: That they are a good sound batting lot, and probably the strongest team all through in that department of the game that has yet visited us, few probably will wish to deny. Their performances speak for themselves; and though perhaps they do not possess a batsman quite equal to Murdoch at his best, there are several first-class and powerful players among them. Their fielding is excellent, but there are two points in which they needed strengthening. One is that they were short of a really superior bowler, such as Spofforth or Turner, though Trumble is a very good and most reliable one, and Jones and Giffen have both done good work, backed up by McKibbin and Trott; the other weakness can be summed up in two words: "Blackham's absence." Of the three test matches, they won that at Manchester, and fought hard, though unsuc-

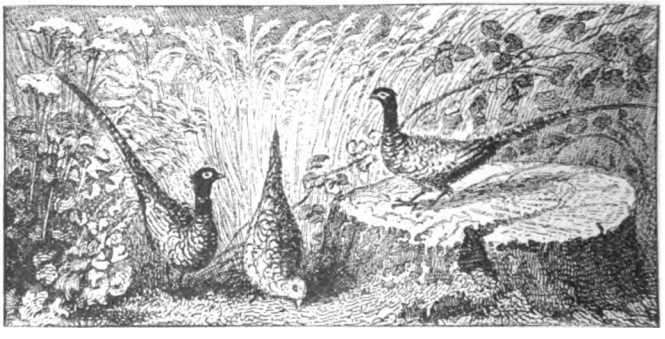
cessfully, in the remaining two. In congratulating them on their general success, and wishing them *bon voyage*, let us express a hope that they may revisit us in three or four years' time with as strong a team as they have brought this year.'

I have received several letters on the subject of the Griffith and Willsher episodes referred to in my 'Notes' last month. 'Will you permit me to act as umpire on this occasion, and to put the wicket straight?' Mr. V. E. Walker kindly writes. 'It was at the end of August in 1862 in Surrey *v.* England match at the Oval that John Lillywhite no-balled Willsher, and as I captained the latter side my position, surrounded (as the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton—now Lord Cobham—and myself were) by a Surrey mob, was rather an unenviable one for the moment. (*Vide* vol. vii. p. 406 of "M.C.C. Scores and Biographies.") It was also at the end of August 1864 at Hastings that Griffith hit Bennett out of the ground from four consecutive balls in one "over" for six runs each. (*Vide* vol. viii. p. 500 of "M.C.C. Scores and Biographies.") I happened to be at Hastings later that autumn, and the "mighty hits" having been talked about, I went to the ground to see the spot, and the man there pointed out to me about where "old Ben" hit from, and the direction that the ball took after leaving "Farmer" Bennett's hand.' For all I know Griffith may have served Willsher the same at the Oval, but I never remember to have heard of it, nor do I think it at all likely to have occurred.

The reminiscence has evidently interested many readers. Major R. C. Otway writes to tell me that he was on the ground at Hastings at the time, and well remembers the circumstance of Griffith hitting these sixes. Bennett, he adds, was a slow round-arm bowler, not a bowler of lobs. Yet another correspondent, Mr. Philip Collins, also saw the game, and adds that 'all the balls were hit clean out of the ground, some of them into some new houses that were being built, much to the edification of the workmen who were "employed" upon them, who were sitting about on the scaffolding smoking and enjoying the match.'

Here is another cricket note; I am full of the subject this month. Mr. H. C. Green writes: 'When reading the article

"A Lost Art," by Mr. W. J. Ford, in the September number of the BADMINTON MAGAZINE, I was reminded of an incident, with reference to the wonderful square-leg hitting power of George Parr, and the remarkable knowledge of cricket shown by Daniel Day, which took place in a match in which I myself played in the year 1848 or '49, I am not sure which. The match was played on the then new ground attached to Day's Hotel at Woolston, Southampton, Daniel Day, a member of the original All England Eleven, being engaged in the match. The sides were, eleven of England, George Parr being one, against eighteen or twenty (I forget the precise number) gentlemen of Hampshire, with Daniel Day, who was then one of the ground professionals, given. Parr had been in, and notwithstanding Day's having kept the ball well to the off to prevent his making his favourite stroke, he was scoring rather more rapidly than was desirable. Taking Mr. Theobald, afterwards the Rev. Mr. Theobald, a well-known Hampshire player, aside, Day said to him, "If George is not out by the next over after this, you go back to as near the boundary as you can, and stand on a brown spot, and the third ball of the succeeding over I will bowl for George to hit, and if, sir, you would like to open your mouth, it shall drop into it." The ball was bowled at the particular time arranged, and Mr. Theobald caught Parr without moving a step from the spot indicated, the ball being a leg-volley, which Parr could not resist.'



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MY FIRST NIGHT IN THE SNOW[1]

BY FRITHJOF NANSEN

THE sledge-bells jangled merrily in the night air, in front of me Lake Kröderen stretched its polished mirror-like surface, and high above glittered and twinkled the host of stars.

But what was that? Only the pony treading through the brittle layer of ice which re-forms on the top of the old after a thaw. I started out of my meditations, whipped him up, called my dog, and so onward, now over hard ice, now over the brittle kind just described, the loose bits spinning briskly away, towards Olberg.

Next morning I took a sledge again up the lake, and was able to drive long stretches of the river, where there was the most splendid ice for skating. I regretted more and more not having brought my skates, as I could certainly have used them almost from Kröderen, the railway terminus, to some distance in the district of Aal. But there went the pony through the ice again! A tug at the reins, a swerve to the left, and we are all right this time, but it might have been nasty enough. One must keep one's eyes about one, for the holes in the ice are often treacherous after a long thaw.

When we at last reached Næs the afternoon was already far gone and it was growing dark; but as I wanted to get on, and thought it would do my stiffened limbs good to exercise them, I

[1] Translated, by special permission, by E. H. Hearn.

threw my 'ski' over my shoulder and set off to walk the fourteen miles to Rolfshus. It grew darker and darker, and the road, besides being steep and slippery, was rendered convex by the snow. From the river, every now and then, the murmur of the water under the ice was to be heard, mingled with the shouts and laughter of the skaters, who were evidently enjoying themselves, and whom the darkness had not yet frightened indoors. Soon afterwards I passed a house, apparently belonging to some official, and heard an authoritative voice calling interrogatively into the darkness: 'Well, are they not coming?' and a woman's voice answered with a Halling accent, 'No, I have shouted myself hoarse, but I can't get them to listen.'

My childhood rose before me once again. How full of delight were the glassy rivers and ponds! Our skates once on our feet, it was not easy to come home to lessons and exercises. Then everything was forgotten—school-dust, bad marks; everything that lay heavy on our consciences was for a brief and happy moment laid aside.

The following morning the weather was again clear and frosty. From Rolfshus upwards there was, as a rule, a little snow by the side of the road, and I was able to put on my 'ski' again. Soon, however, I stood like Hercules at the cross-roads where a final decision had to be made. Should I take the way through Hemsedal and over the Fillefjeld, or should I go up through Aal and across the Halling mountains? The safer way was undoubtedly across the Fillefjeld, but it must be confessed that this route taken altogether is rather tame. I decided on the Halling mountains; the weather was good, the snow at a higher altitude would evidently be in first-rate condition for 'skilöbning,' and as there were three passes to choose from, one of them at any rate must be suitable.

There was often no snow at all on the sides of the road, and when the latter was so convex and slippery that the 'ski' continually vacillated between a desire to go into the river on the one side or into the ditch on the other, I was, having no wish for either, obliged to take them off and carry them. A short halt, however, seated on some roadside timber, and a meal consisting of a piece of gingerbread and an orange, brought me round again, and I started off on my journey upwards with renewed vigour.

I reached Sundre a little past mid-day and conferred with the landlord of the station as to my best route. I told him I wished to be across some time during the following day, but this he considered a sheer impossibility. He had never been any

way himself except that from Nygarden to Eidfjord, but it would be impossible for me to reach Nygarden—a distance of thirty-

I CONFERRED WITH THE LANDLORD AS TO MY BEST ROUTE

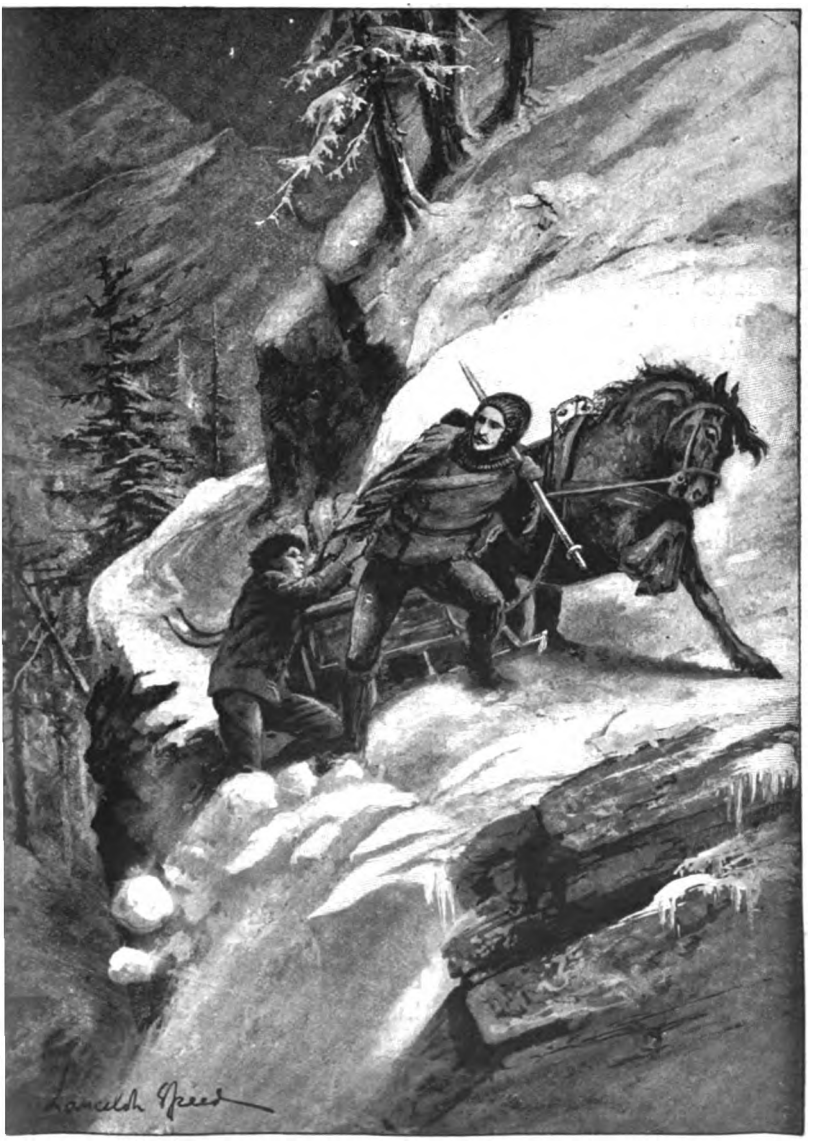
five miles—that day. I should thus be unable to cross the mountains the following one, and should be delayed a day.

This idea did not suit me at all, so I decided on going on to Gudbrandsgarden, the last farm in the district in the direction of Sogn and Voss. To this place it was twenty-eight miles, and thence I should, in all probability, be able to make my way across the next day—if no farther, at any rate to Aurland in Sogn. The landlord knew nothing of this route, had never heard of anyone taking it, and did not think it practicable in winter; in any case a guide ought to be taken. Possibly, I thought, but at any rate I meant to make the attempt, and ordered a sledge to drive to Nedaal (the last *skydsstation*), in order to reach Gudbrandsgarden in tolerable time and to be able to make an early start the next morning.

The road here runs, in many places, through narrow defiles with a wall of rock on one side and a precipice on the other; below, the torrent boils and foams in its wild career downwards towards flatter regions. The road had become more convex and icy than ever, and I had to carry the sledge almost more than it carried me; often it was difficult to get even a foothold, and many times I had to depend on the pony, whose spiked shoes, as long as they lasted, had some purchase on the ice. I had been driving a short distance on a moderately good road and had fallen into a brown study—this must surely be the road King Sverre traversed in his adventurous journey over the mountains from Voss; it answered pretty well to the descriptions in the Sagas—when suddenly the sledge swung round towards the chasm beneath. Its career was hindered by contact with a stone, but the boy behind flew off and would have fallen into the rapids below had I not seized him by the neck with one hand, and, grasping the sledge with the other, righted them both again. But I saw now that I must be careful. The road grew worse and worse; it was pitch dark, but on we went, often inch by inch, I steadying the sledge and holding on by the reins. We reached Sundalsfjord at last, however, and drove down to Gudbrandsgarden at a sharp trot.

In the large, comfortable living-room some pine-knots were crackling cheerfully, throwing their genial light across the floor. Everybody had gone to bed, but they were soon on their legs again when it became known that a stranger had arrived. The husband and wife were asleep on a bed in a corner of the room, but they got up directly; somewhere from under the rafters an audible and regular snoring was to be heard, intimating that there, too, human beings were ensconced; and sure enough, shortly afterwards, a couple of questioning faces peeped out of the darkness.

There is something cosy and comfortable about these old Halling farmhouses, and Gudbrandsgarden is one of the oldest



I SAW NOW THAT I MUST BE CAREFUL

and best specimens. Clean, as a rule, they cannot be called; walls and roof are black with age and smoke, and the floor with

earth and other matter; still, how much they would lose by being light or by being washed and done up! There is substance in the dark log walls, and the roof of stalwart smoke-blackened beams. The whole is a memorial of times gone by, although, unfortunately, in the case of Gudbrandsgarden, the *ljore*, or hole in the apex of the roof for the escape of the smoke, is no longer there.

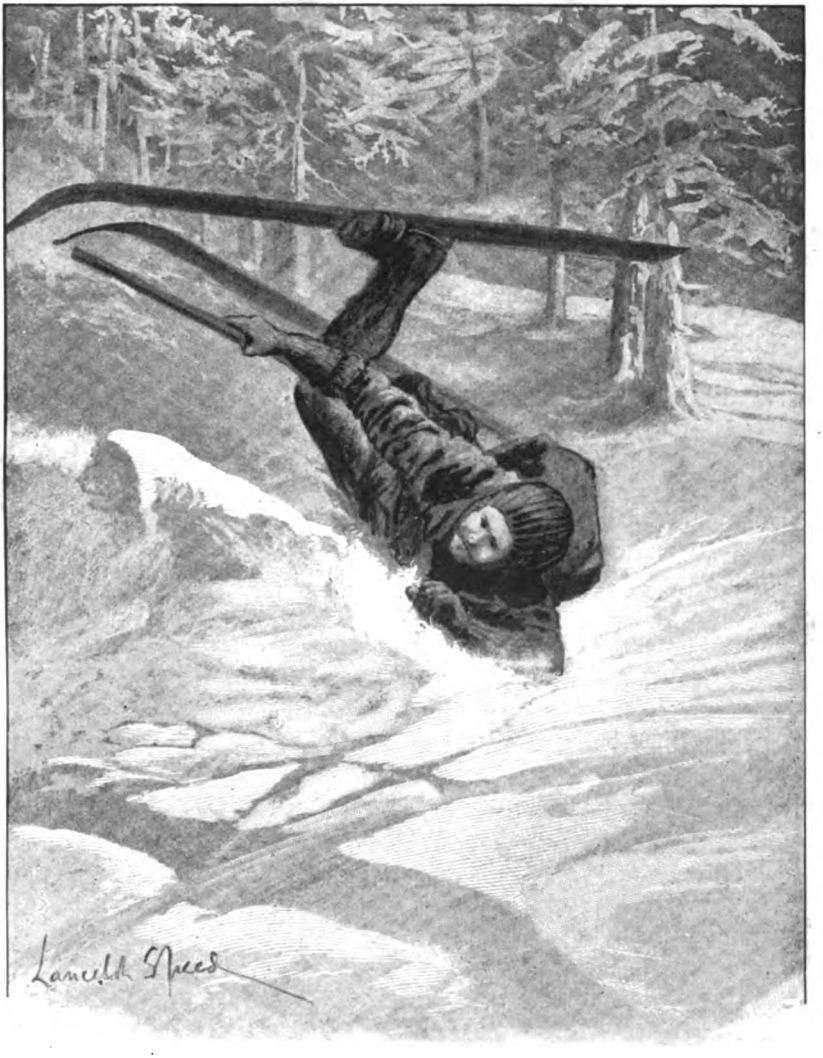
I drew a stool up to the hearth, meanwhile, and consulted my host as to the chances of getting across the next day. He seemed to think I might reach Aurland, but when I told him I intended to cross the Hallingskeia and Vosseskavlen to Voss, he strongly dissuaded me from a journey which, as far as he knew, had never been made in winter and was dangerous enough in summer. Did I think of going alone or of taking a man with me? I had made this particular journey before, but I had no objection to taking a strong fellow with me who knew how to use his 'ski;' there must be plenty of them about. On the contrary, he said, the man was not to be found in the countryside who would cross the mountains to Voss at this time of year; hardly anyone, even, who knew the way. The only person he could think of at all likely to undertake the job was a man at Nystölen who was in the habit of scouring the mountains after reindeer and ptarmigan. Now, as Nystölen was some eight miles off and lay exactly on my way, on the banks of a lake called Strandevand, the best thing I could do, it seemed to me, was to make an early start the next morning and call in there as I went past.

Great was my amazement when, at half-past 3 A.M., I came to breakfast and found I was going to be regaled with cream porridge. These good folk had been up nearly all night in order to make the porridge, because, as the woman said, 'it was so good to go on in the mountains, as one did not get thirsty after it.' When the time came for me to say good-bye, what kindness and sympathy shone from their eyes as they wished me a prosperous journey, and bade me be careful, for many a good man had lost his life there before this! I promised them not to do anything foolish, and after a hearty farewell started out into the clear moonlight.

The snow was hard, and the pace tremendous. My 'ski' ran away with me on the smallest hill, and I discovered several times, to my cost, before I left the valley, that moonlight makes treacherous going. In among the sparse copses the trees threw long shadows on the snow, which everywhere else, except in the shade of the hillocks and irregularities of the ground, sparkled and

glittered in the moonlight; the whole of the southern side of the valley was in darkness.

I came to a long hill, and my 'ski' carried me down it at full



I DISCOVERED THAT MOONLIGHT MAKES TREACHEROUS GOING

speed; first between the upright trunks of a spinney, then out on to an open space where they flew over the ground in the moonlight; then my way was again obscured by brushwood on either

side of me, and suddenly I struck against something and was thrown on my face on the frozen crust of snow, scratching my face and hands badly. Nor was this the only time I made acquaintance with it.

Little by little the valley began to widen out; all the trees and bushes vanished, and the interminable reaches of snow and ice lay undulating in front of me; wherever the eye turned there was nothing but snow, snow, white glistening snow.

I could now cover the ground at a good pace, my shadow dancing on the snow by my side. When I came up on to some rising ground I saw before me the white surface of Strandevand. A long slope led straight to the lake, and down this my 'ski' carried me at a giddy pace, every now and then jumping from crest to crest of the drifts which often form like frozen waves. My legs shook, and it was only with care that I could keep my balance at all. Once on the ice, I had only some three or four miles across to Nystölen. Daylight, too, began to announce its advent above the chain of mountains in the east, lighting up the sky with deepest flame-red, which gradually became brighter and brighter, until at last it seemed as if the heavens were on fire, or a whole country burning below the horizon, and throwing its flaming reflection upwards. I can hardly remember ever having seen such a glow as this one, while the mountains in the background, the snow and everything around assumed a violet tint. Little by little the colour changed to orange, and presented a most glorious colour-symphony, ranging from darkest purple near the horizon through red, orange and gold to the greenish-blue of the sky, which, however, was deep blue at the zenith. The moon still shone with undiminished power, throwing her silver beams across the snow, and glittering on the crests of the mountains.

But there was Nystölen at last. I went round the house to find an entrance, for it looked more like a cow-house than anything else. I was certain, however, that this was the place I wanted, so I knocked at the door, and, sure enough, received an answer of some kind. I opened it, and went in. At first I was in doubt as to whether it were a cow-house or a human habitation; judging by the smell I should have said the former. However, in either case there were human beings and a fire, which latter was, on the whole, a matter of indifference to me. I heard a sound which plainly substantiated the fact that in the adjoining apartment and under the floor there were cattle. I inquired if the owner of the place were at home, and was told in answer that

he was away at some *sæters*, three or four miles on the other side of the lake, marking reindeer.

Now it was fifty odd miles over to Voss, and that, I thought, was enough, without two five-mile journeys to fetch a guide; no, better to go at once and alone.

So now I had to consider my route. If things looked too bad I could always take the pass to Aurland, but in any case, I must have some provisions with me, 'and perhaps you could get me a box of matches too,' I said, turning to a comely lass who was standing beside me. 'You shall have some,' she answered, smiling mischievously with her eyes, 'if you will promise not to go the dangerous way.' However, I could not promise her this for certain, hard as it was, for such prayers are difficult to withstand; but I promised to consider the matter carefully when I came to Gjeiteryggen before starting across. So she gave in and I got the matches, which, with a couple of discs of *fladbröd*, were stuffed into my knapsack. Then, after a cordial farewell on both sides, I set forth again in the moonlight up the lake.

I had just got to the end of Strandevand, and was beginning to negotiate the long slope upwards through the valley which leads to Gjeiteryggen, the watershed between Hallingdal and Aurland, when the sun suddenly rose. The valley here winds at an even gradient upward towards the plateau. The last *sæter* enclosures were left behind; one icebound and snow-covered mountain tarn after another was traversed, while deep down beneath rushed the river under the snow. I soon reached the watershed, and a choice had then to be made between Aurland and Vosseskavlen.

Immediately in front of me lies a great plateau, away at the edge of it the mountains disappear in the direction of Sogn: the pace there, down towards the habitations of men, will be hot indeed.

I turn round, and there lie the snowfields white and sparkling; peak behind peak, like an encampment of white tents against the horizon. How they allure and attract one! Why make the long détour by Aurland, why round and not across, why leave these glorious snowfields? I had found my way here before in mist, rain, and sleet; surely I could do it again and on the most splendid snow. If I did not reach my destination to-day, why then I should reach it to-morrow. I could count on shelter at Hallingskeisæter or Gröndalsæter; in any case the dry soft snow is warmer than a hard flagstone in the autumn when one is wet to the skin, so I decided to keep to my original plan.

In due time I reached the 'Saaten,' a mountain with a decided resemblance to a haycock, whence its name. It is situated just on the ridge where the valleys from both sides meet, and, as it can be seen from a great distance, is a good landmark for the few travellers who come this way in summer.

I saw here the fresh tracks of a large herd of reindeer. They had cut up the snow in their career, racing over the plateau as far as the horizon, where the tracks were lost in a side valley.

The pace left nothing to be desired now the whole way. My 'ski' carried me with lightning speed down hills a couple of miles in length. The wind which had raged for many weeks had packed the snow well together, the thaw and subsequent re-freezing had caused a crust to form, and on this there was a layer of loose snow; the result of which is going as good as any 'skilöber' can desire. The 'ski' barely left a track behind them, and on the flat the wind at my back almost made them go of themselves.

Just here I came across the tracks of three wolves, and later of lynx and glutton—the three worst enemies of the reindeer, after the human race.

I had reckoned on reaching the top of Vosseskavlen easily by four o'clock, in order to get down to Runddalen by 'daylight'; if darkness should come on the descent might give some trouble; it was already half-past two, and I had seen nothing of the Hallingskei *sæters*, although they were in the middle of the valley, so that I could not possibly have passed them by without seeing them. Directly they are passed comes Gröndalsvandet, and it was here I had intended turning off to mount the *skavl*. I scanned the country carefully, but the *sæters* were and remained out of sight. Lake after lake was traversed, and in my blind faith regarding the necessity of finding these *sæters* it never occurred to me that any of the lakes could be Gröndalsvandet. The last time I had seen them it was raining hard, and all the surrounding mountains were bare. Vosseskavlen alone was to be seen in the south, its crest disappearing in the mist. Now everything was white, and it never struck me that one of these peaks could be the *skavl*. I must and would have my *sæters*.

Three o'clock passed—it grew horribly near four—and all hope of gaining the other side began to vanish. I should probably, when I came to the *sæter*, have to effect an entrance and pass the night there. Most likely there would be some fuel left from the previous autumn; I could make myself a fire, eat some *fladbröd* and cheese and, if a vessel of some kind were to be found, melt some snow and make myself thoroughly at home

But what had become of those wretched *sæters*? Could I possibly have miscalculated the time so shamefully? The valley

I CAME TO A WALL OF ROCK OVERHANGING THE RIVER

wound quickly downwards, and quicker and quicker I went in my impatience. Again I reached the extremity of a long lake, and I started off, when suddenly I was brought to a standstill by a

perpendicular drop. The cornice of snow on which I stood projected over a dizzy height; no 'ski' were wanted here. The river boiled and foamed below on its passage through a narrow fissure; the sides of the valley were sheer precipices on both sides. Had I ever been here before? I could not remember it, but supposed I must have, after all. I found a way down—it was perpendicular—and had to hew myself a foothold with my iron-tipped stick, which I carried in one hand and my 'ski' in the other. I reached the bottom by the river at last, but here the valley fell away into the cataract so abruptly that every moment threatened to launch me into the black, foaming water below. I thrust my stick in up to the handle, and it gave every time my foot slipped. Then I came to a wall of rock overhanging the river, and this it was necessary to climb over if I meant to go on. I could not bring myself to believe that I had ever been here before, but yet I must have, so up I crept, step by step. At the top the cornice hung over, and I was obliged to drive in my stick as far as it would go, and lift myself up by means of it and my 'ski;' then I hoisted up the dog and we were out of the wood for the time being.

For a little while things went better, and off we set at full speed towards a new lake. When we had crossed this we came to another ravine, worse than the first, which, after much climbing and exertion, I managed to cross. However, I began to think by this that something was wrong, this could never be the way; at the same time I could not persuade myself that I had so completely lost my bearings, and even the sight of birch trees did not convince me of it. When, however, I discovered a large birch-wood, and from some rising ground a little distance off saw a chasm a couple of hundred feet in depth immediately below me, and also another lake and a narrow valley with birch-woods on either side, I realised that I was in the vicinity of Sogn, and probably not far from Kaardalen. This, however, was not my destination; I meant to cross Vosseskavlen, and, therefore, turned back with the intention of seeking shelter in Gröndalsæter. The worst was having to recross the clefts I had just left, glad to have escaped with my life. But as I had gone one way I could go the other, and I made tracks up the lake as fast as I could. It was rapidly growing dark, and the stars were peeping out one by one, shedding a faint, trembling light.

Having retraced my steps a considerable distance, and climbed down and up cleft after cleft, I had now to find Gröndalsæter, which was situated on the south-east bank of the lake, imme-

diately under a steep mountain, and only a few yards from the shore. I kept confidently on along the right-hand side of the lakes on my way upwards, and scanned unremittingly, but the *sæter* seemed literally to have been spirited away. Lake after lake, but always the same result.

I looked at my watch, and as far as I could make out by the light of the stars it was half-past nine; bedtime, and more than bedtime, for I had been on my legs since three in the morning. If the *sæter* refused to be found, then let it go; I could make myself as soft a bed where I was.

A sharp piercing wind was blowing, and it was necessary to find some shelter from it. So where the wind had blown a drift against a large stone, I crept in between the two, dug myself a bed, put on a woollen jersey, my only reserve garment, and with my knapsack under my head and the dog curled round by my side fell sweetly asleep.

When I awoke my legs were rather cold. I peeped up and out of my hole. It was moonlight, and I was rested. It was nearly three o'clock, and time to be off again. But whither? I saw plainly now that I had been disporting myself the previous day in a lateral valley, which appeared to be without any outlet. It would be better to ascertain the fact for certain, and then go back the way I had come. I concluded I should be able to find my track from the previous day if the wind had not obliterated it. I made my way back to the last lake I had left the night before, and found the tracks of my 'ski' again. It certainly had a certain resemblance to Gröndalsvandet as I remembered it. The mountains hereabouts are comparatively low, but on the south-west side there was just such a crag as that above Gröndal-sæter. But to find the *sæter* was a riddle indeed. There was, to be sure, a sort of mound, into which I thrust my staff and struck something hard. It was not impossible that a house might be buried here; but at all events it was advisable to take a trip up some height to reconnoitre. So up I went, and a hard pull it was, but at last I reached the top and looked round me.

Never could I have imagined the sight which awaited me here. If it had cost me some trouble to get up, I was repaid a thousandfold. If one is to sacrifice one's life for a view, then let it be this. Before me lay the white table-land, stretched out like a sea of frozen drift-white waves, undulating in ridge and furrow, lulled into great plains, towering in sharp crests and peaks outward and onward as far as the eye could reach towards the horizon, where they were lost in a hazy glimmer. Over the

whole expanse of waves the moon shed her placid, mild lustre, while the valley lay in gloomy shadow. Due east, and not far off, the Hallingskarv raised its mighty dome-like masses; far in the west glittered and blinked the icy Hardanger Jökel with its somewhat sharper outlines, and nearer in the same direction, sharp and pointed against the sky, rose a mountain which I took to be Vosseskavlen.

But moonlight is treacherous, and it would, perhaps, be better to wait for the full light of dawn, that I might with certainty decide on my route. So I buried myself in the snow again, and went to sleep for a couple of hours, until the day began to break, with even greater brilliancy than on the previous morning. It was now so light that I could take my bearings, and, as I had concluded, it was Vosseskavlen I had seen in the west. Soon afterwards the sun came fully out, tinging the grottoes in the snow-drifts with glittering colour. I retraced my steps to Gröndal-sæter, and followed the trend of the valley till I reached the mountain tarn under Vosseskavlen. Above me was the glacier, now covered with snow, and step by step and inch by inch, my 'ski' in one hand and my stick in the other, cutting steps with the latter, and hooking myself into the rock with both, I managed to make my way up. But, bad as it was for me, it was worse for the dog, whose agility and resource I often could not help admiring. At last, however, I got so far that I could see the worst was over. How my arms and legs ached, and how the sun scorched! In my delight at being up I decided on eating my last orange. It was frozen as hard as a cocoa-nut, but it tasted all the better—in fact, like the most delicious fruit-ice. When the inside had been consumed I fell to work on the peel, and this mixed with snow was not bad, and I only wished I had more.

The remaining part of the way was now easier. On the edge of the long glacier which slants towards the precipice I took to my 'ski' again, and mounted the steep, even surface, leading to the top in zigzags. The perspiration rolled down my face in the burning sun; at last, however, I reached the top, and had the whole glittering expanse of glacier before me. In the background, in a westerly direction, were the peaks of Voss, in the south the Hardanger mountains with the Jökel, and behind me the colossal outlines of the Hallingskarv were traced against the horizon. Immediately below were the tarn and cirque I had just left.

It was among these wastes that, seven hundred years ago, Sverre and his men wandered about for a week without other food

or drink than frozen snow. It seems almost incredible, but the mist was probably thick, and it was before the days of compasses. The most curious fact, however, is that in the month of October they should not have been able to find running water.

I now crossed the glacier and began the descent on the other side. The wind had smoothed away all inequalities, here and there only were a few drifts, but the snow was hard and in some places icy. My 'ski' literally ran away with me, the pace became faster and faster, sometimes I rushed through the air on the tops of the waves, sometimes again on even ground—eventually I did not know the difference. I tried to diminish the speed by steering in zigzags, but without effect, the snow was too hard. I reached the lake and shot across it and up the other bank; then stood still, shaking in every limb from the impetus. I looked up, and saw in the distance, near the top, the dog, like a black speck, working his way towards me.

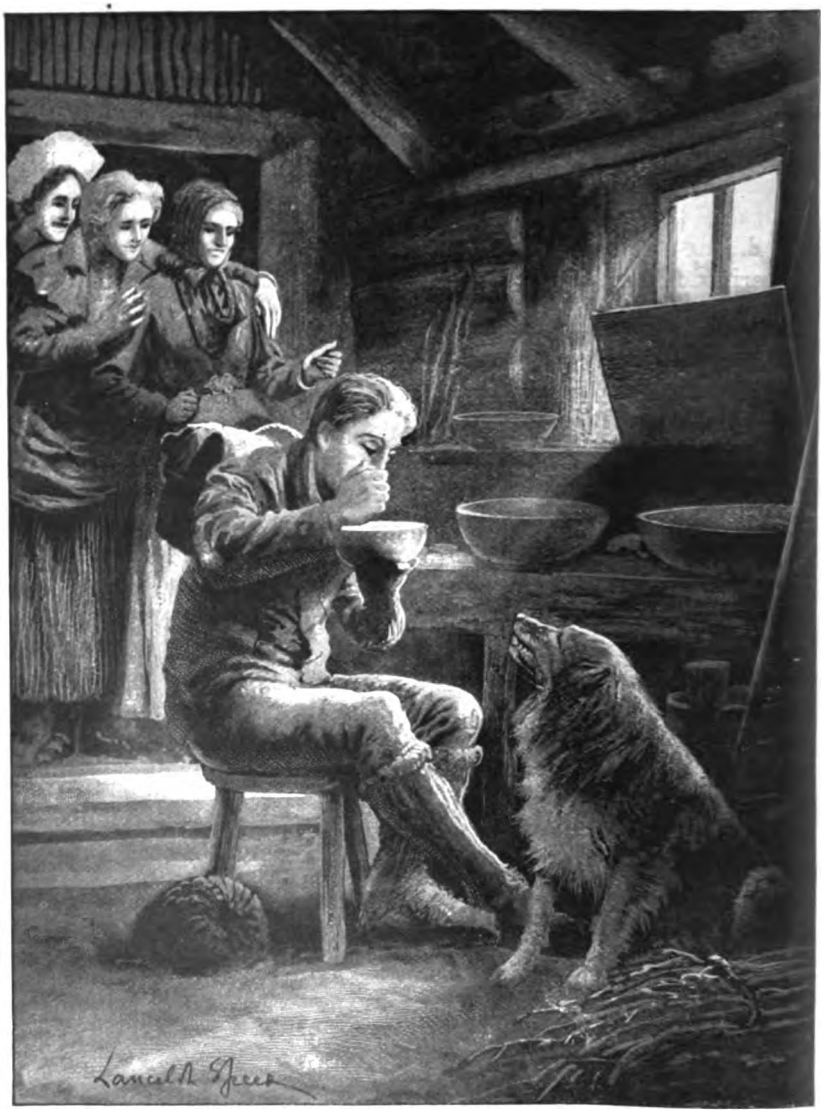
The going, however, became worse and worse, and I could see that the proximity of the sea rendered the temperature milder. A crust of ice, as slippery as steel, had formed on the snow, and was bad for both 'ski' and hands when the latter came in contact with it. Steering was a matter of difficulty, as there was much lateral movement of the 'ski' on the crust of ice, and I had some ugly cuts on my hands before I got down. Suddenly I again found myself standing on the edge of a precipice. The ground fell away abruptly on all sides, the cornices curled over the chasm. I could not see the wall beneath, and recoiled involuntarily. I was standing on the very brink of a snow cornice.

I considered the situation carefully, and finally managed to make a descent through a narrow gully where the snow did not overhang, and had nothing before me now but good long hills.

I reached Runddalen at last. I could see by the birch trees that I was approaching inhabited places, and through the copses, where the willow-grouse rose on each side of me, I made a rapid descent to Kleven, the first farm in the district.

How delicious it would be to have something to drink. Nothing in the world could compare just now with a couple of quarts of good, sweet milk. I reached the first house and looked in at the window; a large pan was standing on the table, but not a soul was to be seen. I glanced at the next house, but it was too far off—five hundred yards or so. I took off my 'ski' and went through the room to the place where the milk was kept, but alas! it was all sour—still, where sour milk was to be found there must also be fresh. I ransacked the shelves, took down pan after

pan, till at last, on the top shelf of all, I found one that looked more promising. I blew away the cream and tasted it; it was



I FELL SERIOUSLY TO WORK

sweet! I carried my bowl back to the table, pulled up a stool, and fell seriously to work.

As I was sitting there at my ease some girls came trooping in

at the door, but stood still, petrified, at the sight of me and my dog. They gazed a moment, open-mouthed, and then took to their heels. A little while afterwards an elderly woman appeared in the doorway, apparently considering whether she should do as her predecessors had done. A couple of the girls' terrified heads were to be seen peeping.

I nodded to her, and apologised for having taken her milk. 'Oh, thank God it's Christian folk,' she exclaimed; 'I thought you were a troll and that the dog was a wolf at least.'

At four o'clock, after a nap, I started on my downward journey. The valley soon began to darken, and the snow and road became worse and worse. When, at length, I arrived at Vold I thought it would be better to take a sledge, and if possible drive the last fourteen miles. After some persuasion, the master of the station gave in and let me have a horse, though under protest, declaring meanwhile that it was madness. At last we got under way, and there is no denying that the road was very bad indeed. We had to walk as much as we drove, but I was thankful every time I was allowed to sit still. Soon I dropped fast asleep, only jumping up to hold the sledge when it swerved towards the precipice.

At last we reached the redoubtable 'Sverresti' (so named after King Sverre, as being the path he used on the above-mentioned expedition), and when we were down this the day was won, and we had only a good flat road before us.

It was one o'clock by the time we arrived at Vossevangen, and I longed for a comfortable bed, for though my quarters of the previous night on the Hallingfjeld were unexceptionable, it cannot be denied that Fleischer's Hotel is more luxurious.

The next day I took the train back to Bergen.

A YACHTSMAN'S PARADISE [1]

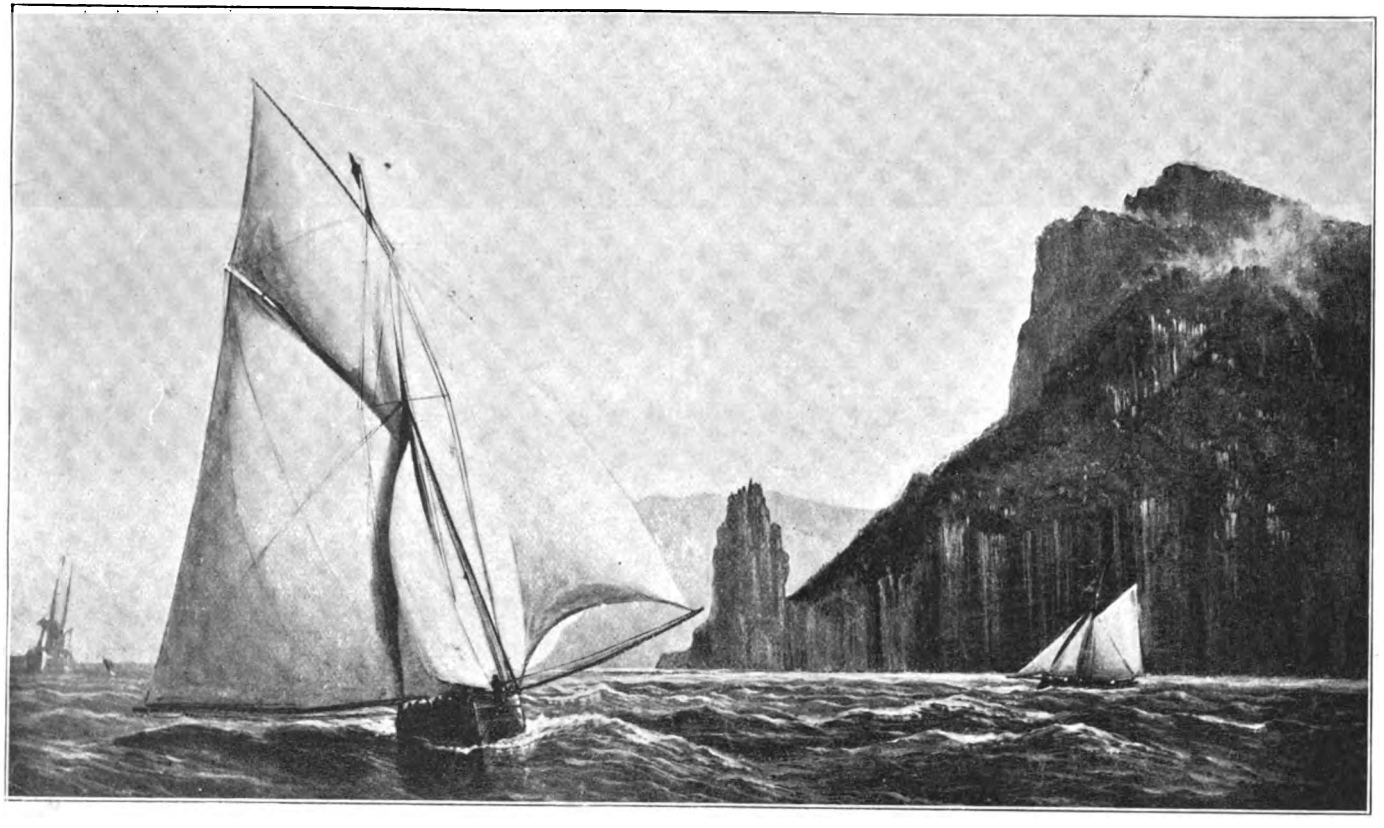
BY R. E. MACNAGHTEN

If a fine climate, sheltered waters, magnificent scenery, and a steady breeze, combined with other advantages which shall be mentioned in their proper place, in any way can be thought to justify the words 'A Yachtsman's Paradise,' I doubt if there be any place in the world within the temperate zones which can so fairly lay claim to the title as the shores of Southern Tasmania.

And first a word as to the climate. In England we are accustomed to regard yachting as almost exclusively a summer pastime. In Southern Tasmania there is practically no winter, only a sort of genial autumn; though it may freeze for a week or so during the night-time, the days succeeding such frosty nights are peculiarly delightful and exhilarating, and towards noon quite genially warm; so that though the yachting season is, of course, officially confined to the summer months, it may in truth be said to extend all through the year. In fact, the only really great advantage to the yachtsman which the summer possesses over the winter in Tasmania is in the much more settled breezes. During the summer months a breeze springs up almost invariably in the morning and blows steadily towards the land all day, a breeze strong enough for the many sailing ketches which trade to and from Hobart to make their trips with great regularity and fair speed, and steady enough for the yachtsman to be able to calculate with tolerable accuracy on its remaining the same all day when it has once arisen in the morning.

But perhaps the greatest advantage possessed by the waters of Southern Tasmania is their sheltered character. On either side of Hobart, stretching for a distance of, say roughly, forty

[1] Photographs by J. W. Beattie, Wellington Bridge, Hobart.



OFF CAPE PILLAR

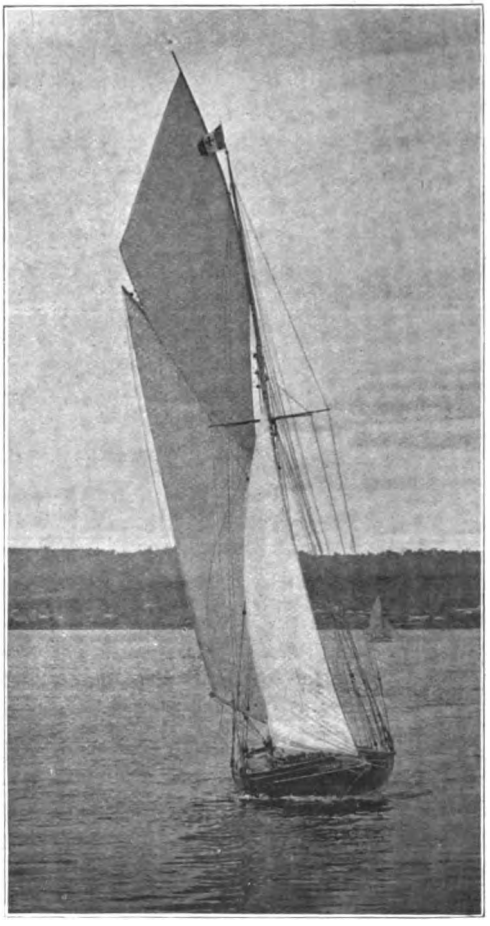
miles, are sheltered bays, lochs, and fiords, such as I believe no country in the world with a temperate climate can show anything to approach to. Roughly speaking, these sheltered waterways comprise, on the one hand, the river Derwent, D'Entrecasteaux Channel, and the Huon river, and on the other the magnificent bays known by the names of Frederick Henry Bay and Norfolk Bay. The waters included in the two latter are larger and more exposed, but the D'Entrecasteaux Channel is much narrower and protected on either side by lofty hills and mountains. This noble channel, for purposes of either commerce or pleasure, has probably no equivalent elsewhere.

I have already said that the scenery is magnificent. It possesses, indeed, all the charms which water, forests, mountains, island, river, and lake can give. It varies, moreover, from peaceful beauty to the wildest and sternest grandeur. Here you come upon some tiny township nestling amidst its orchards and pleasant grass-sown hills; then in a few minutes all traces of civilisation or man have vanished, and nothing is seen but the rough grandeur of the Tasmanian bush, with the same appearance that it must have worn for a thousand years.

The views from most of the hills that fringe the water's edge show vistas of that mingled peace and beauty which is so striking an aspect of the Tasmanian landscape; while to the yachtsman not the least delightful feature in the ever-varying scene are the many islands that lie dotted about the bays and lochs, some of them, such as Huon and Hope Islands, oases of bright fertility; others untouched by the hand of man, but equally if not more picturesque with their wooded slopes running gently down to the water's edge. While the whole coast line is hilly, in some cases the ranges attain an even greater height, and such fine mountains as Mount Wellington (4,166 ft.), beneath which the city of Hobart securely nestles, and Adamson's Peak (4,017 ft.), the lofty pyramid that rises some miles back from the lovely harbour of Esperance, can best be seen from the water.

Nor do the advantages possessed by these waters of Southern Tasmania for the yachtsman end here. By a wise provision of the Government all the shores of these sheltered seas, and all the banks of every navigable river, have a frontage reserved to the Crown for ever. The yachtsman who is making a pilgrimage of exploration can camp anywhere for the night without being warned off by an angry landlord, and on the shores he will find close at hand as much fuel as he may need for purposes of cooking or warmth. Living, moreover, is extremely cheap, and

all the necessaries of life, especially such requisites as milk, butter, fruit, and eggs, can be purchased almost anywhere, where there is a homestead, at ridiculously low rates. In the summer, for instance, butter is often as cheap as sixpence a pound, and eggs as low as sixpence a dozen. Moreover most of this country, and especially the Channel and Huon districts, are the great fruit-producing centres of Tasmania. Many tons of strawberries are raised at Long Bay in the Channel alone, and can be purchased for an average of threepence a pound, while raspberries, cherries, gooseberries, currants, &c., are abundant all through the Huon and Channel, the price of raspberries, for instance, varying from one penny to twopence a pound! As for apples, they are so abundant in every township in the Huon in their proper season that they can almost be had for the asking.



'VOLANT'

With all the conditions so favourable, it cannot be wondered that the inhabitants take to the water like fish, and as I have heard it remarked of the clerks in a certain bank in Hobart, 'they are all yachtsmen to a man.' Yachting, indeed, is not as in England a pastime confined for a few months to the wealthier classes of the community; it is a national all-the-year-round recreation in which 'the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker,' all freely indulge. Under these circumstances many of the yachts

are small, though they are handled in a masterly and most seamanlike manner; but, on the other hand, there are some fine boats, notably the 'Clytie,' the 'Psyche,' the 'Vendetta,' the 'Enchantress,' &c.

It stands to reason with yachting so prominently developed as a national pastime, that regattas have become a regular and necessary institution. Foremost of these comes, of course, the Hobart Regatta, which, held at the beginning of the year under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor, and with generally some portion of the Australian squadron as an additional attraction, draws visitors from all the neighbouring colonies.

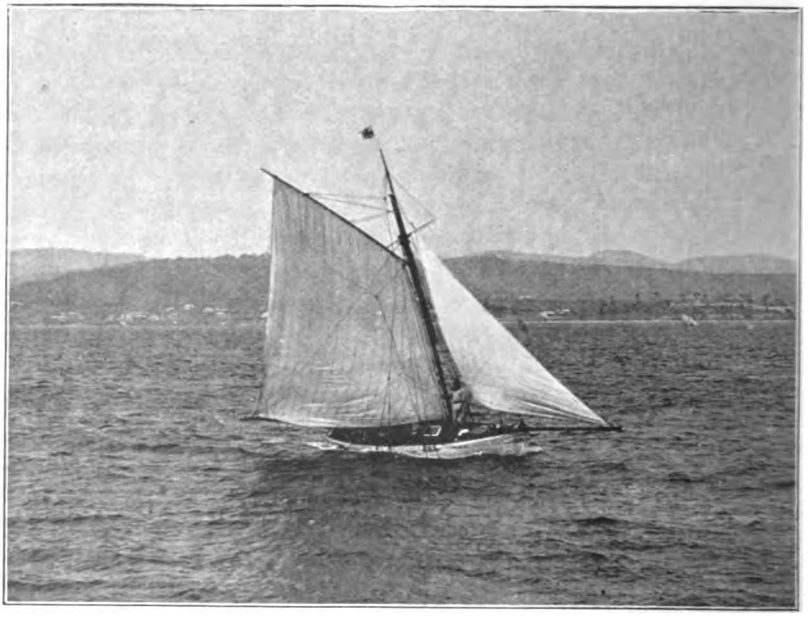
'GLEAM'

All the events are keenly contested and watched with eager and, generally speaking, most intelligent interest by the thousands of spectators who throng together to do honour to Tasmania's gala day, which is indeed made a sort of universal picnic even by those whose interest in yachting is not so intelligent or keen. The regatta is usually held about the end of January, and a greater contrast than a Tasmanian January and the same season in the Old Country could hardly be imagined.

Amongst the principal yachts of the port of Hobart may be mentioned the 'Volant' (28 feet l.w.l.) owned by Mr. H. Denne, and of the same length l.w.l. the 'Surprise' (W. Walchorn), the 'Mabel' (Hallam), the 'Lughretta' (Webster), and the 'Niobe' (40 feet l.w.l.) (G. Cheverton), while amongst the 21 feet, the 'Fairlie' (L. Clarke), the 'Thelma' (Messrs. Oldmeadow), the 'Romp' (Messrs Chancellor), the 'Viking' (O Hedburg), and the 'Gleam' (Balt Bros.) occupy deservedly a prominent place.

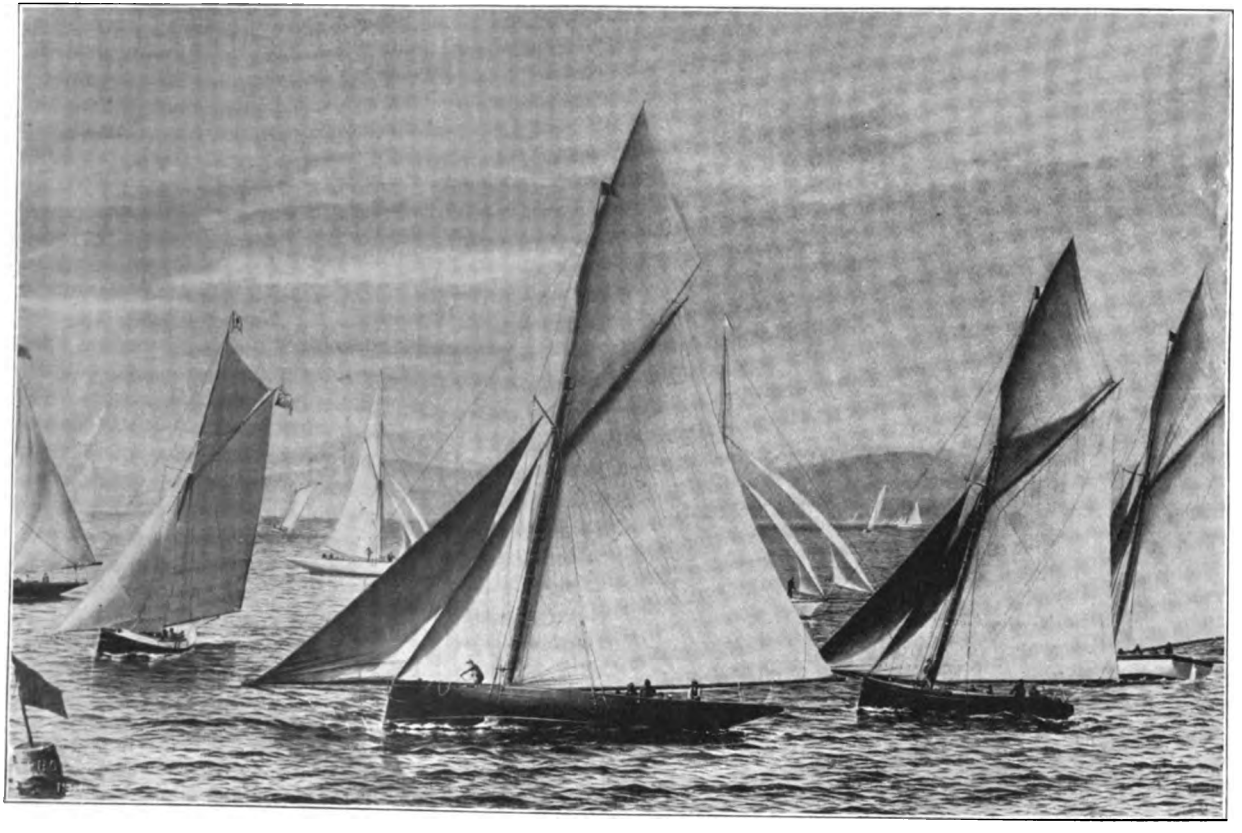
At the time of the regatta the vessels of the Australian squadron that may happen to be in port render, by permission of his Excel-

lency the Admiral, great assistance to the local display, and one or two of the races are usually confined to the crews of the men-of-war alone. There are few occasions on which the words of the national, one might almost say, imperial song come more forcibly home to the heart than this. Here is the outward and visible sign that 'Britannia' verily and indeed 'rules the waves,' displayed in the most striking and picturesque form. A little more than a hundred years ago, and these fair waters, now alive with craft of every description, from the tiny skiff to the mighty ironclads, which though gay with flags and bunting give a martial



'OLGA'

appearance to the holiday scene, were an absolute waste, devoid of all sign of life or energy. This island of Tasmania, and that mighty island-continent across the straits, might have fallen into the hands of any other nation but ours, had it not been for the viking spirit which sent our seamen as explorers and discoverers to every part of the discoverable world. And it is but right and fitting that the seamen of that same fleet which rendered such a regatta possible should grace its festivities by their presence, and themselves take part in some of its varied events. Let it be added in justice to Hobart that on her gala day, as at all possible seasons,



REGATTA DAY AT HOBART

she well repays the debt she owes to the fleet which made her foundation and existence possible. Officers and men alike look forward to a stay in these pleasant waters, and the many hospitalities which are showered on the fleet both here and at Sydney have done much to cement the ties between the Old Country and her Australasian daughters and, indeed, as has lately been remarked by Admiral Bowden-Smith, it is a matter of congratulation that many of the officers have found helpmeets for life while serving in the far-off waters of the South.

The following is the programme for the regatta of 1896, consisting of nineteen separate events :—

FIRST RACE.—Derby Scullers. 10 A.M. Entrance 10*s*. First prize, 5*l*.; second, 2*l*. (Amateur scullers, winners of first prizes, excluded.)

SECOND RACE.—Champion Scullers (handicap). Entrance 10*s*. First prize, 7*l*.

THIRD RACE.—Alexandra. For amateur scullers. Entrance 10*s*. First prize, 7*l*.; second, 2*l*.

FOURTH RACE.—(Four-oared.) For youths under 18, rowing in boats not exceeding 26 ft. 6 in. Entrance 10*s*. First prize, 8*l*.; second, 4*l*.

FIFTH RACE.—(Four-oared.) For amateurs rowing in boats not exceeding 26 ft. 6 in. Entrance 1*l*. Prize trophies value 20*l*.

SIXTH RACE.—Warship Race (for whale-boats rowing five oars). Entrance free. First prize, 4*l*.; second, 2*l*.

SEVENTH RACE.—Champion four-oared, for all-comers in boats not exceeding 26 ft. 6 in. Entrance 1*l*. First prize, 10*l*.

EIGHTH RACE.—Amateur Four-oared. Winners of first prizes excluded. Entrance 1*l*. First prize (trophy), 12*l*.

NINTH RACE.—Warship Race, for cutters rowing ten or twelve oars. Entrance free. First prize, 4*l*.; second, 2*l*.

TENTH RACE.—Five-oared Race, for whaleboats fit for whaling purposes. Entrance 1*l*. First prize, 20*l*.; second, 7*l*.; third, 3*l*.

ELEVENTH RACE.—Shovel Race. In puntos, to be propelled by four hands. First prize, 2*l*.; second, 1*l*. A prize of 1*l*. to most grotesquely dressed crew.

TWELFTH RACE.—Handicap Sailing-Boat Race. For boats not exceeding 12 ft. 6 in. on w.l. Entrance 7*s*. 6*d*. First prize, 4*l*.; second, 2*l*.

THIRTEENTH RACE.—Handicap Sailing-Boat Race. For boats not exceeding 16 ft. 6 in. on w.l., decked or half-decked. Entrance 10*s*. First prize, 7*l*.; second, 4*l*.; third, 2*l*.

FOURTEENTH RACE.—For yachts not exceeding 21 ft. on w.l. (handicap). Entrance 15*s*. First prize, 8*l*.; second, 4*l*.

FIFTEENTH RACE.—Warship Race (for sailing boats of any class). Entrance free. First prize, 4*l*.; second, 3*l*.

SIXTEENTH RACE.—For yachts not exceeding 21 ft. on w.l. (handicap). Entrance 1*l*. First prize, 15*l*.; second, 6*l*.; third, 3*l*.

SEVENTEENTH RACE.—For trading ketches not exceeding 30 tons. Entrance 1*l*. First prize, 20*l*.; second, 10*l*.; third, 5*l*.

EIGHTEENTH RACE.—For yachts not exceeding 28 ft. on w.l. (handicap). Entrance 1*l*. First prize, 20*l*.; second, 10*l*.; third, 5*l*.

NINETEENTH RACE.—Yacht race for cutters and yawls.

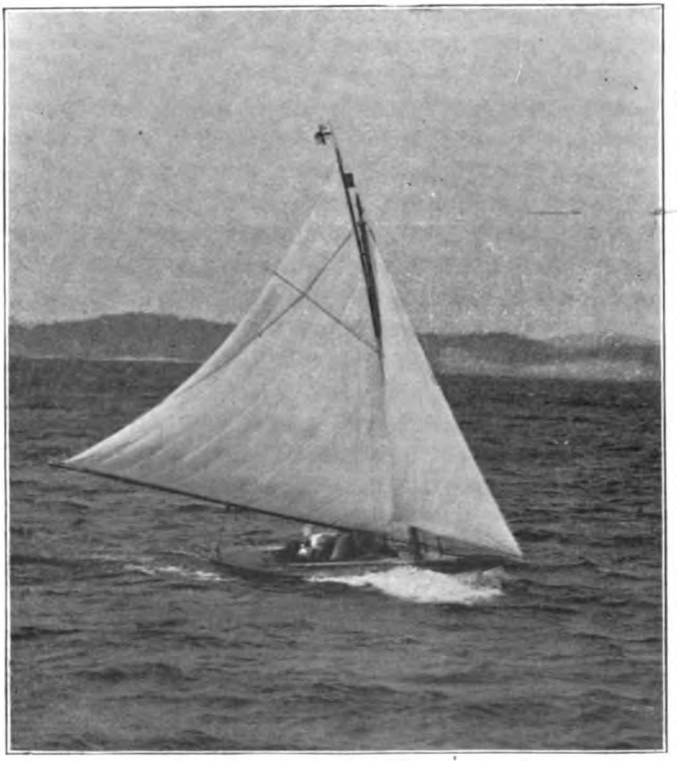
While the chief attractions of the yachting world centre in the Hobart Regatta, much interest is also taken in several of the country regattas, and the Shipwright's Point Regatta in particular (on the Huon river) attracts enormous crowds from Hobart and the neighbouring townships of the Huon. The number of visitors this year was greater than ever, and it may be said that the

'ATALANTA'

regatta is firmly established in Tasmania. But the regatta is, after all, only the outward and visible sign of the enormous advantages possessed for all yachting purposes by the waters of Southern Tasmania. It is the ease with which yachting expeditions for such varied periods as a day, a week, or a month can be undertaken at almost all periods of the year, combined with the fact that one can so easily exchange the conventionalities of life

for scenes where Nature, and Nature alone, reigns supreme, that constitutes the great charm in Tasmanian yachting.

Where in the world for instance will you find a more delightful stretch of waters for a two days' or even a week's trip than that which stretches from Hobart to Port Esperance? Let us take such a trip in fancy as a sample of the reality. Starting then from Hobart in the early morning, on one of those glorious days which seem the special privilege of Tasmania, as soon



'PINEGA'

as we get fairly out on to the broad bosom of the Derwent we are confronted on all sides by a view which certainly cannot be surpassed in any other part of the globe. Behind us lies the city, resting securely on the lower slopes of the mountain, which towers up in the background in serene and cloudless splendour, so that every rift in the Organ-pipes, as the fluted escarpment near the summit is called, seems distinctly visible to the naked eye. There is a faint stir of life round the wharves, but elsewhere

the city is still wrapped in slumber, and so with the aid of the light and scarcely perceptible breeze which draws off the land at this early hour we gradually stand out into the Derwent; with a scene of almost equal beauty in the foreground, with the lofty crags of Bruny on the right some ten miles in front, and on the left the mainland stretching away in a mingled panorama of forest, promontory and hill to the far horizon, where Cape Raoul guards the approach to Port Arthur. Even at this early hour we are not the only occupants of the river. Two or three sailing ketches or 'barges,' as they are locally named, are taking advantage of this same light breeze to get out into the river on their return journey to Recherche, Port Esperance, or Shipwright's Point, from which they have each brought a load of timber, which may before long, in the form of wood pavement, experience a very different kind of traffic in the busy streets of London.

We are scarcely moving now, but in another hour or hour and a half we may hope to get a good and steady breeze—such, at least, is the promise of the morning—so the skipper busies himself with preparing a savoury breakfast, the *pièce de résistance* being a fine barracouta, which he has just purchased from the fish market. Some people affect to despise this toothsome fish, but when they are freshly caught, as we know our friend has been, and are eaten under such delightful, not to say invigorating, surroundings, I can wish for nothing better to break one's fast with than this. From the smoke going up from the fire-pots of the other barges I see that they are also preparing for breakfast, and I can only hope that they will have as dainty a repast as ours promises to be. The only thing I draw the line at on these occasions is 'billy tea,' that is to say, tea made in a billy can, and served either without milk at all, or with that ineffectual substitute which the little girl in the story termed 'condensed milk.' But here, also, the thoughtful providence of the skipper has provided us with a quart of milk of the freshest, so that we are quite as comfortable on board as we could have been on shore.

When breakfast is over, and the matutinal pipe is being smoked, we see with pleasure that the morning's promise is certain to be fulfilled; for there is the breeze coming, and just the right breeze too, so that in a few minutes' time we, and the other barges which are our companions, are spinning away merrily for the entrance to the passage between Bruny and the mainland. In another hour or so Denne's Point is close in front of us, and we envy the owner of this fine property, so close to Hobart, and yet so surrounded with all the charms of country life. As is the

case with so many first settlers, Mr. Denne's name has been given to the promontory which is so conspicuous a feature of his property, and I suppose that if English and not Volapuk should be the language of Tasmania a thousand years hence, Mr. Denne's name will still be officially remembered in connection with this northern point of Bruny. Brown's River, on the mainland, a favourite Sunday resort with Hobartians, is, I imagine, a similar case, and I suppose that this more common but equally English

'GITANA'

name will be equally perpetuated for all time in connection with this well-known watering-place. Talking of names, I may say that much of the very charming nomenclature of the waters which we are now entering owes its origin and beauty to the French language, and I cannot but think it shows how really very little insular the British colonist is that in such diverse colonies as Tasmania and New Zealand he has adopted names which were anything but British in origin. So far as New Zealand indeed is concerned, I am rather inclined to think that

it would have been wiser, in naming the lakes, to follow the example pursued in such a case as the naming of Dunedin, rather than to adhere to the native names. Such words as 'Wakatipu' (commonly contracted to 'Wakatip'), Te Anau, Havea, &c., may be historically correct, but they are certainly not phonetically beautiful. But with the French names, which have been so largely adopted in this part of Tasmania, the case is very different, while historically they point back to some of the earliest episodes in the discovery of the island. Bruny Island, D'Entrecasteaux Channel, the Huon River, Port Esperance, Recherche, Mount La Pérouse, &c., are all names of great natural beauty, and at the same time are intrinsically interesting as recalling the voyages made by the French admirals, Bruny, D'Entrecasteaux (who touched at Tasmania in the year of 1792), and La Pérouse. 'L'Espérance' and 'Recherche' were the names of two of the ships, and Huon the Christian name of D'Entrecasteaux's flag-captain.

The breeze gets fresher when we have got about a mile down the D'Entrecasteaux Channel, as the passage between Bruny and the mainland is called, and now it is clear that we shall have a favourable run right down the Channel. And what a beautiful scene it is we are passing through as North-West Bay opens to view on the right, to be followed by bay and cove in quick succession, each, one might be inclined to say, more charming than the other! Here, for instance, is Oyster Cove, so-called from the oysters which used to abound on its sheltered basin. What a charming view it presents from the water, with its pleasant orchards and houses dotted here and thereabout! This was the place reserved by the Government for the natives when it became expedient to bring them into one locality, after their removal from Flinders' Island.

Only a little further on, and distinctly visible from the mainland, is an island, now uninhabited, but at one time the scene of a stirring drama, which nearly ended in a fearful tragedy. On this island in the early days a British officer determined to settle with his family, delighted by the beauty of the surroundings, and undeterred by the fact that on the mainland there was then located a penal settlement. For some time all went well with these romantic settlers, but one Christmas-time the father and son sailed to Hobart to get provisions and other necessaries, leaving the house altogether devoid of male protection. Unfortunately, during their absence, some of the convicts managed to escape, seized on a boat, and at once made their way over to this

lonely island. I imagine the dismay of the mother of the household when she saw the boat approach, and felt that she had nothing but her husband's gun to protect her. Knowing, however, that her husband must shortly return, she determined to barricade the house, which she accordingly did, at the same time threatening to shoot any of the convicts who should endeavour to force their way in. For some time they were accordingly kept at bay, but at length conceived the idea of setting fire to the house, for which they at once began making preparations. In

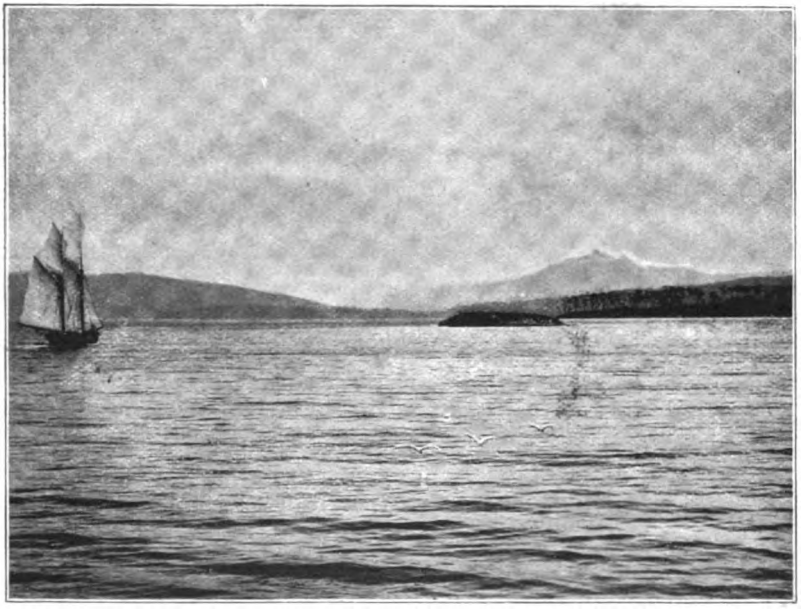
A YACHTING CAMP SOCIAL

the meantime her husband and son were nearing the island when they became aware of the presence of the convicts. But what could two men do against so many? Hastily taking counsel, they resolved to cross over to the mainland for aid, and immediately they arrived obtained a strong reinforcement, with which they returned. But though they had not lost a moment, they were only just in time. Already the convicts, maddened by the unexpected resistance they had met with, had lit a fire preparatory to burning down the house, when the rescuing party landed and hurried to their encounter. After a short

but sharp engagement the desperadoes were utterly overpowered, and I believe that such as survived paid for their dastardly attack with their lives. In any case the Government, recognising the extraordinary bravery of the lady who had defended the island against such overwhelming odds, granted it to her and her husband as freehold, and they lived there for many years. Such is the story as I have heard it, and I believe that in its essential features it is absolutely true. This island, though now uninhabited, affords excellent pasturage for a certain number of cattle. We are now approaching another of those delightful coves which are the glory of the Channel, named Peppermint Bay, a place which has recently greatly increased in size. Almost immediately after we have sailed past 'Pep. Bay,' as it is locally termed, we get a magnificent view of the narrow and sandy isthmus which alone prevents North and South Bruny from being two islands.

This isthmus is extremely narrow, and only a few feet above the high tide on each side of it, so that it looks, to those who are sailing past at a distance, as if the trees on the isthmus were growing out of the ocean. With this favouring breeze we are now rapidly approaching Long Bay, and if it be the right time of the year we may as well land at the jetty for a few minutes and see if we cannot purchase some of those fine strawberries, of which so many tons are annually raised on the slopes that front on Long Bay; and as this sea breeze makes one uncommonly hungry, we will set about preparing luncheon, while we send the skipper, who is an admirable forager, to see what he can get for us in the strawberry line. Sure enough, here he is, back in twenty minutes with a bountiful supply, which he has been able to purchase at *4d.* a lb.—certainly not an exorbitant price. Luncheon over, we must embark again, for with this fine breeze we ought to be anchored off the Esperance jetty at five or six o'clock, while if we loiter much longer, the breeze is sure to die off at sundown, and we may have to lie out in the mouth of the Huon all night. And now we pass the last sign of habitation on the mainland side of the Channel, a place significantly known as Three Hut Point. As we round the corner, one of the finest views in Southern Tasmania is suddenly revealed. In front of us lies an enormous expanse of water, a landlocked sea into which the Huon pours his waters; the mainland lies beyond, stretching away into the far horizon, while all along its course rises a chain of mountains, culminating in peaks of every shape and form, of which Adamson's Peak, the Frenchman's Cap, and the various

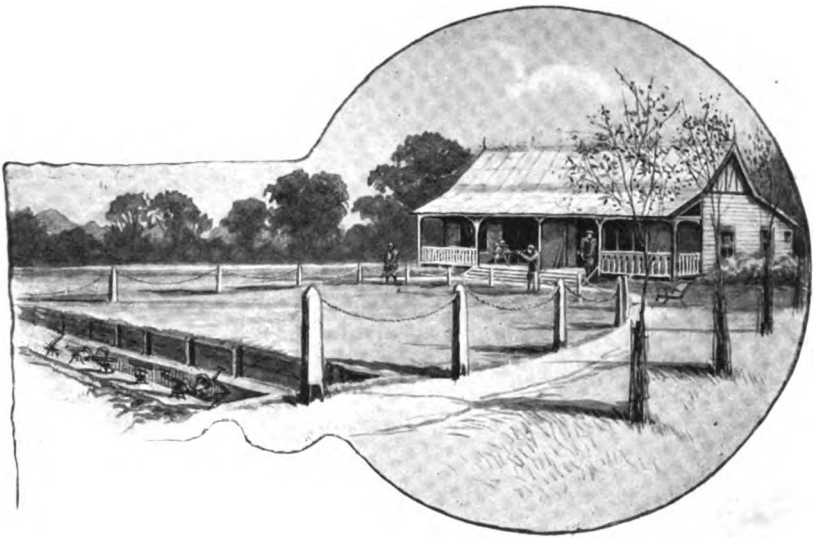
summits of the Hartz Mountains (as the right-hand portion of the chain is termed) are the most conspicuous features. As we glide across this magnificent expanse we pass Huon Island on our right, 'a hundred and ten acres of fertility,' as it has been most aptly designated. We are now making for a point which



lies straight in front of us, Point Esperance as it is officially and poetically known, but, in the language of the inhabitants, nothing more graceful than 'Blubber Head;' still, whatever the name may be, the view which we get as we round the point is probably finer than can be obtained from any other part of this most lovely haven. Placed, as it were, right across the bay, lie the three fair islands of Hope, Faith, and Charity, beautiful as their names, while at the back, crowning a succession of wooded hills, rises the magnificent twin-pyramid mountain, commonly known as Adamson's Peak. Such is the enthusiasm of one of our party when he sees this noble, natural fortress, that he instantly proclaims his fixed and unalterable intention of ascending it on the following day, but his ardour is somewhat damped when he is informed that it will require at least two days to do the mountain properly, and that as no proper track has been made up it, it will mean a considerable tax on his physical

powers. However, while he is still vowing to climb the mountain, either now or at some future date, we are rapidly approaching the jetty, and in a few more minutes are anchored off the picturesque shore close to a hill, from whose summit a splendid view of the whole bay must be obtained.

This may be considered a fair type of many similar excursions that can be made within a short distance from Hobart, and could be prolonged indefinitely by extensions to Southport, S. Bruny Lighthouse, Port Cygnet, Franklin, or by proceeding further down the coast to Recherche and the open sea, while the return journey could be varied by going round Bruny and back to Hobart by Storm Bay, should the weather prove sufficiently favourable There are few persons to whom yachting under such circumstances would not seem equally agreeable. The timidly disposed, by keeping within the sheltered lochs, can obtain almost absolute security, while, on the other hand, the genuine yachtsman is within easy reach of the open sea. To the lover of Nature nothing can be more delightful than the magnificent panoramas that estuary, river, loch, and sea afford; to the sportsman there is excellent shooting obtainable in the more isolated bays and coves, which are the resorts of innumerable wildfowl, and at the proper season of the year the barracouta affords fine sport; while lastly, to those of a more scientific turn of mind, there are endless opportunities for the practical study of geology or botany on the shore, where the formation is continually changing, and where, at all seasons of the year, Nature has some kind of flower or shrub in bloom. With such a climate and such scenery, and with so many other great and divers attractions, the waters of Southern Tasmania may surely justly claim the title of 'The Yachtsman's Paradise.'



PAVILION AT MESSRS. HOLLAND'S SHOOTING SCHOOL

A VISIT TO A MODERN SHOOTING SCHOOL

BY SIR RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, BART.

NOT very many years ago, the shooting qualities of a gun were decided by firing it at empty powder canisters as a test of 'penetration,' and against a barn-door, or, maybe, a sheet of the 'Times' newspaper, as an example of 'spread,' the latter experiment being varied by a shot at a bottle bobbing about in a pond. If the gun was considered satisfactory after a few hurried and casual trials of this nature, its excellence was established beyond question. The young sportsman was handed the weapon by his father, was given careful instructions regarding its safe management, and then told 'that it would not be the fault of the gun if he failed to kill his game in style.' Did the beginner venture to complain that his gun 'kicked,' he was advised to place it tighter to his shoulder as the one and certain preventive to a bruised arm and cheek. If the tiro were so incautious as to assert that his gun did not suit him, and that he, for this reason, missed his birds, then the unanswerable old saw was cast at his head that 'Bad workmen find fault with their tools.'

But we have changed all this; we now know that the best gun money can buy is almost as a bow and arrow in the hands of the

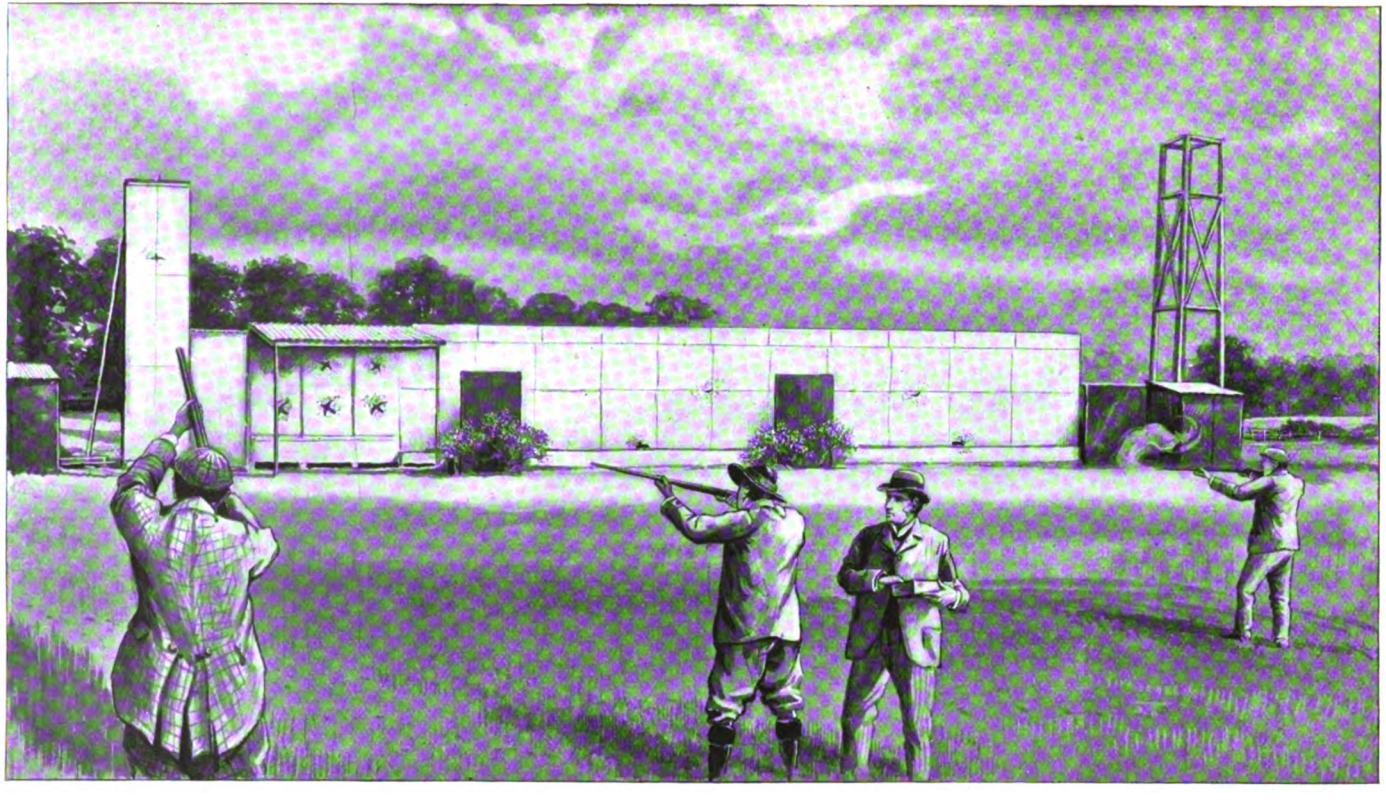
man to whom it is ill-adapted in the all-important matter of 'fit.' We also know that a bad shot may fire away, year after year, thousands of cartridges and yet never improve or personally detect the cause of his non-success, however great his perseverance or extensive his practice in the field. A shooter of this description often gives up gunning in despair, and small wonder; though an hour passed with an experienced 'fitter' at a shooting school would probably have a marked effect in assisting him to a correct aim.

This desirable end would be achieved, not by mere drill in handling the gun, but by building or altering the gun to suit the personal characteristics of the sportsman, which, were he to shoot every day of his life, he would, likely enough, never even suspect the existence of, or, if he did, would not understand their connection with his inferior marksmanship.

The consistently bad shot is certainly deserving of sympathy in many ways. He declares that his friends are neglecting him, and that he rarely now receives the welcome letter beginning 'Come and stay with us, and bring your gun.' A long procession of shadowy pheasants flying down the vista of the past—the majority clean missed, or, worse still, with their legs hanging down—forces on him the disagreeable truth that the paucity of invitations he receives is deserved, or, to put it more kindly, is the natural consequence of his lack of skill with the gun.

In this case we have, perhaps, a pleasant fellow, one only too anxious to do credit to his gun if he knew how, but who is ignored by his sporting acquaintances when they select their shooting guests, for they individually say: 'There's Charlie Wing-em, slaving away at his work in London, the best chap in the world. I would give anything to ask him to join our party, for we are all devoted to him; but what *can* I do?—he seldom hits a bird, and, if he does, then it goes away wounded. We must invite him down instead to our church-bazaar in the summer.' So poor Charlie is debarred much fun and exercise, delightful society, and the holiday he so seldom obtains—an outing every minute of which he would enjoy, from his first pull at the front-door bell to when his grateful thanks are expressed as he bids farewell to his host on the door-step.

Then, again, we have the business man whose one recreation is shooting, and who saves a good slice of his income to hire a small manor or a few farms, to which he scampers off like a schoolboy when he has the leisure to do so. This friend of ours does not hunt, or fish, or even follow the grandest of all amusements



NO. II NO. I NO. III

TARGET FOR TESTING THE FIT OF A GUN, WITH FIGURES OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS MOVING RAPIDLY ACROSS ITS FACE OR ELSE APPEARING AND VANISHING

(except wild-fowling), 'golf.' No, he shoots! and for his first few seasons he does this with an earnestness worthy of better results. At length he is unwillingly compelled to admit that he is a hopelessly bad shot—a fact that will, in due course, slowly but surely undermine his love for his cherished sport, and eventually influence him to curtail the happy and healthy excursions with his gun to which he was wont to look forward so eagerly.

To vary an old phrase of one's childhood, 'People who can't shoot and won't shoot, must be made to shoot;' and I am convinced that if Mr. Holland is unable to teach a man to shoot straight, no one else can. I write 'Mr. Holland,' but it is rather Mr. Holland in conjunction with the wonderfully ingenious series of moving targets he has devised, and the staff of assistants who so ably control these under his supervision.

I will endeavour to describe a visit I lately paid to Messrs. Holland's 'shooting school.' Let me state (the public is *so* suspicious nowadays) that I have *no* shares in the affair. Nor, indeed, could I have, as it is the private property of the New Bond Street firm. I write thus because it is, I believe, the proper form of preface to any favourable notice of those folk who supply one's wants, whether guns or wine.

First of all you jump into a hansom cab, let us imagine in Pall Mall, and in twenty minutes, or in about one cigarette and a half, there you are at the shooting school, ensconced in a comfortable arm-chair in the verandah of a luxurious pavilion situated in rural, well-timbered grounds. You may also journey, if you prefer it, to Kensal Rise Station, and in this way escape the dangers of a hansom; but come somehow, and you will learn to shoot if, that is, you cannot do so already. I will suppose you have arrived. Mr. Henry Holland, or perhaps his clever partner Mr. Froome (the best shot of the day with a sporting rifle, and the best regulator of one besides), if the latter is not busy plating an 'Express' for the Highlands, or a 'Paradox' for India or Africa, hands you for inspection, and explains the mechanism of, some of the bright new guns that stand racked in a row hard by. You would like to be a Rothschild for the moment and buy them all, or, let us say, *only* half a dozen, and you feel (in the security of a lounge chair, and the period summer) you could play the very deuce with them on the tallest pheasants and the fastest driven grouse ever seen.

As you smoke your cigarette, chat on guns and game, and hear from Mr. Holland (a keen and practical game-shooter and

preserver himself) of his good bags of partridges in Cambridgeshire during the past season, you are rather inclined to view with disdain the efforts of the two or three gentlemen who occasionally miss the clay pigeons that are being thrown up (from

KILLING CLAY PIGEONS FLYING RIGHT AND LEFT FROM AMONG TREES

below the level of the ground) in front of the pavilion (vignette, p. 541).

Wait a bit, for you will presently find that double rising clay pigeons (and single ones too—pray forgive so impertinent

a suggestion) are not so easy to turn into dust at thirty to forty yards as you fancy, especially with a good breeze behind them.

We will now, gun in hand, inspect the various targets and the different appliances for transforming a shooter – such as the rather dubious friend who is with us—from a bad marksman into a good one.

The first test (*vide* illustration, p. 543) is No. I.

Here we observe the images of six black pigeons vividly portrayed against the surface of an immense white-washed iron target. These pigeons appear at intervals of a few seconds, one by one here and there over a large space, and then, after a moment's exposure, vanish.

The shooter as he stands opposite the target sees nothing but a great blank wall. He is, however, directed to throw up his gun in a natural manner and fire at each pigeon, as it appears for an instant, on the front of the target.

The shooter has to fire quickly, too, for he has no leisure allowed him by the pigeon to dwell on his aim, a fatal habit when the gun is used on game.

When all six pigeons have been independently shot at, one bird only being seen at a time, they are then uncovered collectively, as shown in the illustration, and for the present, thus they are permitted to remain.

On examining the target we can at once discover if each charge of shot has peppered its particular pigeon, and, if this has not occurred, then ascertain how the gun was aligned. In most cases – I allude of course to beginners, or to inferior marksmen— the shot is thrown with a regular tendency to the right or left, or high or low. This inaccuracy brings the try-gun to the fore, the cleverest invention, this, that has ever been devised for discovering the best shape of stock for the individual shooter, and hence for correcting a mis-fitting gun, and the bad aim that results therefrom.

The shooter's gun, with which he has been performing so poorly, is now taken gently but firmly out of his hands (resistance is useless in the presence of three or four anxious and stalwart attendants) and the uncanny looking try-gun is substituted, with which strange concern he now blazes away at the pigeons as they appear and disappear.

Our friend at first makes a sad show with the try-gun; but little by little he places the shot nearer and nearer to each pigeon till at length he plasters them, one after the other, all over on pretty nigh every occasion he pulls trigger.

KILLING CLAY PIGEONS SENT OVER A FENCE LIKE DRIVEN PARTRIDGES

Before this end is attained, and between each shot, Mr. Holland has twisted, screwed, and bent, in all ways, the stock of the try-gun, and though this part of the curious weapon is as complicated to look at as a sewing machine, or the inside of a clock, it is in reality simplicity itself. Anyhow, the stock of the try-gun is now fixed in a position that causes our friend to spread the shot from its barrel smack on a pigeon, whenever one is exposed to view, short as this exposure is.

Here is, anyhow, something gained to start with; for, do as he would, he was quite unable to shoot half so accurately with his own gun at these same pigeons. The fact is the try-gun has been gradually and carefully altered in form to suit the eye and figure of our friend, and would show a very different bend and set-off from his own gun were the two contrasted.

Our friend's spirits are rising; he is interested, he says little, but, like the sailor's parrot, he is evidently thinking a good deal. He is no doubt pondering to himself, 'By Jove, there must be a lot more in the fit of a gun than I thought; fancy my living all these years and never realising it before!'

It is, though, not the mere fact that a gun needs to fit a shooter, we all know *that*; the trick is, *how* to fit the gun to the shooter, and here is where the try-gun, adequate moving targets, and an experienced gun-fitter come in, whether to alter a gun, or to tell in what manner a new one should be shaped to match our separate peculiarities.

In the illustration on p. 543 (at No. II. on the left of the long target) may be seen a high tower. Up the centre of this tower, and close to its surface, dashes a bird from the ground. This target is most useful, for it soon shows if the shooter aims too much to the right or left or, a common error, too low at a *rising* bird.

Many a man can drop, one after the other, birds flushed before him, which fly away level with his eye (as in test No. I.), but yet fails to kill when they spire quickly upwards, on taking wing.

Target No. II. very soon proves if the gun fits and the aim is true for this class of shot, for there is the pattern thrown by the gun plainly visible on the face of the tower, and the bird lowered to the exact spot it was on when you fired at it.

A very slight alteration of the try-gun—should such be necessary—and you will find you can strike this rising bird with it as regularly as you did the pigeons previously fired at, and without in the least affecting your precision in regard to the latter.

This last test is a sure one for finding out whether a gun is properly set off or not.

Our friend has now a gun in his hand, with which he can kill straight-forward shots at birds flying from him about level with his eye, and he is also able to account for a bird rising ahead and flying rapidly skyward. His next lesson, or test of the fit of his gun as the case may be, is to kill crossing shots, which are, perhaps, the most difficult of all.

These are obtainable at the part of the target marked No. III. in the same illustration as No. I. and No. II.

Here we have birds flying and rabbits scampering—metal

KILLING CLAY PIGEONS SENT OVER THE TOPS OF HIGH TREES, LIKE PHEASANTS DRIVEN OUT OF THE END OF A WOOD

though they be—across the open spaces between the three shelters (shown shaded) in front of the long part of the target to the right. Both birds and rabbits move with *accelerated* speed (a necessity if they are to resemble the actions of game), leaving their respective shelters at a moderate pace to dart (at the moment you are *inclined* to hang on the trigger) into hiding, just as a live creature runs to ground-cover or skims out of sight over a hedge. One rabbit or bird, or two of either, can be made at will to move as slowly or rapidly as wished across the target; and, as they are arranged to run or fly in different directions,

when started in couples, this affords excellent practice for crossing or for quick right and left shots.

Here again we can instantly detect if the aim is to the right or left, high or low. Provided the aim is all right, as it should be after the previous experiments, these crossing-shots are most useful as a final test to prove that the general fit of the gun is correct and the pull of the trigger adapted to the finger and nerve of the shooter.

By this time the shooter and the try-gun are on very friendly terms, and the former is wondering if he will ever manage to shoot as well with his own gun as he does with the try-gun. But the try-gun is now discarded; it has done its work, and our friend has a new ejecting hammerless placed in his hands, the shape of the stock of which is as near as possible to the shape the stock of the try-gun has finally attained under Mr. Holland's manipulation. Our next move is to the flying birds (sketches on pp. 545, 547, 549) that approach the shooter for all the world like driven game. No better practice could be desired than these clay pigeons, sent overhead as they are, for testing the fit of a gun, for teaching the beginner to kill game, and, above all, for instructing him in the safe handling of his gun. They are also admirable aids to *concluding* the fit of a gun.

These illustrations speak for themselves. A few birds, single ones, or, if wished, a continuous stream, a veritable 'hot corner,' can be whisked over the gun, or guns, by a man hidden on the raised platforms, placed for security behind hoardings which, in their turn, are concealed by trees. The 'driven partridges' are wonderfully life-like, and dart whirring over one's head, sometimes one or two, then a half dozen together, precisely in the manner of 'Perdrix' himself when he is in a fuss. How the time flies! we have been here a couple of hours, intensely interested, and uncommon busy, too, from first to last. What more can there be?

'Why, here is my own gun come back!' says our friend. 'Yes, and what is more, it has made a journey to the factory whilst we have been so occupied, and is now altered to the shape the try-gun assumed when it was proved to suit you, as evidenced by your success with it at the various targets.'

'Take your old gun again, put a couple of dozen cartridges in your pocket, and walk through this rough grass and young covert,' requests Mr. Holland, 'and see what you can kill. You must not expect pheasants and partridges, for they are not in season; but we shall, at all events, soon discover if your aiming powers have benefited by the alteration I have made to your gun, and by your first visit to a "shooting school."'

WALKING IN LINE THROUGH ROUGH GRASS AND YOUNG COVER AND KILLING BLUE-ROCKS RISING IN FRONT, AT ABOUT 30 YARDS FROM CONCEALED TRAPS PLACED THERE

As you stroll amid the knee-deep cover, up spring pigeons here and there, at thirty to forty yards forward of you—live ones this time—and to your surprise and delight down they come too, and want no retriever either, for you are knocking all life out of them by placing the *centre* of the shot charge fair on each bird almost

SMOKING-ROOM IN THE PAVILION

every time you fire. You have certainly not wasted the afternoon, for you may at length feel confident your gun fits you as it should do.

Many thanks to Mr. Holland for all his trouble; a cup of tea in the cosy smoking-room of the pavilion, and we drive back to London in good time for dinner, our aforetime doubting friend giving vent, between whiffs of tobacco smoke, to such ejaculations as:

'Well, if anyone had told me I should ever live to kill blue-rocks in the way I did just now, I wouldn't have believed him! I'll take precious good care I never buy a gun again without first having it fitted to me at a shooting school. I always thought there was something the matter with my eyesight, and it was merely the fit of my gun that was wrong!'

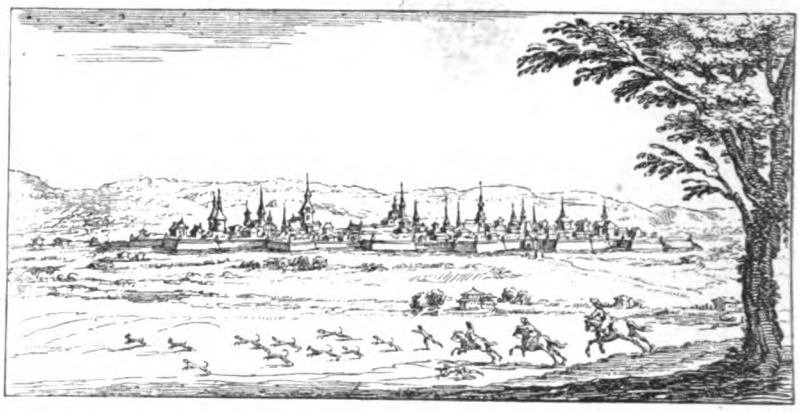
The moral of all this is, that no man can expect to shoot

with a gun that is not suited to his requirements in regard to its fit.

Yet many a shooter—of course he cannot always avoid doing so, especially if abroad—orders a new gun without even seeing it, and then grumbles because he cannot kill with it, often blaming the gun, which is probably an excellent one—*but* a misfit.

A man may just as well write for a new coat to a firm he has never dealt with, give the tailor no idea of his breadth or height, and expect the garment, when it arrives, to rival in comfort a masterpiece by a perfect cutter.

London gunmakers undoubtedly have an immense advantage over those in provincial towns. Every sportsman visits or passes through London, and then has the opportunity of trying a gun, both in its rough state and in its finished one, at a 'shooting school.' If you order a gun from Birmingham you are forced to take it for better, for worse; there is the gun, there is the bill for it, and so ends the matter. You cannot make a special and costly journey to that city to try a gun, even if you could do so there, which is very doubtful, and, as a rule, that 'monstrum horrendum,' a ready-made, reach-me-down Birmingham gun, is fit for neither man, nor bird, nor beast, and is a mere unwieldy log of iron and wood when compared to the perfect article produced in London.



RUGBY FOOTBALL

BY C. J. N. FLEMING

GIVEN a boy and a ball, and the result will be play: increase the number of boys and a game ensues. But the evolution of a game, as we understand it, with its main principle fixed, and with certain definite rules or laws firmly established, demands more than a group of boisterous boys amusing themselves with a ball. While there are many thousand variations of ball play, it is necessary that some one type should be selected and played by several successive generations of boys for a definite game of ball to develop. Now such conditions the old public schools, with their conservative instincts and their respect for tradition, are admirably fitted to supply. For once some particular type of ball play had been installed as a favourite, whether it was to kick about a ball on the open field or pat it up against a corner of the quadangle, it would soon become 'the thing' for all boys to play that particular game, and thus the continuance of the type would be assured. Such then, in brief, is the life-history of a game, whether it has grown on the village-green or in the playing-fields of a public school, and so on the Big Close at Rugby developed that particular type of football which is now honoured with the name of the place that gave it birth.

Why the game, as played at Rugby, should have taken such a hold of the popular fancy in preference to the games of other schools, is a question to which there can be no answer. It may have been due to, and probably was greatly stimulated by, the

energy and loyalty of old Rugby boys, who loved their school and school game so much that they carried it with them wherever they went; while the prestige and reputation of Rugby School, under Dr. Arnold and Dr. Temple, probably led to the imitation of its methods by other schools, even to the establishment of its school game. But the popularity of Rugby is with more likelihood due to something in the game itself, and that it fitted well with the popular genius—though what that something is, it may not be easy to define. It is sufficient to say that by 1870 the game had taken hold throughout the country, for before that date many clubs were in existence, and it was shortly after that the University and International matches began.

The game of football, as immortalised in 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' was very different from what Rugby football is now. Then the number of players was not limited, consequently the scrimmages were of prodigious size, and lasted for an interminable time, and the game was a veritable Homeric struggle between the two sides. Such a thing is long of the past, though there still exists a strange survival of this old Rugby game. In my time at Oxford, and I believe the practice still goes on, on one of the first days of the Michaelmas Term there took place what was called the 'Freshers' Squash.' Any freshman could take part in that game, and, as a rule, sixty or seventy innocents did. The mass was roughly divided into two; those who played behind the scrum were told that they might go to their usual places, and the game began. To us moderns it was a most peculiar game: rough and tumble, without order and without science. The while it was going on, the captain of the Varsity team assisted by the committee played the proctor, and kept continually pouncing upon any player who did anything worthy of note, or played with dash and vigour, and at once asked him the usual question, 'Name and college, sir?' This formula, heard then for the first time, delighted the youth, for it probably meant that he would be selected to play in the freshmen's match, but one is afraid that he would hear it again under circumstances hardly so pleasant.

Of course, the reason of this squash was to select promising players among the freshmen to play in the freshmen's match of fifteen a side. It was certainly not a satisfactory way of doing it, but a better method of selecting freshmen could not easily be found. Time was so short, the freshmen's match taking place generally the third day of term, that it was impossible to find out which were the best freshmen by their play after they had come up to the Varsity, and school reputations were the only

thing on which to rely. Unfortunately, school reputations are frequently fallacious, and though the captain and committee would select for the freshmen's match any players of good reputation, it was generally found that they would be short of the necessary number if they relied on reputation alone, and so the squash went on: and goes on, I hope, for it was a unique phenomenon. Tradition says, however, that at any rate one great player was discovered in this game—namely, Wade, the Australian, a member of Vassall's celebrated team. We are told that one year a sturdy-looking person casually strolled on to the field with flannel trousers tucked into his socks, and, when questioned, said he played three-quarters. His first appearance did not impress spectators with the idea that he was likely to turn out a great player; but he soon opened their eyes, for he got the ball, dashed straight ahead, knocking down everyone in his way, and got a try. This he repeated seven times, making lanes through his opponents on each occasion. Needless to say he got his blue, and his play was always characterised by that go-ahead style which astonished everyone in the freshers' squash. But to return, the characteristic of the old Rugby game was heavy mauling. There was a huge scrimmage, and one side tried to beat the other by hard shoving. There was not much open play, and when the ball did get loose, it was an old maxim at Rugby, 'To get in your kick.' Running was at a discount, for not only could a runner be tackled, but he also could be hacked over or tripped up. Passing there was none, and it was considered an act of cowardice to throw the ball away before you were tackled, or even after. We are told, too, that there was a good deal of free hacking in the scrimmages, and that players would deliberately go in to hack at the shins of the other side. All this, of course, has long passed away.

After the game had begun to be played throughout the country, twenty a side was the ordinary number of players, of whom five or six alone played behind the scrimmage. Though twenty a side was done away with early in the seventies, and the number of players reduced to fifteen, the game as played during the seventies still closely retained the characteristics of the old Rugby game. The scrimmage was the main feature, in which the players confined themselves to hard, straight shoving, and the game consisted chiefly in heavy mauling, though the forwards, once they had broken through, made straight, hard rushes, which took any amount of stopping. The feature of the back play was the kicking, especially drop-kicking. The players of the seventies, then, were hard shovers and good kicks. The

game was played in a more casual manner, too; as a general rule there was no umpire, and the captain settled all disputes, which were by no means infrequent; and I remember myself seeing a school match in which play was stopped for half an hour, owing to one side disputing a try which the umpire had given as all right.

A popular division of the time of the game was into two twenties and two quarters. This, with the stoppages for disputes and mauls in goal, made the game much slower and easier on the players than the present day style of play. Consequently hard training was not so much of a necessity, and the game was altogether more of a pastime.

The great change that came over the game, the change that differentiates the modern from the old style of play, was brought about by the success of Vassall's celebrated Oxford team. That change is popularly comprehended under the name of passing.

As a matter of fact, passing of a kind had begun to come in among the old style of players. It had begun to dawn upon them that when once you were tackled, though it might be a very plucky thing to do, it was not of much advantage to your side to go on struggling with your opponent or opponents, get your head scragged, and perhaps get carried several yards back; so the practice of throwing the ball away from you, generally chucking it over your shoulder, when held, was coming in about the beginning of the eighties. In fact, 'Pass when you're held,' or more shortly, 'When you're held,' was a common cry on the field about that time.

Though the credit of introducing passing, and teaching football players its value, is most certainly due to Vassall and his team, he cannot be strictly called the originator of it. Mr. Almond, headmaster of Loretto, taught his boys to pass before that, and the Fettes team, captained by A. R. Don Wauchope, used to pass too, and possibly elsewhere modern passing had come in. The first time that I ever saw passing myself was in the Fettes and Loretto match in the autumn of 1880, and I remember very well the indignation of the smaller Fettes boys at what they then considered the low tactics of Loretto in kicking the ball back out of the scrimmage to their quarters, who at once threw it to Grant Asher or George Lindsay. It is also, perhaps, a not insignificant fact to observe that Vassall's team contained seven old Loretto boys.

However, there is no doubt that it was the startling success of Vassall's team that certainly changed the game. They intro-

duced passing; by that one means not the throwing of the ball away after being held, but handing it on to one of your own side before you are held. That was the radical change; once the idea was grasped of giving up the ball to another, such ideas as making openings for another player soon followed. Of course passing of this kind was a veritable revolution; there was nothing of it in the old game—indeed, such a practice would have been scorned as dishonourable. But there was no getting over its success, and it at once spread. Vassall's team were not only responsible for introducing passing, but they opened up the forward game—a revolution, in its way, scarcely less important than passing. The old idea was, as we have seen, to do nothing but shove in the scrimmage, and, when in the open, to dash ahead. In the open work dribbling came in, and very paying it was; but, unfortunately, under the old style of prolonged mauls, a good dribbler had not much opportunity of showing his powers. In the old style, when the ball was put in the scrimmage it remained there, but Vassall's team contained several fast dribblers, and no sooner was the ball in the scrimmage than they would hook it out with their feet to the side and dribble it off. We do not mean to imply that they were what would now be called a team of wingers, for they could shove with the best of them, and did it, too, when they liked (though, I have no doubt, were they playing nowadays, they might be accused of winging), but they introduced foot-work, and, at the same time, made forward play faster in the open, and did away with much of the old prolonged mauling. These changes made the game at once far faster and harder on the players, for it is the pace that kills, especially in the case of a forward.

Since that time no radical changes have taken place in the game, but, of course, the game has gone on developing, though only on the lines laid down by the play of Vassall's team. Thus Bewick, of Swinton, was the great exponent and teacher of screw kicking into touch. Rawson Robertshaw, of Bradford, taught centre-three-quarter play, how to make openings for the wings. Mason, Scott, and Leake, of Cambridge, had a great deal to do with teaching halves how to play together and pass to one another, and for one to stand back, though, of course, they were only following in the footsteps of Asher and Rotherham, and then the Welsh brought in four three-quarters. Some may regard this as a radical change, but, as a matter of fact, it is only a logical development of the passing game among halves and three-quarters. In the Inter-University match of 1889 Cambridge

practically played four three-quarters, as one of the halves would drop back and the other take the scrum, and the three-quarters lined out beyond; then, as a defence to this, the other side would bring a forward out. Consequently the advance to four three-quarters was not a very great one. Still, the Welsh clubs played four three-quarters for some time before it was generally adopted, and it was not adopted until it had shown the proof so conclusive to a Britisher, the proof of success. In the meantime forward play had been developing too. For some time hooking the ball out at the side held its own, but the objection to it was that players were inclined to shirk shoving, and it was neutralised by having a scraper on each side, who did all they could to spoil each other's play.

To such an extent was this carried that a wing forward became a conspicuous feature of Yorkshire football, and it was possible to see free scrimmages going on, consisting of the usual scrum in the middle, and two players on each side butting at one another, perhaps a yard or so away from the scrum proper. But legislation stepped in and put this down. It was then found all important for a forward team to get the ball as soon as it was put into the scrum, and keep it among their own feet, for as long as it was there the adversaries could not take up the offence. Then swinging has been greatly developed. Given two teams equal in strength and weight, it was quite likely they might shove against one another for a long time without gaining an inch, but if one side should swing or veer round, the other would swing too, and that in the opposite direction, so that the way would be left clear for the forwards to break away. This swinging has been carried to great perfection among good teams, especially in England and Wales, but it has never found favour in Scotland. The objection to it is that the side swinging is in great danger of swinging round and losing the ball, while at the same time it is not easy for them to keep their feet, and a smart opposing team can get round very quickly and meet the swing, and break it up at once. Against a bad team good swinging is undoubtedly most effective, and it is a very fine sight to see a well-trained Welsh team swinging their opponents off their feet, but we do not consider it the most effective form of forward play.

Since Vassall's days the development of the game has been influenced chiefly by the Yorkshire and the Welsh game. In Yorkshire football is played almost entirely by artisans, and consequently the ascendency of Yorkshire football brought, as it were, a new element into the game. The artisan differs from

the public school man in two important points: he plays to win at all costs, and, from the nature of his avocations, he steps on to the football field in better training, and more fit for a hard game. His strong desire to win his matches leads him 'To play up to the rules,' and to indulge in dodges and tricks which the public school man is apt to consider dishonourable, while it is difficult for him to realise that you can be defeated with honour; but this desire also leads him to make a study of the game, and work out new developments and new combinations. I will allude later to the propensity of the artisan to indulge in dodges, and merely state at present that the first result of artisan football is that it is desperately keen. When you add to this that the teams are in the pink of physical condition, it is obvious that they are very hard to beat. Consequently, Yorkshire soon gained a great ascendency at football, and the success of the well-known Bradford team in its matches with clubs outside the county was very marked. The Yorkshire game was not only very hard, but full of dodges. They depended a great deal upon combination; and players would have their places on the touch line, for instance, and wing forwards would be told off in the scrum. Their back play was marked by clever kicking, the result of careful practice; not only by clever kicking into touch, but also by kicking high and quick following up. The effect of Yorkshire football has undoubtedly been to make the game more of a business. It has compelled teams to come on to the field fit, and it has made players and teams, too, think more about the game and make a study of it.

The effect of the Welsh game has been more recent but no less important. The Welsh were the first to play four three-quarters, but they had to serve a long apprenticeship of misfortune until their style of play was generally adopted. Naturally from the arrangement of the players, the Welsh play to their backs. That this means almost continuous heeling out is obvious, but it means a good deal more, or the result will be most disastrous, as the Welsh clubs know only too well. There is no better way of ruining forward play than getting them to do nothing but heel out; consequently, until the Welsh learnt this lesson and had devised a forward game, they met with defeats. But the tide has turned, and of late years one may certainly say that the best club football played is that by the great Welsh clubs. The Welsh game is essentially clever and skilful, the players are well trained and taught, and of course are physically very fit. Their forwards are almost a team of three-quarters, being good runners and clever with their hands, while in the

scrum they are excellent at working the ball and heeling out, while they swing beautifuliy. The backs run straight, and indulge in short, quick passing. Once a Welsh team can get the ball under way and well in the air, they are very difficult to stop; the consequence is that you may find each side scoring several times. This makes the game very lively and exciting, especially to a spectator. What the general effect on football of this game will be is a little hard to say; so far we may state that this style of play is confined to England and Wales. Now while Wales of late has been more successful in international matches, she generally goes under to England, yet England has done badly in her international matches. It seems, then, that though England has learnt enough to beat Wales at her own game, she has not learnt enough to beat Scotland and Ireland, though Wales can do that—a result at once strange and curious.

One tendency of this Welsh game seems to be that the number of players may be curtailed. The Northern Union made some experiments in that direction last year, though they made no changes; but it certainly looks as if the existence of the scrimmage is doomed. It will not be, however, as long as Ireland and Scotland, by relying on sound forward play, can prove their superiority.

To sum up, then, the differences between the old and modern style of play, the modern, to begin with, is far harder and faster, and it is absolutely necessary for a team to be successful nowadays to train, and train hard. This makes the game much more of a business and far less of a pastime than it was. The old prolonged mauling has been greatly done away with, except perhaps in Scotland; the game is more open forward and faster, and the forwards must run more. The back play is quite changed: drop-kicking has, one might say, almost gone out, while quick punting has come in instead; there is, perhaps, not so much long running—that is to say, one will not nowadays see a player making a long run through a host of opponents, as A. R. Don Wauchope used to do, but instead one will see the backs constantly getting the ball, running with it, and passing it along, and in this way often carrying the ball far up the field. In fact, the modern game demands far more skill and science than the old, in which brute force was too conspicuous.

There are those praisers of a time that is gone who denounce the modern game as being far inferior to the old, and allege that the modern changes have been introduced with a view to making the game more attractive to the spectator. Whether the modern game is inferior or not one cannot say, but it is good enough for

us players of it, at any rate. The second charge is quite preposterous: football players do not think about the spectators, though club managers may; and football players want to win their matches, and such changes as have taken place have happened merely because they meet with success. If a team thinks it will win by keeping the ball tight and have nothing but mauling, it will do so, however unattractive such a method of play may be to the onlooker. And, *vice versâ*, if it thinks it will win by playing to its backs, it will do so likewise. However, the spectacular element in football is a most important one, and an article on football would not be complete without saying something about the spectator.

It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say much about the abounding popularity of football. Year by year this popularity is growing. The receipts at the gate at a club or league match are reckoned now by hundreds, at internationals by thousands. Between 50,000 and 60,000 persons witnessed the International between England and Scotland at Association in Glasgow last season, and the income of one club during last season—the Celtic, of Glasgow—was actually over 10,000*l*. One is tempted to ask, When is this going to stop? What is the reason of it? And what are its effects on spectator and player?

The Greeks were the first people in the world that we know of who developed athletic sports, and the Palæstra was an integral part of Greek life. Now the Greeks were a city-living people, and city-living people are only obeying a natural law when they take to athletic sports in whatsoever form. Exercise and physical training are necessary for health and vigour; among a peasant or pastoral people their very work supplies the necessary physical exercise; but with those that live in cities it is different, and it is an unconscious instinct in obedience to Nature's law that leads city children to take physical exercise by indulging in some form or another of what we may call athletic sports. The spirit of athleticism then, we may say, is a natural consequence of a vigorous race living in cities. As proof of this we never find athleticism among peasantry; village games and rustic sports are to be found the world all over, but that is not athleticism, nor can you really call country games athletic sports: they are merely a pastime to while away an idle hour, or else amuse a holiday. But athletic sports connote constant practice and training, or constant participation in whatever branch may be taken up, and this is just what is wanting in rural sports and games. Now the last half-century has seen in this country the enormous growth of towns and town

population, with a corresponding decrease of country population. (This fact is so well known that statistics are unnecessary.) Consequently, England and Scotland have changed from being largely a country-living to a city-living people. If, then, the hypothesis that athleticism is a consequence of city living is true, we should find that the last half-century has seen a great development of athleticism. And this is just what we do find; and now we see the reason for the popularity of football, cricket, golf, bicycling, &c.—it is only the city-bred obeying the law that Nature has decreed. Now not only is athleticism necessary for the health and vigour of a city-living race, but it is also proof that the race is vigorous and healthy. So now we may find an answer to the question, Where will this popularity stop? If we go once more to our friends the Greeks, the answer is never, so long as the race is vigorous; but rather the popularity of football will increase with the strength of the nation, and it should be our consolation that it does increase and grow, for it is at once a sign of health and a means to health.

And now what of the spectator? There are many who view with the gravest apprehension the crowds that weekly attend football matches throughout the season, not only as bringing evil on the game, but as injurious to the spectators themselves. The Greeks had a proverb that for every blessing the gods gave two curses, which means that nothing is ideally perfect, and that an institution, for instance, which may be of great advantage in many respects, has also some drawbacks. This certainly is the case with football; it is useless to deny that it has its evil aspects, but, after all, its evils are so ridiculously small in proportion to the advantages it confers, that it is almost absurd to consider them. It is true that there is a good deal of betting upon football, but that is not the fault of football; it seems rather to be an instinct ingrained in the national character, and if the people who bet upon football had no football to bet upon, they would bet upon something else.

But to resume. The large majority of the many thousands who form the spectators at a football match on a winter's afternoon is composed of men who have passed the week in exhausting and monotonous manual labour. Now such persons do not need to go and take exercise; they want rest and relaxation; they want fresh air; above all, they want mental and nervous stimulus. All this a football match gives. Perhaps one may deny that a spectator gets rest at a match, but the very change of occupation gives rest and relaxation. A football field in a manufacturing

town is perhaps not an ideal place to get fresh air; but in a short winter's afternoon a trip into the country, such as these very people take in summer, is an impossibility, and the open space of a football field does give a welcome supply of fresh air to those who work in mills, and live in narrow courts and alleys.

But, perhaps, the greatest good of all is what I have termed above mental stimulus. Consider for a moment the lives of such people: a monotonous round of toil, a life essentially dull and heavy; it is a life that imperatively needs as a tonic some bracing excitement, and this the game supplies to the full.

There is one other effect of the popularity of football to which one must allude. We cannot all be trained athletes, nor is it desirable. And have we not the authority of Euripides that of the ten thousand ills that oppress Greece the worst is the class of athletes? Consequently we must be prepared to accept the state of things in which trained players will make a British holiday. But, it will be urged, is a mild, gladiatorial show at once a sign of a healthy nation, and a means to the health of the race? At first sight this tendency of the public to look on while others perform seems dangerous, especially as this tendency has grown to an alarming extent in America, where clubs keep trained players, professional or amateur, to perform for their delectation and to their honour. But, it may be pointed out, there is nothing harmful in this. The stimulus and incentive to become a successful athlete is so strong, the prize is so big, not so much from a material point of view as from the homage, adulation, and hero-worship paid by all classes to a successful athlete, that as a consequence all the boys are fired with the one ambition to succeed athletically and become great players, and it is just this training of youth that is the important thing. For it is during the period of growth and maturity that physical exercise is so beneficial. Consequently, in spite of the many thousands of so-called loafers who look on, this football mania is doing its work.

Now, what is the effect on the player of this popularity? Professionalism, to put it in one word. Of that there can be no doubt, argue as you may. To turn for the last time to Greece, we find the analogy there; the winners at the great games were finally professionals, from one point of view. America tells the same tale; so do our own sports. Running has got quite debased; Association football recognises professionalism, as does cricket; and the formation of the Northern Union points in the same direction with regard to Rugby football. Now there is a

good deal of class prejudice in reference to professionalism. We have seen how Rugby football arose at Rugby School, and was afterwards played throughout the country, largely by old Rugby boys. Then it was essentially a game of the classes. But once the artisan had taken to the game, the professional element came in. Now in all games the odds are in favour of the professional; still, the amateur, if he devotes himself to the game with the same zest, and takes the same trouble, can compete, and that successfully, with the pro. At cricket the amateurs can hold their own with the professionals, and the Corinthians have not been put under yet, while the Queen's Park still maintain their place of honour as one of the leading football clubs of the country, and I am thoroughly convinced that amateurs will hold their own with professionals at Rugby. In fact, the present technical distinction between amateur and professional has nothing to do with the question of success. If the amateur will take the same time and trouble, he will be just as good; indeed, he ought to be better. But then, will he take the trouble? And again, the amateur is often a jack of all trades, while the professional is master of one, and the amateur, while he indulges in several sports, does not reach the top of the tree in any. However, there is no doubt the amateur resents the intrusion of the professional into a sport which was entirely his own, if for no other reason, because he either cannot beat the professional, or only beat him with much trouble.

Apart from the class prejudice which influences so many against professionalism, there are other charges which are brought against it of a more serious kind. Professionals are often accused of playing roughly and resorting to dirty tricks and mean dodges. The charge of rough play is really not true; a professional is never as rough as an amateur, and this can easily be seen in Association, for a man will not play roughly when his bread and butter depend on his keeping sound. That he, and the artisan player too, often resort to underhand tricks is true, but then that is the fault of his education. The artisan has not the same sense of honour that a public school boy has; and in playing a game he desires to win and not be beaten, and to gain this end he will resort to tricks which an honourable man would not deign to practise. But this trait can only be got over by education, by punishing such tricks, and by honourable men keeping in touch with the game and with the players.

But the most serious aspect of professionalism is the effect it has on the players themselves. A professional at football cannot

expect a long lease of football life, ten years or at the very utmost fifteen. During this period he will possibly be living well, and for him in comparative affluence. But what will become of him afterwards? In only too many cases boys and young men go all wrong after a year or two of high wages and indolence, which is so often the case with professionals. The life of a professional is undoubtedly one of ease and comfort, and this is not a good training for a man who has to earn his daily bread. Of course there are, on the other hand, many instances of fellows who still work at their trade, and make progress in it while being professionals; or who start shops and get a thriving business, and this is all right. But I know of a typical case of one young fellow who, though apprenticed as an engineer and in a better position than most men who turn pros, broke his indenture and went over the Border—a perfectly mad act, one would say, but we hope all will go well with him. And I am sure there must be hundreds of parallels to this. This to my mind is the only serious objection to professionalism; it is all right so long as the man simply adds to his weekly wage an easily earned increment, but there is no doubt that it proves the ruin of many others.

After all, this is a characteristic of all athletic professionals, whether cricketers, golfers, or runners, and it is not especially the mark of a football player, consequently we have no right to blame football particularly for it. The real reason is that the life of an athletic professional is too easy and indolent; for, though he has work enough of a kind, he is only doing for money what many do for pleasure, and what he himself would probably do for pleasure too, if he could not get the money. The temptations of this kind of life are too much, then, for many men, and the reason why so many athletic professionals go to the bad, as we say, is not the fault of athletics, but the result of weak characters placed under strong temptations.

What we have been saying above applies, perhaps, more to Association than to Rugby football; but the formation of the Northern Union last year, and its seemingly strengthened position this season, points to what must inevitably come. It is urged, however, that professionalism will not pay at Rugby. It is true that the big Association clubs find it very hard to make ends meet, and the expenses of running a Rugby professional team would be fully a third more, if the rate of wages should be as high; but one may rest assured that if professionalism is once allowed it will pay, though it will probably lower the standing of several old clubs, and reduce the number of first-class or senior clubs in a

district. Attempts have been made, I believe, to establish Association in Rugby loving districts, even in Yorkshire.

Though hitherto such attempts do not seem to have gained much success, it is rather doubtful if Association could oust Rugby in popular estimation. At Oxford the two games went on almost side by side, but though one could hardly see the Rugby for the crowd, the Association eleven would be left nearly to themselves. On the other hand, Association seems to have established itself in some districts of Manchester, and it will be interesting to see if it spreads in that old-established hotbed of Rugby.

This article has already grown to such a length that I feel reluctant to add any more, but I may be pardoned if I make just a few remarks on the international matches. The four countries now stand much on an equality, though formerly the supremacy was disputed by England and Scotland. England has been signally unsuccessful in her matches with Scotland of late, and, indeed, has been beaten for four years running. I have already said something of the Welsh game, and that England has adopted that style of play. I ought to add something about the Scotch and Irish. The characteristic of the Scotch game is hard forward play. They keep more to the old style of play than anybody. Their forwards shove hard and straight; in the open they like to make rushes with the ball at their feet. They never play to their backs; indeed, for many years heeling out was illegal in Scotch school play. Consequently Scotch teams are always good forward, but their back play is poor, and for their international teams they generally have recourse to Anglo-Scots. As for Ireland, well, Paddy plays as you would expect him. Life, vigour, dash are his characteristics; grand forwards and safe backs, but if there's ever bad luck going, you may be sure it comes Paddy's way. In their matches with Scotland alone, how many games would just a shade of luck have turned in Ireland's favour? In fact, to sum up the different styles shortly, England and Wales go in for offence, Scotland and Ireland for defence, and the latter, I think, is best. What will happen next spring one cannot tell. England, I suppose, will almost entirely rearrange her team, and one must wait and see what it is before one can prophesy. Wales should be as usual, but will she beat Scotland in her own country? If Ireland keeps her last season's team she will be hard to beat, for it was a grand one. And what of Scotland? Well, we had a young forward team last year, we hope they will all be better this season, we've lots more, and, just to give a tip, we mean to try to do it.

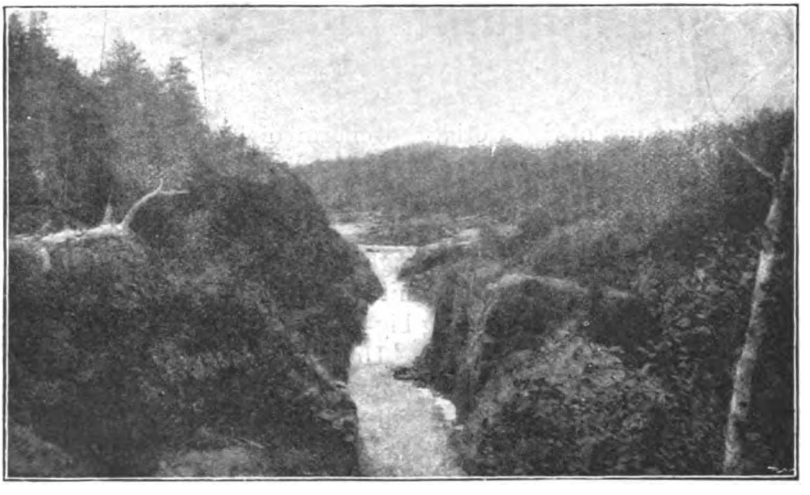
SPORT IN EASTERN CANADA

BY ARTHUR P. SILVER

THE sportsman will best time his expedition into the heart of the Canadian backwoods as the forest is putting off its amazing garments of scarlet and gold, just before disrobing for the winter. He will do well to use as his highway some ample river trending into mountainous solitudes, rarely disturbed by the intrusion of even the most enterprising trappers. As big-game is not to be successfully hunted in the silent depths of the forest, he must search for places where there is open country, with plenty of sky and sunshine. A clearing which has been made in the course of lumbering operations long since abandoned, lakes surrounded by several acres of grassy meadows; better still, some mountainous tract once swept clean by fires, the ravages of which are now fast being obliterated by a returning tide of fresh vegetation—such spots offer suitable conditions to successful hunting. His starting-point will be the village that has grown up at the mouth of his chosen river, the most notable feature of which is the huge sawmill that pants incessantly by day and by night, ripping up the giant trunks of the forest, affording employment to an army of brawny men, and freight to the three or four Quebec barques that every summer ride at the anchorage at the mouth of the shallow harbour. His energies must first be directed to securing two guides, both of whom should be efficient canoe-men, one an experienced tracker and stalker, the other an adept at bush cooking. Such men, of rough and uncouth bearing, but cheerful and willing fellows, and veri-

table masters of woodcraft, are to be picked up on the fringes of every frontier settlement. They will be unearthed in some smoky log cabin with squalid surroundings, for they are invariably men that have sacrificed 'the main chance' of life to obey for some months of each year the potent spell which the love of the chase casts upon their spirits.

The charm of a few weeks of the wild, untrammelled life of the forest, the fascinations of trapping and hunting, the certainty of a roll of crisp bank-notes as the pleasant sequel, will allure the best of them to throw down handspike and cant hook for adventures with the pack and the paddle. With cheerful alacrity they will assist in the purchase of a 'winter bark' canoe; will advise which of the stores offered at the village shop are indispensable, which are superfluous luxuries. Such men will fight the canoe with all its paraphernalia for days up through the seething rapids of the lower river; will carry her tenderly on their stalwart shoulders across rugged forest-paths, to surmount cataracts negotiable on no other terms. Far up among the mountains, when the river's wild moods have given place to a placid stretch of water, on some promontory studded with fantastic old elms,



GRAND FALLS

round which the stream weaves a quiet loop, they will hew a clearing, and establish a camp which for rude, ingeniously contrived luxury would surprise the novice. No device for wooing sleep could excel the regulation forest bed of fragrant fir-boughs,

into which tired limbs sink gratefully. No kitchen can look half so cheery as the row of pothooks hung over the ruddy glow of sparkling birch logs, especially when the air is fragrant with 'the something hot' preparing for the usual toast, 'Here's luck to-morrow,' that winds up the camp-fire yarns. In such a sylvan home the hunter can enjoy unalloyed, in one of the most perfect

GORGE AT GRAND FALLS

outdoor climates of the world, the charm of absolutely wild surroundings, completely off the track of civilisation; can admire the changing moods of the primeval wilderness, by turns inspiriting, grandly beautiful, majestic, solemn, sad; can observe the pageant of forest and river life daily and nightly unfolded around him; can find exciting hours in the pursuit of bear, caribou, or the giant moose. Days of toil in hunting big-game are sure to be frequently rewarded by gratifying success. How the pulse is stirred on a bright October morning as the prow of the yellow canoe cuts the gently resisting current, rifles all aboard, together with a few days' frugal rations! Across the stream the kingfisher's shrill rattle falls, as if in protest against the invasion of his domain; a bracing nor'-wester is calling forth from the forest boughs a rustling note that does not accord badly with the ever-present music of the rippling water. Yonder, inland, where the sierra of mountains draped in blue rear themselves skyward, adventures and encounters with big-game are certain to be obtained.

In Indian file a procession of a man with a rifle and a man

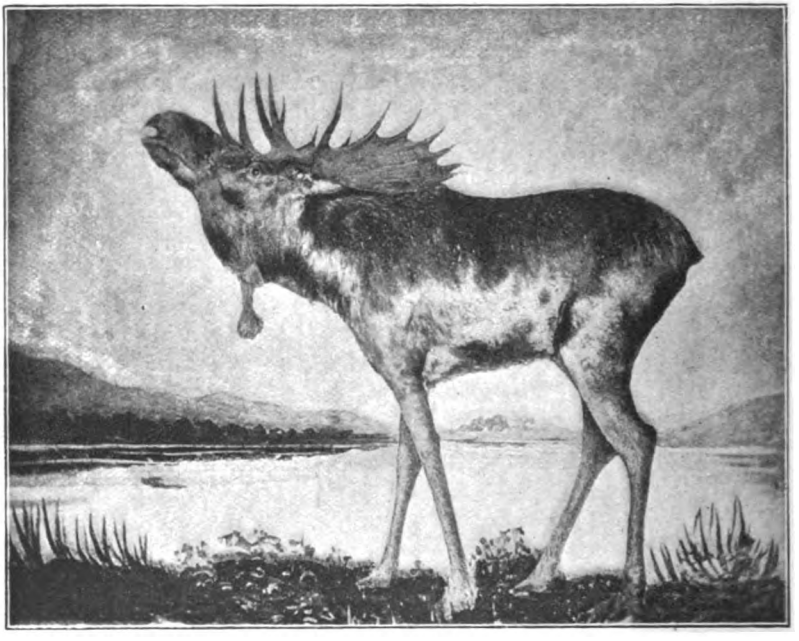
with a pack moves thither. Not without difficulties of steep ascents, of obstructing windfalls, of slippery, uncertain footing; not without frequent pauses to recover normal breathing, the summit of a bald, wind-swept peak is gained, covered by loose rocks detached by the frosts of unnumbered winters. Here a halt is called for a look-out over a wide and broken landscape spread out below. The scene is a typical one. Some half a century since fire, struck from some passing lightning-bolt, or else some careless trappers' embers, had swept these plains and hillsides bare. Nature has ever since proved powerless to re-clothe her nakedness, save by scattered shreds and patches of low scrub.

From such a coign of vantage it once fell to the writer to watch simultaneously a black bear nosing the side of a distant hill for berries, a well-antlered caribou marching at the side of a doe, and a gigantic moose approaching a small lake set like a flashing gem in the rugged landscape, where danced the slanting rays of the evening sun. As the most coveted trophy was the head of this monarch of the Canadian glen, all energies were at once bent to his discomfiture. A sharp run with a long détour, in order to

CAMP AT MID LANDING

keep well to leeward, three reverberating reports from a 50–110 Winchester, and the scene was changed. Bear and caribou had stampeded, but there, sunk down upon a fitting couch of death, among flags, sword-grass and rank bulrushes, lay an immense half-equine, half-cervine shape, black, conforming to prehistoric,

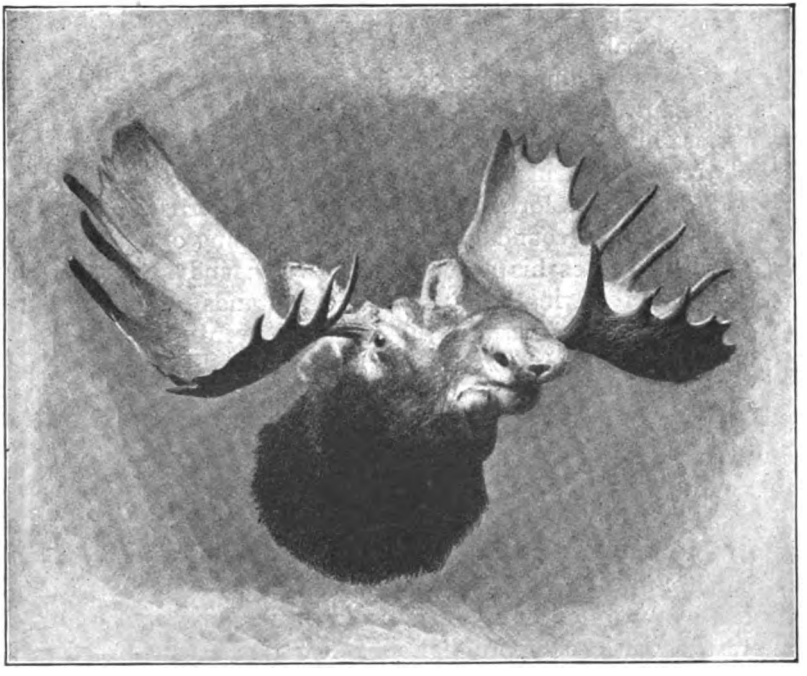
mammoth type; remarkable for massive horns that stretched nearly five feet across, which needed as a base that massive front of forehead and that gigantic shaggy neck, from which hung down at the throat the curious, unaccountable appendage called 'the bell,' or by some 'the necktie,' which is peculiar to this largest representative of the cervine family. The moose seems to defy any attempt at accurate description; he baffles alike the skill of the artist and the taxidermist. He has yet to be painted, his majestic head has yet to be properly mounted. He is vilely slandered by alleged counterfeit presentments that are continu-



ally misrepresenting him—often most ludicrously—in sporting publications. Why he is incessantly caricatured as an uncouth monster it is hard to understand. It is true that he has an awkward, shambling gait when trotting—it is said that his long legs, over rough ground, sometimes get so tangled as suddenly to throw him—but his ordinary demeanour is marked by an impressive dignity, and when his noble head, with the noted, massive antlers, is upreared in an attitude of intense attention, no other of the deer tribe can vie with his magnificent appearance. His presence seems to afford the clue to the meaning of the vast solitudes over which he roams, as if they were created for the pleasure-grounds

of this 'wood-eater,' as the Indians name him. He who encounters him at a short range had better take a sure aim with a weighty bullet, for if he tastes lead in a part that is not vital when maddened by the rut, he may charge home, and prove as dangerous as an African bison. There are modern instances where he has trampled and gored the life out of unlucky hunters whose ammunition failed after vexing him beyond the endurance of moose nature.

Moose-calling may be placed well in the front rank among exciting forms of sport. Hardly on so high a plane as stalking a



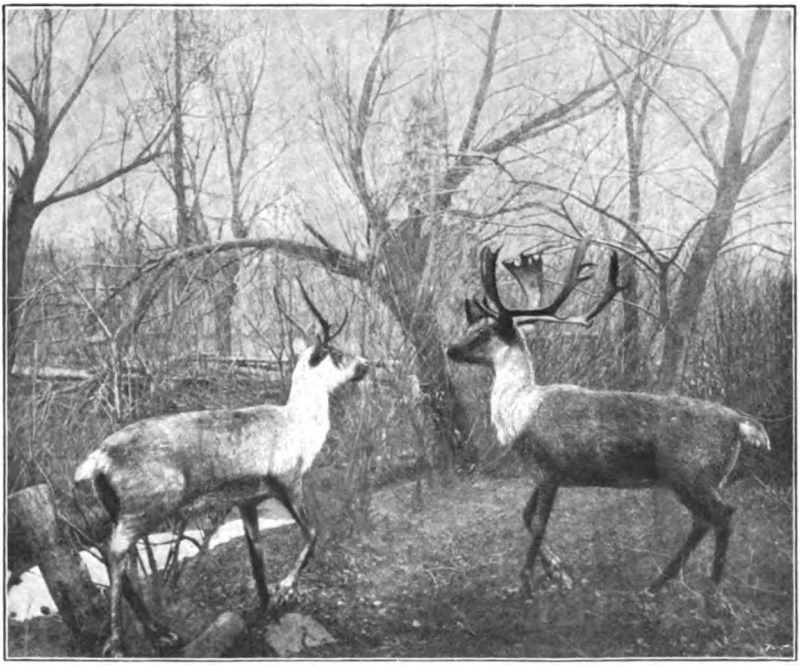
man-eating tiger, or running on horseback a herd of wapiti, it has its own peculiar fascination. The perfection of calling requires a still, moonlit night. A skilful performance is usually only acquired at the cost of the practice of half a lifetime, though sometimes a youthful, and therefore generally a rash, bull answers the fooling of the veriest tiro. The call is made through a funnel of birch bark, imitating the voice of the cow. First it begins with a cough, then it rises loud and sonorous, falls again in cadence, becomes a subdued roar, again rises strong and full, and ends abruptly. Say that the lovely wilderness is lit by a low, large

moon; autumn mists are curling upwards from lake and meadow; the solemn silence so accentuated in night-hunting has settled over all things. To hear the stillness broken by the imploring call of such a lone Juliet, sending her trembling tones vibrating through the clear air, plaintive and expressive, reaching after the highest expression of feeling and passion that she knows of, is, to say the least, startling. Couple this with the advance of a seemingly frenzied bull, and one need not marvel at the frequent misses reported of even old hands. The bull moose does not roar: the roar 'that may be heard for miles' is a pleasant little fiction invented by the armchair contributor to sporting literature, for he roars you 'as gently as a sucking dove;' in fact only indulges in a mild croak—'waugh,' 'waugh,' very much like the note of the bullfrog; a thin, weak sound, surprising as proceeding from such a giant. In default of a powerful voice he is wont to emphasise his advance by ever and anon stopping to smite down small trees by rearing on his hind legs, and descending with terrific force on his fore feet, or by striking his horns against some dead trunk till it resounds as if from the chopping of a woodman's axe. So he makes his advance impressive; and he who, in the white light throwing ghostly shadows, stands up before this defiant 'wood-eater' with bristling mane at twenty yards will have a memorable experience for the rest of his life.

After the excitements of moose-calling, the pursuit of bear may be relied on as a suitable sedative, as it entails so much severe exertion. A description of a hunt may be worth recording. Picture a mountain path following along a gulch near the course of a considerable brook, once a spacious lumber road, now overgrown by a dense growth of interlacing branches till it resembles a tunnel of green foliage, through which the pent-in air has filtered till it has grown fragrant. At every few yards something occurs of interest, if only a whirring flight of ruffed grouse. Now a pause is made to examine fresh tracks moulded in muddy spots; now to read the traces of a trapper of last winter in the skeletons of martin, sable, lucifee, and black cat, or in the disused dead-fall traps set up, three feet above the ground, where the snow made its level last March.

Sometimes, for a long way, each young fir or pine is scraped and barked by the horns of a passing herd of caribou, in their efforts to scratch off the remaining shreds of 'velvet.' At almost regular intervals some frenzied male bear last June, in the rutting season, has torn with his teeth large strips from cedars similarly marked for a succession of years by Bruin's 'blaze.' After some

half-dozen miles it is a relief to emerge into the open sunshine on a broad meadow cut up with tracks like a cattle 'corral.' Here beavers have formed their marvellous dams and dome-shaped houses in three or four very respectable lakes, for the existence of which their labours are responsible. One most interesting habit of these sagacious rodents has never been alluded to in the voluminous beaver literature extant—the cutting of the dam for some twelve inches in winter, at the foot of the lake, to run off sufficient water to leave a convenient space between the ice roof overhead and the surface of the lake, thus forming a magnificent



winter palace, with a crystal roof of the whole extent of the dammed-up lake.

A shot might be had at evening, when the whole family will turn out of their fortressed houses and open evening operations by a preliminary swim around the lake to see if all is regular in their domain; but that shot might spoil all chance of larger game. When the last beaver lake is passed a ribbon-like meadow is gained, of bright green reeds and rushes winding up among lofty hills, some of which are covered by a pretty patchwork of light and dark green foliage, according as birch or fir predominate;

others are bare enough to admit of careful inspection with the field-glass. As the hills enclose the valley in a basin-like setting, Nature has seemingly prepared the arena with a view to scientific stalking. On the tallest mountain, dome-shaped, behind which flames the sun sinking to the horizon, two black bears are plainly visible through the glasses. Somehow they had killed a caribou between them, and were gloating over their feast. How moments seemingly lengthened to hours as the largest left his companion and marched in our direction, where we stood waiting on the declivity of the opposite mountain for the favourable moment to make our attack! What a depressing situation when he was heard to pass, with occasional snappings of dry limbs, invisible in the thick covert, and yet within a few yards from where we stood at arms! Fortune, however, recompensed this discomfiture, for as we made our breathless charge, whenever we emerged from thick places and obtained a view we saw the other, though at intervals disappearing, ever returning to the bare rocks that crowned the summit of the height. At last, after a stiff climb, often over precarious footing of loose rocks, a halt was called at a caribou path in order to recover some of our fugitive breath before the encounter which we now knew was fated. When our quarry was finally sighted he showed signs of such alertness and observation that a nearer advance had to be made with extreme caution. Whenever he raised his head it became necessary to stiffen into the rigidity of graven images. When he recommenced his hog-like feeding an advance could be made swiftly and boldly. In this manner an approach was made within eighty yards' distance, when a deliberate shot gave him a severe wound that was not fatal. He circled, and then came on straight towards us. It was impossible to decide if he was charging, or if he was making a blind rush. At about forty yards another shot dropped him, but, pulling himself together, he came on again, to fall dead within a few feet, shot through the brain. This seems to be the only shot that will finish a bear straight and lay him out; the body can be pierced over and over without stopping his career.

A most attractive form of hunting bear is to take the canoe up river during daytime, and at evening to drop down stream silently, when the game may often be surprised dragging down the choke cherries and 'squaw' bushes that fringe the banks, in order to obtain their fruits, delectable to Bruin, but acrid to the human palate.

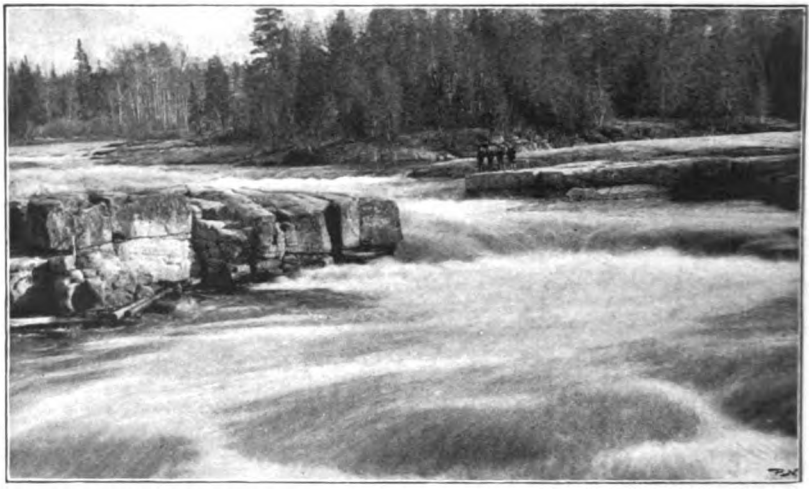
When the date has at last arrived to face homewards, the sportsman will carry away pleasant memories of quiet weeks during

which he has drawn the life of the mountain, river and forest into his very veins.

He cannot fail to have learned much about the wild game of the Canadian wilderness: their fleetness of foot, keen scent, wonderful powers of vision, and marvellous adaptation to environment and mode of life. The descent of the river will be in pleas-

ing contrast to the toilsome ascent. Merrily the barque floats down the dancing waters, laden with hard-won trophies of the hunt. The men, relieved of all toil, show signs of boisterous spirits at the near prospect of pay day. The changing forest landscape glides swiftly past, and, if the wind favours, the chance of a shot at a stray bear or caribou is on the cards as, rounding some turn, a long vista of river is opened up.

After such a trip there will survive lifelong memories of melancholy plains burnt to a sober russet colour by the summer suns; of hissing rapids and thundering plunges of confused waters; of the tranquil beauty of placid lakes over which ospreys circle, where on calm evenings trout leap incessantly, while beaver and wild-duck break the glassy surface into ripples; of meadows where the huge moose, like a brown shadow thrown from a magic-lantern, steals with astonishing noiselessness across the scene,



suddenly vanishing like the baseless fabric of a vision; of mountains where the rich repast of wild whortleberries attracts stealthy bears, that batten undisturbed, except on some rare occasion when the fatal lead speeds to finish their last feast; of caribou like gigantic goats rapidly treading the rocky ways of desolate bluffs; of red deer stealing down to the riverside, half-hidden by wild grasses, to drink as the evening shadows lengthen; and, perhaps beyond all other scenes in impressiveness, that wonderful transformation of the forest when a blaze of scarlet and golden splendour bursts over the foliage just previous to the fall of the leaf.

A COUNTRY RIDE

BY SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY

She certainly made a charming picture as she sat at her bureau, hurriedly dashing off a succession of notes. The little frown which wrinkled her forehead sat as absurdly on her childish face as on that of a puppy puzzled by the ways of a brand-new world in which there is never half enough to eat. She wrote, incautious young person! several letters first, scattered them on the floor around her, and subsequently addressed as many envelopes, thrusting in the former and sticking down the latter with one eye on the clock. All too soon it might be striking that hour of twelve, as fatal to the cyclist in Hyde Park as it was formerly to Cinderella at the ball, while the fairy godmother disguised as a policeman is inexorable now as then.

Of these notes only two concern us. They were as follows:

'Dearest E.,—Charlie is dining with the Zulu Club to-morrow. Therefore I can come to you. Expect me at the usual hour. I shall come over on my fiery bike. 'Your loving

'H.'

'Dear Lady Mildred,—We shall be most happy to go down to you on Sunday, and stay to dinner.

'Yours very sincerely,

'Havis D'Abernon.'

Needless to say there were no dates, Lady D'Abernon, in common with many of her sex, apparently thinking that if she herself knew what day of the month it was, everyone else ought to do the same.

These arduous labours over, she ran downstairs, jumped on her *Modèle de Luxe*, and soon her lithe and graceful figure had

dwindled to a dot in the distance, while the flash of her sunlit hair left an impression like a ray of light on the retina for a moment after she had disappeared.

Much to her secret annoyance and hindrance, the old butler assisted her to mount, and every day thereby prevented her vaulting into the saddle smartly as she otherwise would have done. She was too good-natured to say so, however, and endured in silence this and other petty tyrannies with which for years he had embittered the lives of the household.

He stood on the steps until she was out of sight, and sadly shook his head.

'Hers is not the manners of her Ladyship as was; and as for my late master, why, he'd have blowed her up all shapes and sizes if he'd caught her on one of them things.'

He shut the front door with a bang of protest, adjusted his spectacles, and returned to the study of a book in which were inscribed the names of divers persons not admitted when they chanced to call. This refreshed his memory and obviated the necessity, when he had mislaid his glasses, of asking the persons themselves to ascertain whether they were 'indexed' or not.

Sir Charles D'Abernon was a man of one idea, but that was a good one in its way, and in moderation. Single-hearted devotion to his duties as a Member of Parliament, and unquestioning fidelity to his party, kept him away the greater part of the day from a pretty and charming companion, so when it happened that he adorned a public dinner on Saturday she felt she had seen him very little during the week, and was apt to find it rather dull. Therefore, on these occasions, when he industriously departed to his Committee in the morning, and the weather suited, she mounted her bicycle, and partly by train, partly by wheel, betook herself to the house of a friend within sixty miles of London, getting home late enough to be obliged to light her lamp and confront the terrors of night traffic during the ten minutes' run which separated the terminus from her own home.

Next morning, being Saturday, she started off to catch an early train, and thus spend a long and otherwise solitary day with her friend. On arriving at the station she saw her precious bicycle safely into the van, settled down in a first-class compartment, and amused herself with a voluminous ladies' paper. In the same carriage were two other women, apparently sisters, loudly discussing their domestic affairs, together with the demerits of their respective husbands, and just as the train was starting a

gentleman in a straw hat and tennis flannels added himself to their number, seating himself opposite Lady D'Abernon. Buried in her paper, deeply engaged in mentally adapting one of the

THE OLD BUTLER ASSISTED HER TO MOUNT

costumes there depicted to the requirements of her own light but rounded shape, she never raised her eyes, even when her neighbour began to make various polite suggestions as to windows up and windows down. 'No, thank you,' replied the voice behind the 'Lady's Pictorial,'—'I don't mind which it is'—'I don't feel any draught'—'I do not feel the heat.'

At last, in despair, he said: 'Lady D'Abernon! you *won't* look up! Do you mean to cut me?'

Emerging from her papery retreat, the little lady exclaimed: 'How absurd! why, Evy! it is you.'

'You were a long time discovering that fact.'

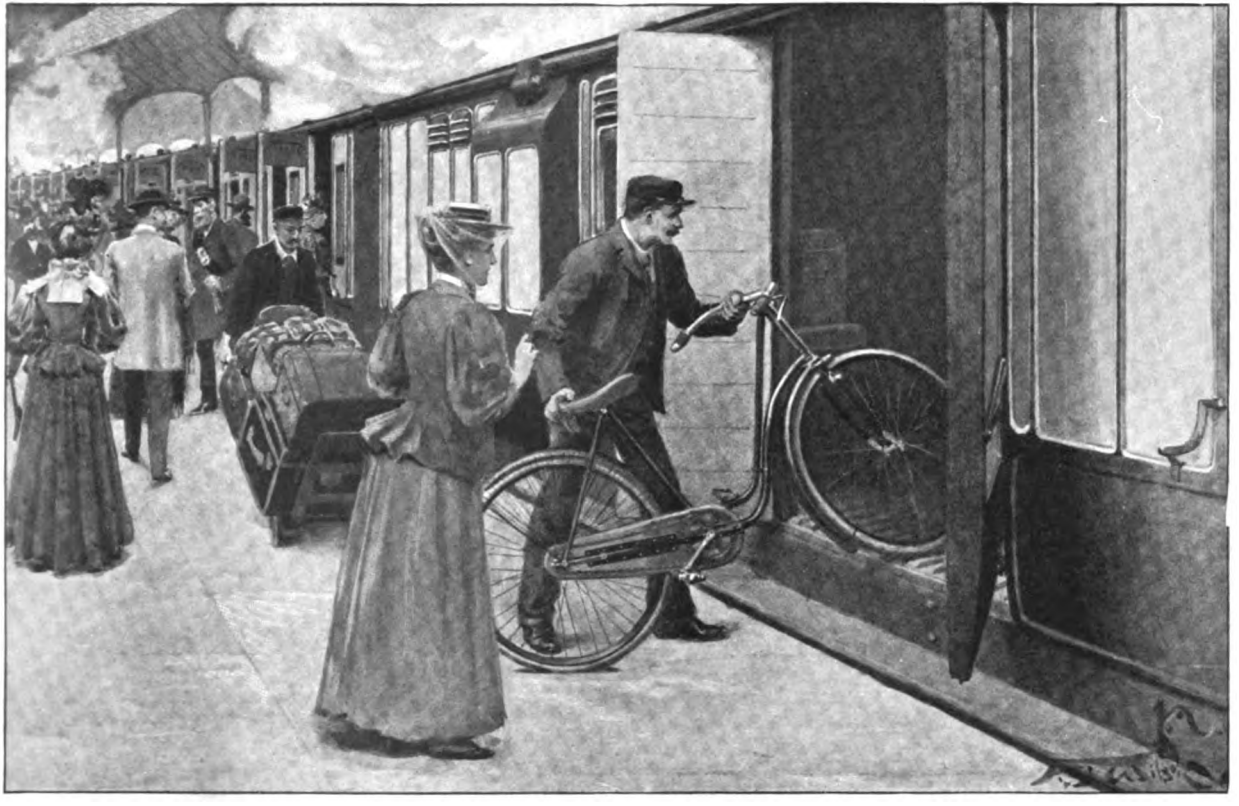
'Not so long as you have been in coming to see me.'

'Oh, well! I did not know whether Sir Charles——'

'Charley is not an ogre! he won't eat you up! he'll be delighted to see you.'

Evelyn Farquhar looked rather glum. *Qui part trop tôt revient trop tard* had been his melancholy case, and he did not as yet feel inclined to witness a condition of things in which he had quite expected to act one of the chief parts. Childish and careless as Havis had always seemed, he had thought it quite safe to start off on a six months' shooting trip, as a last flutter before he settled down, married to his charming child-companion. He never doubted that she adored him secretly, and would wait till his return for a certainty at which he had not hinted yet. Therefore he was the more disappointed when he found she had become Lady D'Abernon, and was apparently as merry and childlike as she was when he had left her safe—as he thought. What passed in Havis's mind it would be difficult to say; but tired, perhaps, of parrying awkward questions, and of the injured expression her *vis-à-vis* thought fit to put on, she got out a station earlier than she had intended, and, waving her hand with a cordiality tempered by anxiety to prevent her machine from being carried on, disappeared out of his sight.

The porter at the station had never heard of Fairfield, Havis's destination, but knew the village close by, so started her with her head in the right direction. The roads were quite new to her, and soon she began to ask her way of likely looking people whom she met on her path. Most of these answered like the man who, to an inquiry as to whether the round red shining object in the evening sky was the sun or the moon, rejoined, 'I couldn't say for certain. I am a stranger in these parts.' Others gave her complicated directions in which every landmark was a public-house. 'Turn off by the "Angel," and when you get to the "Fox



SHE SAW HER PRECIOUS BICYCLE SAFELY INTO THE VAN

and Duck" take the second turning to your left—that will bring you to the "Horse and Groom." . . . What! Not know the "Angel"? Well, I never!'

By-and-bye she met a butcher's boy, attired in the blue of his calling, and jogging along with a basket on his arm on a bored-looking horse. He could not be a stranger, and was surely too young to be an *habitué* of public-houses. 'Which is the way to

'WHY, EVY! IT IS YOU'

Fairfield?' she inquired for the twentieth time. He jerked his head backwards and fared forward on his way, while Havis proceeded on hers. After a few hundred yards a misgiving assailed her and she turned back. The boy was still jogging, with exactly the same over-fed expression of face.

'Are you sure this is the right way?' cried Havis, but 'Dunno' was all she got in the way of answer, and she could not help feeling that if, as seemed probable, there were none to love and very

few to praise, there must be plenty who longed to smack some intelligence into the virgin soil of that uncultivated brain.

But time was flying, and the luncheon hour near at hand; she must hasten on her way. At last she met a fellow-cyclist and received clear instructions as to her route. Softly singing to herself, exhilarated by the fresh air, lovely scenery, the faint sense of impending autumn in the air, which stirred her, she knew not why or how, she sped along the road, a little flying figure, the incarnation of a shooting star, full of life, energy and velocity.

Presently she came to a long incline and prepared to coast down it, enjoying the accelerated speed and sensation of flying, when suddenly her dress caught in the pedal, and in a moment was twisted round and round in a hopeless tangle. She sprang off, and as she bent over her machine she saw a respectable-looking woman coming along dressed in a bonnet and shawl. 'Why don't you help the lady?' cried a flying cyclist as he passed. 'The likes of her, indeed!' answered the woman, and stepped past with her head in the air. 'A *nez retroussé, gules*, should be *your* family crest,' thought Havis, as she at length freed her petticoat from the pedal, and started on again.

All these little incidents had considerably delayed her, and converted her nine miles ride into at least thirteen. It was therefore long past the luncheon hour when she arrived, and found her friend in that state of calm repose and indisposition for exertion which characterises the just person made comfortable after the mid-day meal.

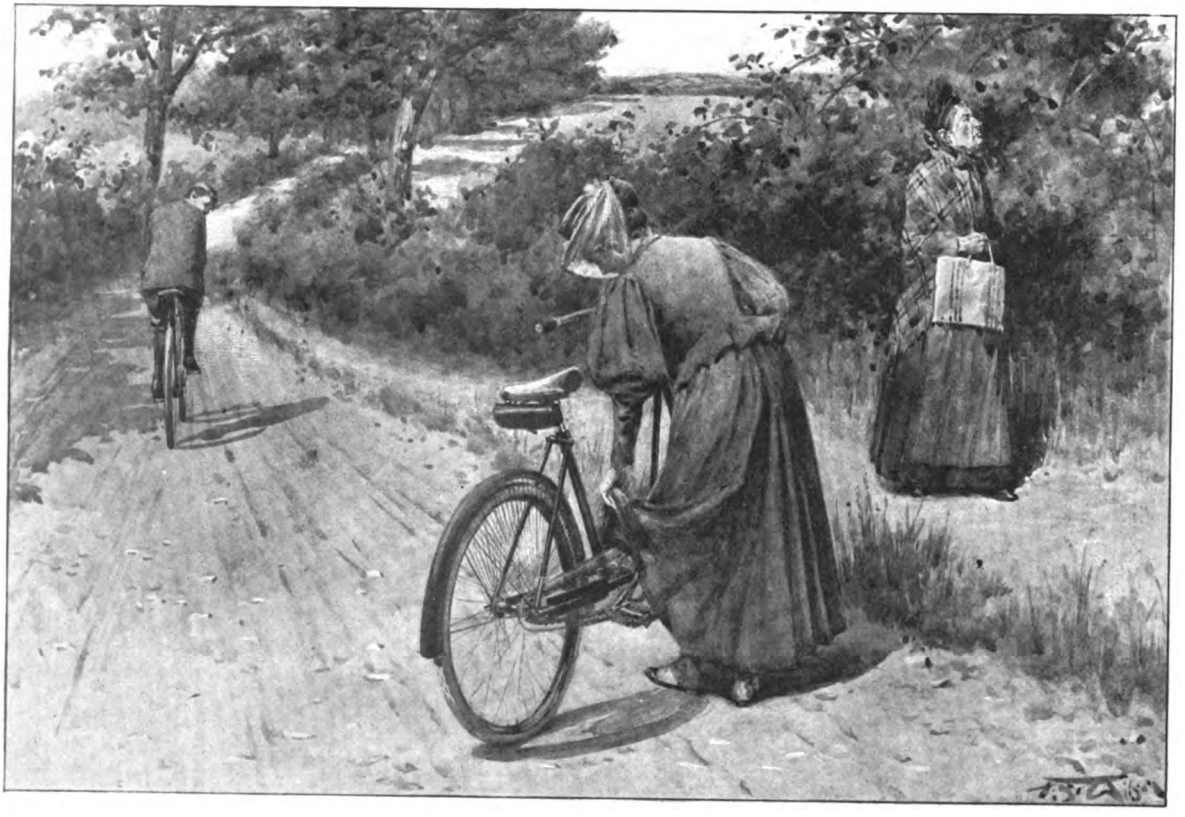
'I always said you would come to-day,' said she, 'but everybody else thought not, so we did not wait; but come, you shall have some luncheon in a minute.'

'I suppose they forgot to post my letter to you. How stupid!'

'Well, I got a letter from you, but as it began "Dear Lady Mildred," I concluded you had made a mistake, and sent it back by the early post.'

'How careless of me! Why, I must have put them into the wrong envelopes,' said Havis, and thought no more about it.

After luncheon they strolled about the garden until it was time for Havis to start off on her return journey. She had picked a large armful of flowers and branches from the trees, and these, fastened on to her handle bars, together with a strong head wind, so stopped the way of the bicycle that she was fairly exhausted when she got to the station. Moreover, she found that she had missed the up express, and there was no other train till quite late.



SHE AT LENGTH FREED HER PETTICOAT FROM THE PEDAL

In the meantime, Sir Charles, poor man, did not return to his own house till early on Saturday morning, for it had pleased a certain section of the House to keep supporters of the Government out of their beds all night, sooner than pass a so-called 'non-controversial clause' in an unusually tedious Bill—longer and duller if possible even than Wimpole Street or the Cromwell Road. He modestly let himself in, evaded the morning housemaid, and softly walked upstairs so as not to disturb the slumbers of his little wife, while she on her side started off to the station long before he awoke from a refreshing slumber enlivened by dreams of a gay little brown bird, yet feeding on shoots of heather, all unaware of woe and desolation to come, and a violent death, followed by the gracing of a festal board by his own plump person.

When, later, he arose, he found a choice selection of literature awaiting him, consisting of prospectuses of cycling companies, begging letters, bills, and communications from coal-merchants and potato-men advertising their wares. Among these there was one from the Zulu Club, postponing their dinner for that night, their chief guest having failed them, after the manner of chief guests in this transitory sphere. He rang the bell. 'Tell her ladyship' . . . but her ladyship was far enough away by that time, so he decided to go down to his cousins, the Foxes, that day, and get them to let him off the engagement for Sunday, which day he and Havis might then very well spend on the Thames. But alas! for the plans of mice and men! When he arrived at Mildred Fox's pretty villa at Wimbledon, his ugly, happy face rather drawn with late hours and snatches of unrefreshing sleep in cramped positions on the benches of his country's legislative assembly, it vaguely crossed his mind that there was a certain constraint in the reception accorded to him by his old friends. This, however, passed away under the genial influence of luncheon, for which, nevertheless, he had little appetite, having breakfasted in a substantial way not long before. He caught Lady Mildred sighing, and vaguely thought that his cousin Tom had 'been at it again.' 'I suppose they have had a row,' he thought, but with a manly sympathy for the delinquent he took no notice, smoked his cigarettes as a mark of regard to the supposed criminal, and sprawled upon the grass in the shade as if no such sentence as '*cherchez la femme*' had ever been penned, and as if he were not all the time an object of sincere pity to them both. He could not know that Lady Mildred's conscientious mind was at that moment torn between her ideas of right and a horror of giving pain, while even Tom, chastened as his sense of duty generally was by convenience

plus temptation, felt half inclined to back her up in destroying poor Charley's domestic peace. Need I say that Tom's sense of duty took, as usual, the modest back seat invariably assigned to it, and disappeared with its owner into a remote part of the grounds. Lady Mildred was thus left alone, but for a compromising letter burning a hole in her pocket, with her hapless victim. 'Horrid little thing!' she thought to herself, while tears of indignation came into her eyes. 'I never thought her half good enough for Charley. And to play him such a trick when they have not been married a year. . . . After all, she is very young, and if he pulls her up sharply now, she may go straight in future. Poor Charley, he hardly ate any luncheon, and his face is quite changed. Of course he suspects the truth.'

She was ten years older than her cousin, and had played with him as a baby. Her own marriage had been one of storm and sunshine mixed, and during its varied course she had had occasion to acquire a maternal indulgence towards the follies of the weaker sex which she by no means extended to her own.

After a long silence, during which Charley fell into a condition as nearly resembling slumber as the mist resembles the rain, Lady Mildred could bear it no longer.

'I have something to tell you,' she said, in a strangled voice. Charley, roused out of a fairy dream, in which a stag with quite an abnormal development of head played a leading part, gave a feeble assent.

'Have you any idea what it is?' continued his agitated tormentor.

'Oh, yes!' said Charley, reluctantly. He knew the ways and customs of Mildred's husband, and rashly drew his own conclusions.

'You know, my dear girl,' he proceeded in a calm, judicial voice, 'in these matters one has to make the best of a bad job. No one is perfect, and, after all, a great deal of good often underlies that sort of thing.'

Lady Mildred stared. Men were always cynical, but really!—

'Of course,' went on Charley, 'I do not defend the thing in a general way, but there are particular cases, my dear cousin Mildred, where patience' . . . here his mind wandered away into a vague and smiling vision of grouse. If only they could get that Bill through before the twelfth. But if not he should pair, whip or no whip. His was an early moor, and birds get wild. 'You know what I mean,' he ended up lamely, having lost the thread of his ideas.

'Well, cousin Charles!' said Mildred, rather stiffly, 'I am greatly relieved to hear you take it so quietly, but, as your oldest friend' ('Now something really nasty is coming,' thought Charley), 'I must say I am somewhat surprised, and I do think you ought to speak seriously about it on the first opportunity. Havis is only a child, after all, and you ought to look after her.'

'But what has Havis to do with this?'

'Read this. You cannot have been listening. It came this morning. It has evidently been put into the wrong envelope.'

'She is a careless little thing,' said Charley, 'but if you think ——Oh, no! this is all right, she was to go to the Hamiltons' to-day, as I was dining with the Zulus. Effie is her great friend. I must say she bores me, but Hamilton thinks the sun, moon and stars shine out of her head.'

'I dare say he does. But . . . the fact is, as Tom and I were passing through London this morning, at the station we *saw* Havis and Evelyn Farquhar in a carriage together. She had a paper which she held before her face, so I suppose she saw me first. You know Evelyn used to admire her, before you came on the scene. He is not a good friend for a girl like that, and no doubt he owes you a grudge for carrying her off.'

'No doubt he does,' said Charley grimly; 'I'll owe him one, and pay it too, if . . . but Havis? I can't believe it of her, and will not until she tells me so herself. I have left her too much alone. But we will go to Scotland at once, and I will take care Farquhar doesn't come after her there. Mind, I don't believe a word of it, but it has been very dull for her as I am away so much.'

So saying, he took his leave, and returned to London, to his empty house, where he dined in solemn state and with a great show of the indifference he was far from feeling.

In the meantime Lady D'Abernon was waiting at a country station for a train which never seemed to come. Her long fight with the wind, and the extra weight she had to carry, had made her very hot, and a chill wind got up, blowing right through the thin summer coat which was her only protection. She began to shiver. 'I shall get another attack of that Riviera fever I had last year at Cannes,' she thought, and turned up the collar of her jacket. By the time the train drew up she was chilled to the bone, and, when she arrived at home, could only crawl straight upstairs and beg the servants to send her dinner to her room. Charley had meanwhile been sitting with his eyes on the clock since he finished dinner at nine o'clock. It was now eleven. In

spite of himself his heart sank. 'It cannot be' had gradually changed to 'Can it be?' and from that to 'It must be so.' As he heard her return and go upstairs without coming in to speak to him, he felt that all his happiness was gone. It was so unlike

HE STOOD AND LOOKED DOWN ON THE PROSTRATE CHILDISH FIGURE

her usual way. 'She knows what she has done, and is afraid to face me,' he thought. Twelve o'clock struck, and then one; still he sat there with his head in his hands. At last he arose and went deliberately upstairs. On the landing he found Havis's

French maid, who effaced herself and let him pass into her mistress's room. There was only a glimmer of light; she lay with her face turned away from him and did not move. By her side lay an unopened letter, arrived by the last post. The handwriting seemed familiar to him. He stood and looked down on the prostrate childish figure. His heart beat so loudly that he could scarcely speak.

By-and-bye he found his voice. Havis moved restlessly, and half turned round. Her eyes met his; her face was flushed and all its childish bloom was gone.

'Did you meet Farquhar to-day?'

'Yes,' answered Havis; 'oh! I feel so ill. I am feverish, I think.'

'And did you write this letter?' continued he.

Havis sat up on the bed and took the note from his hand.

'Yes,' she said, 'and what do you think I did? Put it into the wrong envelope, so that when I got to Effie's I found she did not expect me. Look! here is Effie's letter sending the other back! But I suppose Tom told you, as he was to be at the Zulus to-night?'

It was many a day before Lady D'Abernon's delicate constitution and slight frame got over the fatigues of that country ride, and the effects of the severe chill she caught, but the next morning Lady Mildred got a letter from Charley which completely satisfied her mind, though Tom sometimes even now wonders to himself, 'How did she manage that? Clever little woman!'

HUNTING

BY G. H. JALLAND

NOVEMBER, the first of months in the calendar of hunting men, is once more with us. It seems difficult to believe that the country, with its springy turf and cleared fields, can be the same which but four short weeks ago was dried and baked to the consistency of macadam, or mantled with waving yellow clouds of waist-high crops. The curtain is up, the rehearsals are over, and the play begins.

The first of November—our opening day! What visions of bygone years it conjures up! How it excited our minds even before the time we owned a pony, when our long-suffering but unsporting governess was dragged, *nolens volens*, to the important tryst! As we grew older the happiest of all Novembers arrived, when we proudly rode our first pony to the opening meet, the wheezy, unwilling groom-gardener tugging at the leading-rein and expostulating vainly. It is all as fresh in our minds as if it had happened yesterday. The find, with its crash of glorious music, startling our unaccustomed ears, making every nerve in the body tingle, and almost halting the pulse; the view of the little red rascal, slipping like an eel through a broken paling, and vanishing like a ghost through the hedgerow; then the beautiful spectacle of the pied mass of eager hounds, flinging their wild, bell-like notes of joyous melody as they swept swiftly past our fascinated gaze; the exciting cries of the whips and huntsman; the exhila-

rating fanfare of the horn; the dashing impetuosity of the hurrying field—all these combined to produce a feeling of enchanting delirium, which even now, though familiarity is said to breed contempt, the first find of the season never fails to reproduce. Then the run! Shall we ever forget it? For though now we know it must have been a cub, and a bad plucked one at that, who dodged in and out of the covert for half an hour and ended ignominiously, being dragged by his brush from a rabbit burrow, yet at the time we thought the wide world could contain no greater delight. We recollect that the 'blooding' by old Ben the huntsman produced at first anything but pleasurable feelings, possibly because totally unprepared for and ignorant of the importance of the ordeal. Some resistance was even offered, until assured by laughing friends of the necessity and honour of

OUR FIRST PONY

the rite. Afterwards, when the youthful mind had grasped the situation, that bloody smear became our most cherished possession. Not only did we sleep in it, but, to the disgust of our cleanly nurse, we prevailed upon our indulgent parents to allow what had

not worn off to grace our unwashed face till bedtime on the day following.

The next season, by assiduous practice during the intervening summer, that blissful time arrived when the hated leading-rein could be discarded. Oh, the joy of that November! when, untrammelled by aught save our old friend the groom-gardener, now mounted on the plethoric old cob Robin, we gaily took the field. Our dear old pony! A picture of him lays beside us as we write. What a clinker he must have been, and what chums we were! Here he is—a bright bay, standing at a guess about 12.2, with a small, well-set, blood-like head, undeniable shoulders (so rare in a pony), perfect legs and feet, a mane and tail which never grew coarse, and an eye human in its intelligence. What a sportsman he was too, keen as mustard, yet so easily restrained by the single snaffle in which we rode him! Oh, the dance we used to lead poor puffing Robin and his complaining burden! In spite of parental admonitions, warnings, and even threats of reversion to the abhorred leading-rein, we rarely came home from hunting in company of our guardian. You see Robin and his rider were never happy except on the roads, and as our inclinations led towards greater enterprise, it was only natural we should experience some difficulty in keeping together. Thanks to the dear old pony we never came to very serious grief. Times without number we fell off, but it was invariably owing to the instability of our seat—the pony could not fall; and such was his nature that, with but one exception, he never failed to pull up and wait for us to get on again. To that exception hangs a tale, the circumstances of which are indelibly impressed upon our memory.

We were then rising eleven, and accompanied by Robin and Co. (as usual) went to a meet at the big woodlands. Hounds had no sooner begun to draw than (also as usual) we managed to lose our conductors, in accomplishing which manœuvre we found ourselves quite alone in a tangled narrow ride, long disused. Rejoicing in our liberty, we listened to the merry cheer of old Ben, as his darlings spread questing the bracken, brakes, and briar-woven thickets. Soon we heard with joy a note which proclaimed a find, quickly followed by a 'Yoi over, over!' attesting a view. A full chorus succeeded as the hounds drew together on the scent. How the glad song thundered and died away, to thunder again through the echoing woodland! At one time it sounded quite near, then gradually receded, until, had it not been for the fear of falling in with Robin and Co., our dread of being left would have led us to vacate our hiding-place. However, our naughtiness (contrary to

the story books) had its reward, and soon the merry cry again grew more distinct. Louder and louder yet, until, to our intense delight, we discerned through the thick bushes the form of the noisy pack, as it crashed along not twenty paces from our retreat. Flinging caution to the winds, we set off in blind pursuit, forcing our way through the wall-like saplings, jumping the fallen trees, and scrambling through the boggy drains. Our blood was up. We had hounds to ourselves. The joy of it! Keeping his eye on the tail hounds, the old pony followed every turn, and for the short distance that wild, headlong ride continued. They were never out of our sight. The next thing to remember was an attempt to dodge a low, hanging bough, and then a blank.

We awoke to find ourself in our own little bed at home. It appears, just as the family were sitting down to lunch, the pony was seen dashing up the drive riderless. All was then consternation and alarm. Searchers were despatched in every direction, a party galloping off in the dogcart to the place where the meet had been held. They arrived to find hounds still in possession of the wood, that learnt the fox had been dodging about all the morning, and had never got away. Somewhere in the covert, then, the lost boy must be. Poor old Robin and Co. were met with, both shorter of wind than customary, the speaking partner having just sufficient breath and wits to remember when and where he had last seen his troublesome charge.

The rest was then fairly simple. A cunning woodman discovered the trail where the pony had been turned into the disused ride. The ground was boggy, and the search soon resulted in the finding of the senseless (in more ways than one) lad. As the season was then on the wane, and the tap on the skull some weeks in mending, we got no more hunting that year, so our transgression ended quite *a là* story book after all.

What a sensible little chap that pony must have been! for though well accustomed to wait until remounted when his rider had come to grief, on this occasion he must have quickly satisfied himself that something was wrong, and as quickly raced away for assistance. Dear old chap! he carried us for several years after the memorable accident, until our legs grew too long and our bulk too great, when a larger animal took his place between our legs; but there is a big corner of our heart that will ever remain the property of our first favourite.

Following the year of the accident many Novembers came round before we again underwent the pleasant excitement of an

opening meet. School, with its hateful tasks and weary monotony, intervened. But those Christmas holidays! How they were enjoyed when the weather was open, and how worthless and empty life seemed when 'seasonable' weather prevailed! But to get forrard to that November when school had seen the last of us, and a smart hog-maned blood cob stood in the stall previously occupied by our old chum the pony. It was most astonishing how particular we had become about the cut of our breeches, and the joy of those first butcher boots was extreme.

THOSE NEW BOOTS

How we harassed the local artist during their manufacture! We insisted upon the fit, and compelled the man to measure our too gross calves to the fraction of an inch (those offending calves have ever been a sore trial). Then the horrible fear that in spite of promises the boots would not be finished in time for the first! However, we were not disappointed, and they duly arrived on the previous afternoon. We gloated over their glossy, shapely appearance, and never doubting but they would fit comfortably, omitted to try them on until the great day, when, with the assistance of the housemaid and a pair of hooks, we struggled into them—it was a struggle too. Oh, those awful boots! That opening meet is for ever fixed in our memory through the agony we endured. We arrived home late in the afternoon faint with pain, and all

the conceit knocked out of us. Four little scars, like vaccination marks, attest to this day how mercilessly those wicked boots forced the breeches buttons through our vain hide.

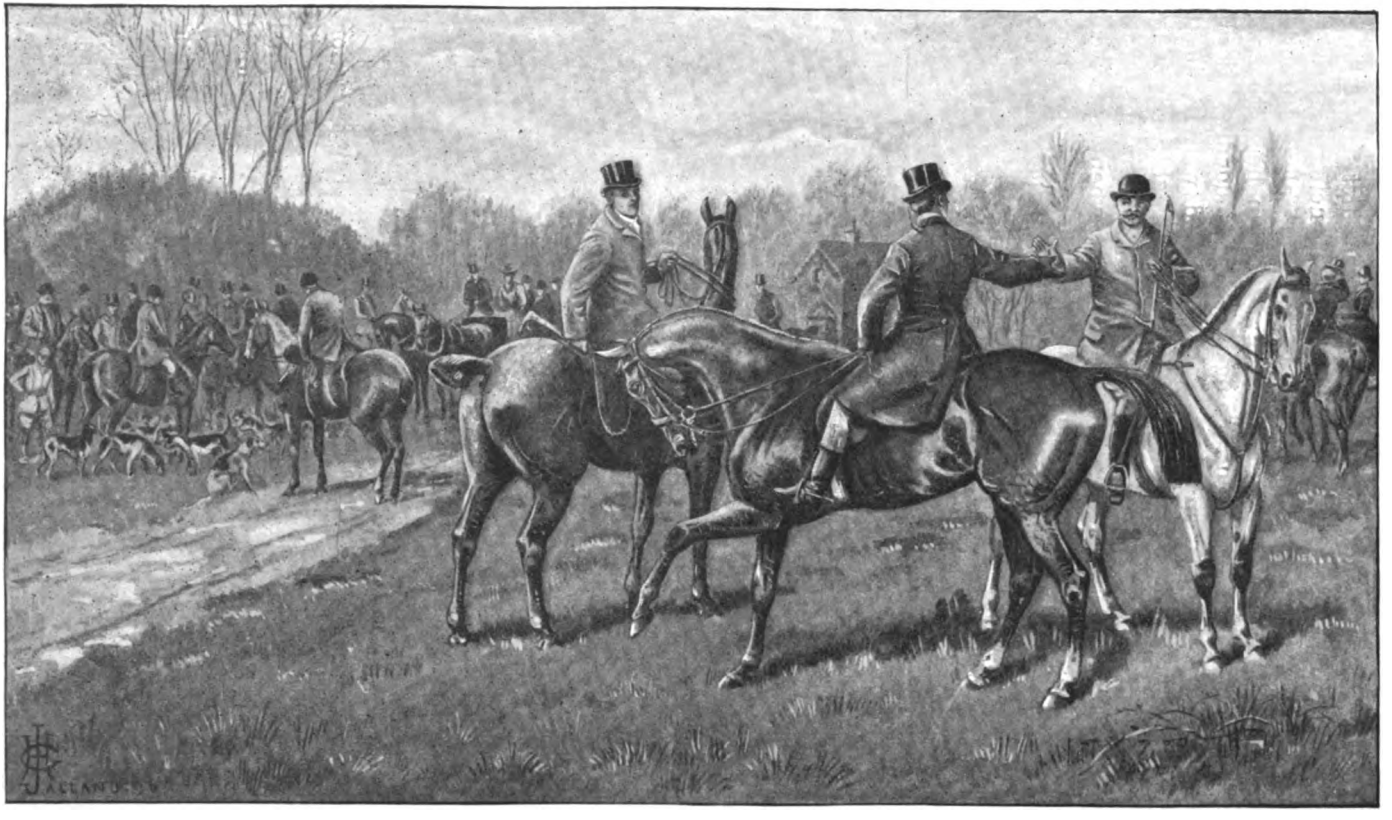
The next November which stands out prominently in our mind's eye was after the era of the hog-maned cob, when he in turn had given place to a chestnut mare, clean bred and a picture to look at. We made a pilgrimage in company of our father to Albert Gate, and putting our joint intelligence together picked up for a comparative song about the most beautifully shaped mare we had ever seen, and with a character too—at least a catalogue character. She was described as 'a good hunter, been carrying a lady regularly, a bold, brilliant fencer.' The latter part of the statement proved true enough, as the sequel will show.

How delighted we were with our bargain! Never a day passed but we were on her back, schooling her over the surrounding country (quite unnecessary, as she was an accomplished performer, but great fun all the same), trying to get her handy at gates (in which we never succeeded), or showing ourselves off before our admiring friends. The cubbing meets lay rather wide, so partly from love of the blankets, and partly from a desire to burst out in all the glory of our first frock coat, top boots, and topper, mounted on our beautiful mare, we never showed up with hounds till that eventful day in November. How our heart swelled with pride as we jogged (no that mare didn't jog, she slid, so smooth and oily was her action) along to the fixture! Arrived at the meet, what undiluted joy it was to greet our envious friends, and to hear the comments excited by our glossy-coated steed! 'What have you got there?' 'Looks like galloping!' 'Beautiful hunting shoulders!' 'How's she bred?' So they talked, whilst we, in conscious pride sat in their midst answering their questions and detailing the mare's pedigree till it vanished with the Godolphin Arabian himself.

When hounds moved off we began to feel the usually silky mouth was becoming less amenable to our hand, and were somewhat surprised to notice the veins on her neck standing out like a network. Before the draw was reached she began to bore and reach most uncomfortably, and patches of white lather showed where the reins touched her neck—nothing but nervous excitement, wants a gallop to settle her, we thought, and indeed, rather liked the display of such evident keenness, being fully aware that as we trotted along many admiring glances were bestowed on what we imagined our 'cut e'm down' *tout ensemble* must present. On pulling up at the covert side, all our caresses and

blandishments failed to make the mare behave herself and stand quietly. She either insisted upon pawing up clods of turf and flinging them amongst the waiting crowd, or, edging sideways, jamming us against spotless tops and more revengeful quarters, until becoming disgusted with her misbehaviour, and on the forcible but impolite advice of several damaged sportsmen, we rode her away to a quiet corner where her vagaries could get us into no trouble, and where we fondly hoped, by jumping a rather stiff fence, we could be fairly close to hounds if they got away.

Matters arranged themselves exactly as we wished, for we had not been amusing ourselves in our solitary corner more than ten minutes, when hounds came tearing out with a screaming scent just to the far side of the hedge by which we were waiting. Restraining the mare with some difficulty, and giving a few choice view hollaos for the benefit of the field, we paused until the pack had got sufficient law, when we raced at the big fence. Topping it without touching a twig, we landed well over the wide ditch which lay beyond with a couple of yards to spare—she *was* a lepper. Away we went at five-furlong speed, the mare catching hold like mad, whilst we sat down prepared to astonish the field. A couple more fences we threw behind us, when it became apparent we were going considerably faster than hounds, and unless we wished to emulate Leech's Frenchman and attempt the capture of the fox ourselves, we must steady our pace a little. So we gently intimated our wishes to our mount. Possibly this was exactly what she had been expecting and hoping for. In an instant her head, which had been previously carried with arched neck well into her chest, shot up, and her neck stiffened into a thing of metal. She was off! Pull! we might as well have pulled at the Tower of London for any impression we could make on that erstwhile silky mouth. We hauled and sawed. Then, catching hold short on one side, attempted to make her gallop in a circle, but all to no purpose. Quickly we passed hounds, luckily far enough to the left not to interfere. Fence succeeded fence in quick succession. She simply raced over them in her stride, never pausing to collect herself, or giving one the 'feel' that a jump was being made. Soon tiring of our useless endeavours, we sat tight prepared for the worst. Once we thought she was down—we precious nearly were—when she caught a stiff binder, which made her peck half across the next field; but the proverbial fifth leg of the blood'un and her wonderful shoulders eventually put her right. Never having much of an eye for a country, we had soon lost our bearings. Curiously enough the



ARRIVED AT THE MEET

fear which had occupied our mind when she first bolted had entirely disappeared, and we remember experiencing a distinct pleasure as we felt the animated cyclone tearing along beneath us treating the big fences like so many straws in her path and devouring the distance. On topping a rise we suddenly noticed the set sails of a boat in the valley below, and well recollect that for a moment we could not account for the sight. Then it flashed on us. The canal! We were heading as straight for it as the needle points to the Pole. Confident that, when we arrived there, the broad water would stop our errant steed, at the same time having no wish to be put down by the probable rapidity of

SHE WAS OFF!

her swerve, we once more set our muscles to work. Not a fraction of an inch would that iron jaw and stiff neck yield. Soon we came within a hundred yards of the deep, sluggish stream, and abandoning the hopeless attempt to check the brute, we sat down as tightly as we knew how, wondering if the pace would carry us in together when the swerve came, and on which side it would take place. Catching sight of the gleam of water the mare's ears, which hitherto had lain closely pressed to her neck, pricked up, and we distinctly felt her quicken the already terrible pace. She meant having the canal! 'A bold, brilliant fencer,' as the catalogue had most truly observed. Of course she failed to

get over—it was hardly likely, as the thing must have been about fifty feet wide. Splash! Eugh! we can feel the sudden chill now. Fortunately for us we had learnt to swim, and on rising to the surface (we touched bottom) a few strokes took us to the bank. On looking for our mount, we saw the poor brute had in some way managed to entangle her forelegs in the reins. She was making frantic, agonised efforts to swim, but the jerking on the bits produced by the action of her legs kept throwing her head up and turning her over backwards in the deep water. We shouted and gesticulated wildly to hasten the approach of the slowly sailing barge, but long before the

MANAGED TO ENTANGLE HER FORELEGS IN THE REINS

cumbrous boat could reach her we had the horrible experience of seeing the terrified beast slowly drown before our eyes. We remember throwing off our coat and attempting to get rid of our clinging boots, with the intent of swimming to the poor mare's assistance. But wiser counsels prevailed. For in the maelstrom of those frantic, striking hoofs we saw death awaiting us, and to

this day we are thankful we kept the bank. 'A poor plucked chap' does the reader mumrur? If that is the verdict, so be it.

Since this last many Novembers have come and gone, and, alas! many old friends have set out for that meet from which there is no return. We fancy our love for the great sport has in no way diminished; yet, sad to relate, as our hair grows grey and our years longer the fences grow larger and the ditches wider; further, we must plead guilty to an ever-increasing predilection for a staid, sober mount who thoroughly knows his trade.

A STAID, SOBER MOUNT

FROM A CAMEL

BY CAPTAIN FULLER WHISTLER

'SALAAM, sahib, the camels are waiting,' said the Chuprassie, as he pushed aside the purdah which concealed the door, and noiselessly entered the breakfast-room.

'Very good; but what about the shikari?' asked my host. 'Has he arrived yet?'

'*Hah Gharri purvah*' (Protector of the Poor), replied the native, 'he sits on one camel and the tiffin basket on another.'

'Then,' said my friend, turning to me, 'if you won't have any more breakfast, you had better make a start, for the shikari evidently thinks it's time to be off.'

Patrick O'Brien, the settlement officer at Hissar, finding himself situated in a country abounding in game, but with his hands too full of work to allow of his going in pursuit of it, had asked me to stay with him for the express purpose of shooting. Eagerly accepting the invitation, I had arrived overnight from Lucknow, and on this, the following morning, found that Patrick had made all arrangements for my pursuit of the timid antelope. In proof of this I discovered outside the bungalow two unusually fine 'sewari,' or riding camels, ready for my use. The larger one had on his back a double saddle made of wood, the two seats being separated by his single hump. In the back seat the shikari had already taken up a position, and on the smaller camel I noticed the tiffin basket and several coils of rope, while the driver was placidly smoking a hubble-bubble close by. The shikari, Râm Singh, was a striking-looking figure, as he sat motionless on the camel. His Norfolk jacket and pantaloons, evidently discarded by a former master, were made of Khaki drill, and he wore a pugri and putties of the same colour. At his waist hung a large

and businesslike-looking hunting-knife, and in his hand, with the butt resting on his knee, he held my double ·450 Express rifle. His dark handsome face was embellished by a pair of piercing black eyes, an aquiline nose and gleaming white teeth; but an almost grotesque fierceness was given to his appearance by the colour of his moustache and beard, which had been dyed of a deep orange hue.

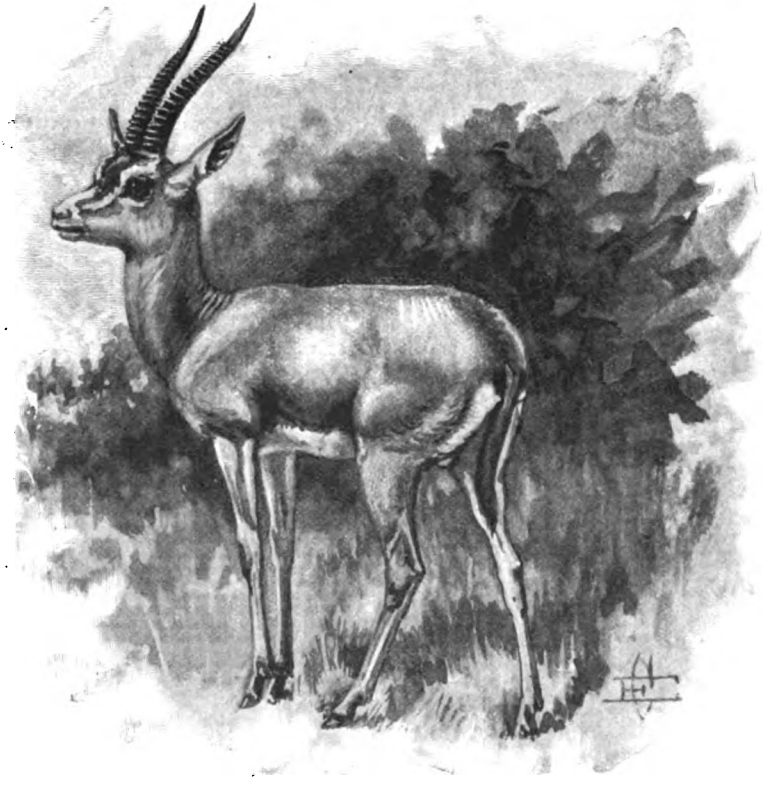
Seeing that all was ready for a start, I proceeded to climb into the vacant saddle, and had barely settled myself when the shikari spoke some mystic words to the camel. The ungainly beast at once responded with a prolonged gurgle, and rose from its recumbent position to its feet. Râm Singh then handed me the single cord attached to the camel's nose, and saying we had a longish ride before us, asked me to guide my mount as he should direct.

On reaching the road outside the compound, on the command from the shikari, 'Come hup, you ugly beast!' (or words to that effect), the animal broke into a long swaying trot, which very soon pointed out to me the defective build of the native saddle. This, as I have said, was made of wood, but it was covered with leather, and would not have been very uncomfortable had it not been for an upright back to it, the leather covering of which had been worn off. Before we had trotted a mile I began to feel that this upright would ere long establish a raw in the small of my back. I therefore called a halt, and having lengthened my stirrup leathers to allow of my sitting more forward, made the shikari stuff a cloth in between my back and the wood. This made matters more comfortable, and we swayed along, with the other camel following us, at a good eight miles an hour.

Soon after leaving the bungalow we had turned off the road and entered the vast tract of land known as the Government bîr, or forest of Hissar. This, which is entirely uncultivated, is a rough jungle, large patches of scrub and grass alternating with open maidans or plains, and is for the most part perfectly level ground, broken only here and there by shallow nullahs.

The bîr is used by the Indian commissariat department for the rearing and feeding of cattle, which run almost wild, and is, next to the Birkanir desert, the most favourite haunt of the Indian antelope. So long as we were within a couple of miles of cultivation, the clear call of the grey partridge resounded on all sides, and startled hares would hurry from their forms in the grass to seek shelter in some neighbouring bushes. We caught sight, too, of a handsome peacock strutting majestically along, surrounded

by his harem, and now and again small flocks of sand-grouse rose with a whirr from the barren ground. As we got further into the heart of the forest, however, the presence of small game became less noticeable, and very soon the shikari said, 'We must now be silent, sahib, for we may sight some "kala haran" (black buck) at any moment.' I thereupon reduced the camel's pace to a gentle (?) jog, and took my rifle from the shikari.



THE BIG BUCK

Shortly afterwards we came suddenly and unexpectedly on a huge boar busily engaged with some succulent roots. The boar and the camel were equally startled. With a grunt from one, and a gurgle from the other, each turned his tail to the foe, and careered headlong in opposite directions. Luckily for me my camel soon met his companion and came to a standstill beside him, but not before I had been nearly dragged from my saddle by the thorny branches of some trees we had passed under.

Reassured by the voice of his driver, and the example of the

other camel, the beast consented to go forward again, and we proceeded now at a walk, which I must confess was a considerable relief to my feelings. Five minutes later Râm Singh touching my shoulder whispered, 'Look, haran!' Three hundred yards ahead of us, on the far side of some low scrub, were some chinkara, or ravine deer, quietly grazing with their backs towards us. The noiseless tread of our camels had not disturbed them. Taking out my glasses I soon made out that there were two bucks, and that the larger one had a grand pair of horns. We at once decided on a stalk; so making the camels lie down we handed ours over to the driver, telling him to remain where he was till he heard the report of my rifle, or, failing that, until I whistled for him.

A short and careful stalk through the scrub resulted in my getting within eighty yards of the large buck, Râm Singh having stopped some little way behind me. The chinkara were surrounded by low bushes and prickly thorn-trees, and seemed quite unconscious of any danger. I had therefore plenty of time to wait for the buck to shift his position. He, however, kept his back towards me while he moved slowly away, grazing as he went. In this position he got out of sight behind some bushes, so I crept stealthily forward to get him in view again. At that instant one of the does caught a glimpse of me, and away she went like the wind. The others followed at once, but I got a fair shot at the big buck as he ran from behind the bushes. He disappeared into the scrub, however, and, as I could find no sign of blood, I naturally concluded I had missed him. By a funny coincidence, however, we secured the coveted head later on in the day.

A ride of another mile or so resulted in our spotting in the far distance a large herd of antelope, some three hundred in number, slowly moving across our front. After a hurried consultation, Râm Singh and I handed our camel over to the driver again, and, keeping out of sight of the antelope, crept cautiously away to a part of the jungle near which we thought they would pass. The ground here was so thickly studded with bushes and stunted trees that I had no difficulty in taking up my position without showing myself. I had barely loaded and cocked my rifle when the shikari said, 'Listen, sahib; here they come!' and a few seconds later the leading does came bounding past, about a hundred yards in front of us. Something had evidently disturbed them—possibly our camel-driver, or perhaps some native in search of cattle; but they were unaware of our

presence, and my heart beat loudly as I saw the herd approaching. Several young bucks were already passing, but I laid low in the scrub, anxiously watching an open space in front of me till some fine old buck should reach it. Out of such a herd it was difficult to choose, and again and again I drew a bead on an animal as he passed, only to shift on to a more tempting specimen behind. At last a fine black beast with longer horns than any I had seen came in view, and, satisfied at length, I pressed the trigger.

'*Mara, sahib!*' (Hit, sir!) exclaimed the shikari, as the antelope bit the dust; and I expended my second barrel, but without effect, on another, as the herd dispersed in all directions.

On reaching the fallen buck, we found him stone dead, the bullet having struck him close behind the shoulder. He was indeed a grand beast, and my measuring tape proved his horns to be a shade over twenty-four inches long.

Meanwhile Râm Singh was calling up the camels, and when they arrived, finding it was past noon, I took the opportunity of having lunch. Before I had finished, Râm Singh and the driver had slung the buck on to the smaller camel, and, ten minutes sufficing for their frugal repast, which consisted of chupatties and water, the former came and sat by me as I lazily enjoyed a cigarette.

He told me he was very anxious to come across a famous herd of antelope, known by the natives in the neighbourhood as the *lac-i-dar*, meaning 'a flock of a hundred thousand.' The Indian is much given to exaggerating, and probably the herd in question would not number more than a few thousand, though Jerdon, in his 'Mammals of India,' says, 'Now and then they have been observed in the Government cattle-farm at Hissar in herds calculated at from eight to ten thousand.' Personally I much preferred coming across small herds, or even single buck, as they were far easier to stalk.

Asking the shikari, therefore, not to waste our time in looking for the large herd, but to take me where we were sure of some sport, we now struck across a large maidan, from which we could get an excellent view of the surrounding country.

Before we had crossed the plain we caught sight of a couple of buck at the far end, by a patch of jungle, busily engaged in combat. We therefore kept our camels going, but gradually altered our course so as to reach the jungle without disturbing them. We succeeded in doing this, and having dismounted, crept along through the bushes till we were in shot of the buck.

The fight was still going on, and, against my will, I was compelled to lie still and watch it.

'*Maro, sahib, maro!*' (Shoot, sir, shoot!) whispered Râm Singh in my ear.

'Not yet,' I replied; 'it is a grand fight. Let us watch it a bit.'

'They will be off, sir, and we shall lose them.'

'Be quiet!' I say. 'I will not shoot yet.'

Charge after charge the bucks make at each other, and the rattle of their horns as they meet resounds in the air.

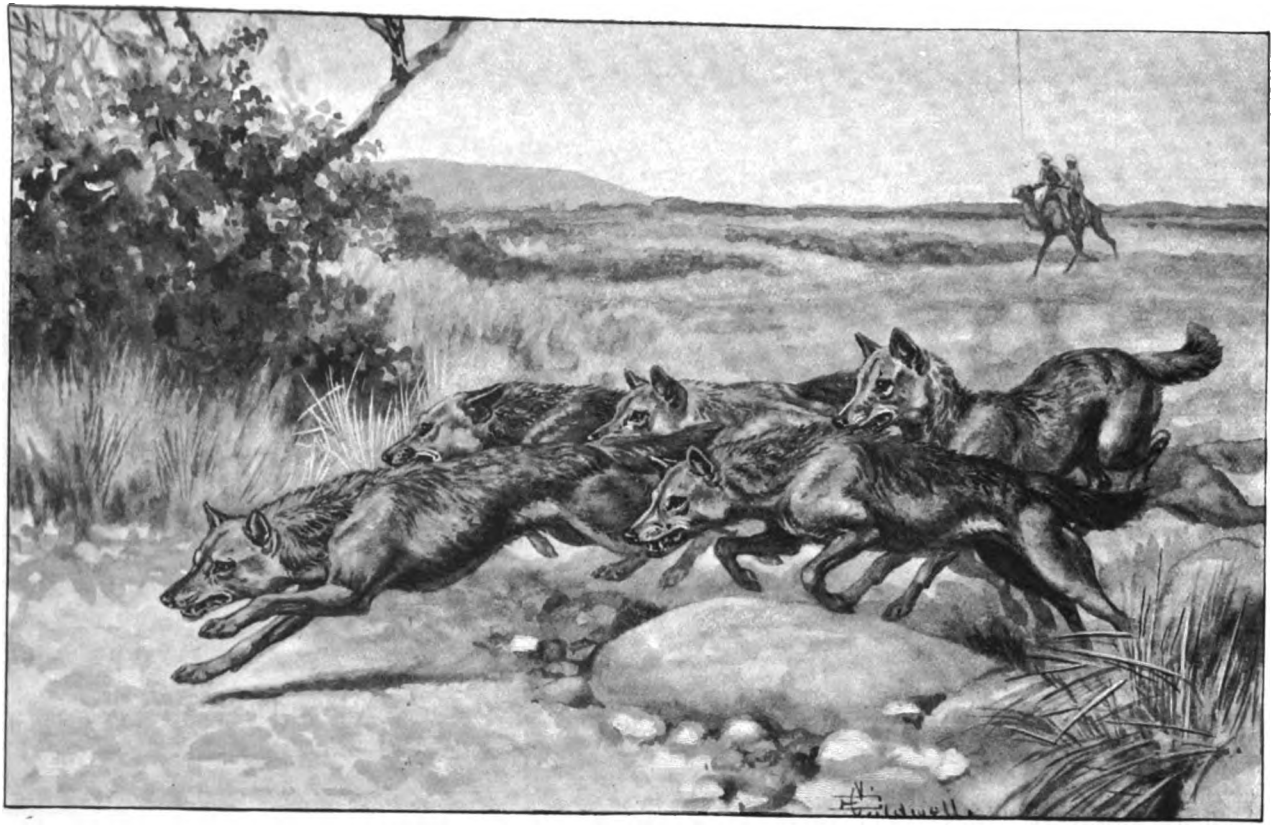
Evenly matched they are, and for a time neither seems to gain any advantage. Presently they back away from each other, and as I expect to see them meet again with another mighty crash, one swings round and darts away like lightning into the

BUSILY ENGAGED IN A COMBAT

jungle, the other flies in pursuit, and, like a flash, before I have time to raise my rifle, both have disappeared.

Of course the usual 'I told you so!' proceeds from the shikari's lips, and when I tell him I would rather see one such fight than shoot half a dozen buck, he shakes his head, and I hear him mutter something which sounds like 'Stupid work!' Poor Râm Singh! his one idea is slaughter, and, as I could understand his feelings, I did not attempt to argue with him. We therefore resumed our ride in silence, and, after passing through the jungle, caught sight of a fine black buck and three does quietly grazing in the open. There was still a lot of scrub between us and them, so, dismounting as usual, we carefully stalked them.

Again I was successful in getting within shot; they were not a hundred yards away. The hinds, however, had scented



To ride a Camel to a Pack of wild Jackals

mischief in the air, and had their heads up, looking in different directions, though the buck was still grazing.

As I eagerly watched him, hoping he would expose his side to me—for at present he was nearly end on—the suspicious does began to move off. Then one bounded into the air, and the buck raised his head. A bound from a second doe made him break into a trot; then, swinging round, he stopped and looked behind him. Here was my chance; the hinds were now trotting off, and, knowing he would follow them almost immediately, I took a hasty aim at the point of his shoulder. As my finger pressed the trigger he turned again, and in consequence my bullet struck him on the near hind leg, shattering the bone above the hock. He dropped to the shot, but was quickly up and off again on three legs, my second bullet failing to stop him.

Hastily calling up the camels, we mounted as quickly as we could, and set off in hot pursuit across the plain. The buck had, of course, a good start of us, but I could still see him careering ahead, though the unwounded hinds were already out of sight. To keep him in view we had now to urge our camel to his fastest and most uncomfortable trot. Very soon we saw the buck plunge into a narrow belt of scrub and high grass which ran across the plain, and for a minute or more we lost sight of him.

On emerging from the scrub on to the maidan beyond, we were astonished to see, not the buck, but a pack of jackals, seven of them, running hard with their noses to the ground, some three hundred yards ahead of us. Râm Singh grasped the situation at a glance, for he whispered over my shoulder, 'They are hunting our wounded buck, sahib, and have not noticed us; don't press them, but just keep them in view, and they will pull him down.'

Then began one of the most extraordinary hunts I ever took part in; and I dare say it has never fallen to the lot of anyone else to ride a camel to a pack of wild jackals, with a black buck as the quarry.

As we rode along, keeping the jackals in view, I noticed that they ran perfectly mute, and in such close formation that the proverbial sheet would have covered them. Across the maidan, and under some trees they raced, then with diminished pace carried the line through several acres of low scrub and rough grass, to another plain beyond. There, some distance ahead, we again descried our buck, but for only a second or two, as he soon disappeared into a broad but shallow nullah.

Through that the jackals drove him, and we saw both them and the buck, with but a couple of hundred yards between them,

rapidly approaching the edge of a dense bit of jungle. Though so close to their victim the pack was still hunting by scent, and it soon became evident that the buck would reach the jungle before them.

In crossing the nullah we had lost some ground, but the large open plain between it and the jungle had enabled us to keep the hunt in view. As the buck reached the jungle and disappeared from view, I said, 'The buck is nearly done, Râm Singh, but we shall lose him now.'

'He won't get much further, sahib,' he answered, 'but will lie down now, and the jackals will kill him.'

'Even so, if we lose sight of the jackals we are done,' I reply, as I urge the camel forward, and diminish the distance between us. Alas for my keenness! I have disturbed them.

'Look, Râm Singh, they have noticed us,' I whisper, as the jackals stop and look back; then, suddenly, they disperse right and left, and disappear in the jungle.

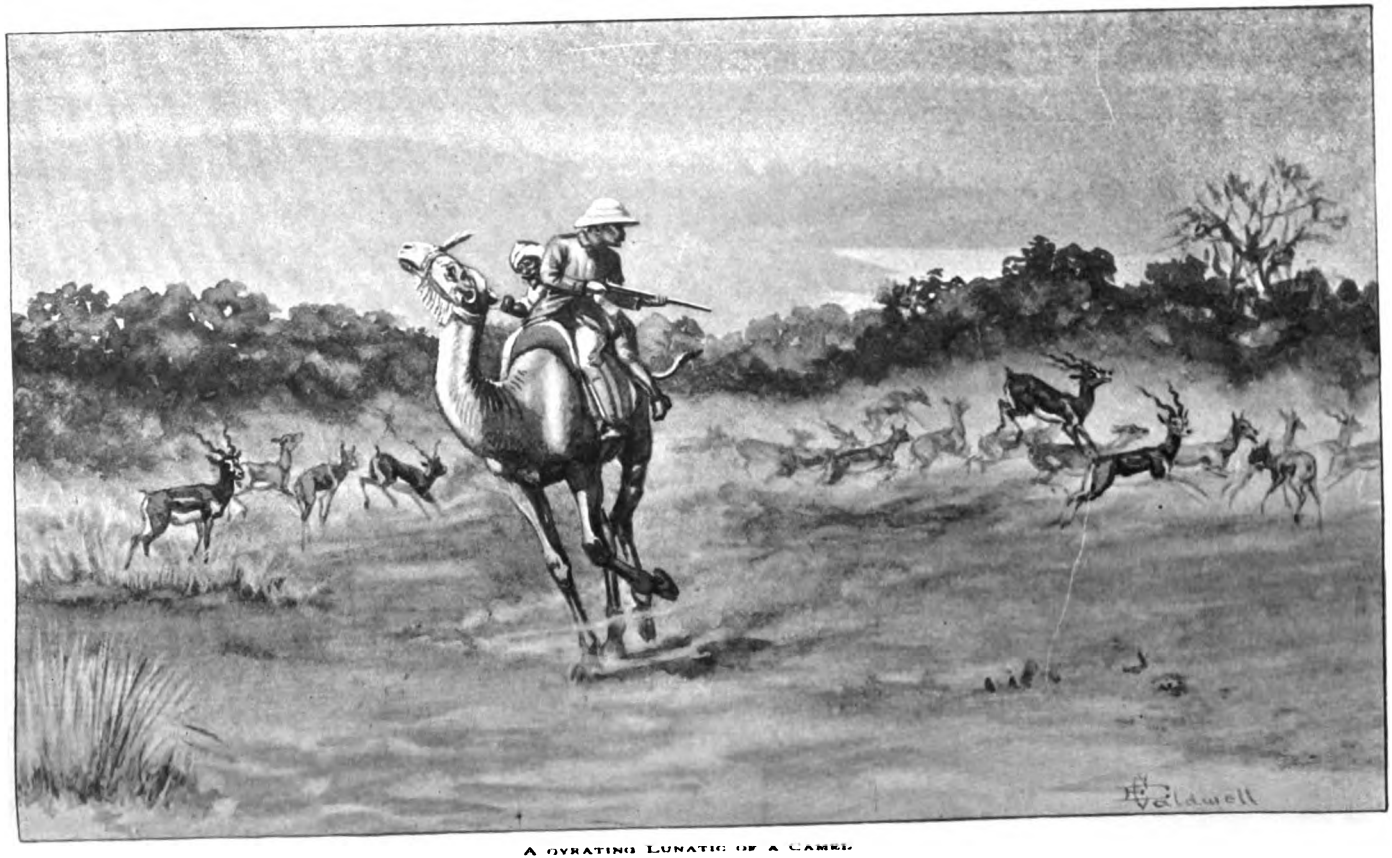
'Never mind, sahib, we shall find the buck, he cannot go far.'

'Let the camel sit down,' commands the shikari, as we reach the jungle, his one aim and object being to secure the buck, 'and I will dismount.' This he very quickly did, and being an excellent tracker soon hit off the slot of our buck. I followed on the camel as he puzzled out the trail, and in a very short time we came on the antelope, which, weakened by his run and the loss of blood, was lying nearly spent in some long grass.

As we approached, the buck tried to rise to his feet, but without avail, and the shikari rushing in, seized him by the horns and ended his struggle with the big knife.

Though I felt sorry for the poor beast, and for all he must have suffered, I must confess my chief regret was that by disturbing the jackals I had spoilt a good finish to a run which I shall never forget.

We now spent some time in searching for our second camel, which was nowhere in sight. The pace had evidently been too hot for the driver, or perhaps the merciful man had been sparing his beast. Anyhow, it took us a good quarter of an hour to find him, and another to get the buck attached to his camel. As the tiffin basket had to be taken off before this could be done, I had an excellent opportunity for a much-needed whisky-and-soda. Even Râm Singh, forgetting his caste prejudices for once, accepted a proffered drink, having first carefully put the camel between himself and the driver.



A GYRATING LUNATIC OF A CAMEL

As the shikari judged we were now some nine or ten miles from Hissar, we decided to turn homewards, looking out for buck as we went; and to ease my be-jolted limbs I got down to walk for a mile or two. On remounting, what with talking over our run, and discussing the length of it, which we finally put at about two miles, we were not keeping such a good look-out as usual. Consequently, on emerging from some scrub on to an open maidan we disturbed a large herd of antelope, which began to move off in the direction of the extensive jungle we had left. They did not, however, seem to be much alarmed at the sight of the camels, and as we went leisurely on they began to settle down again. Knowing it would be useless to dismount now, we gradually but carefully moved round them in a slowly decreasing circle until we got between them and that part of the jungle towards which they had been moving. Having thus cut off their retreat, we advanced more boldly upon them, and were surprised to find they only stood still and looked at us. Had the camel only consented to follow suit I could now have had a lovely shot. This, however, he obstinately refused to do; and as Râm Singh tightened the rein the aggravating brute put his nose in the air, and began to turn round and round, emitting at the same time a long-drawn-out and discordant groan. This eccentric behaviour was too much for the antelope, and sent them off to the jungle as fast as they could go on either side of us. Never was I in a more tantalising position. Black buck surrounded me in easy distance, and there was I, rifle in hand, sitting on a gyrating lunatic of a camel, utterly unable to get an aim at one of them.

As the last disappeared into the jungle I had a random shot, pulling the trigger in sheer vexation of spirit, rather than with any hope of bagging a buck, and—the camel at once stood still. I looked behind me at Râm Singh. Simultaneously the comical side of the situation struck us, and we burst out laughing. This cleared the atmosphere considerably, and we went on our way, not exactly rejoicing, but greatly amused.

Twice more on our homeward journey we stalked some buck, and—need I remark?—dismounted for the purpose. One good buck I bagged, and badly missed another; we also disturbed some nilgai without getting a shot at them, and shortly afterwards I called the shikari's attention to some vultures soaring over a spot close by.

'Where was it?' I asked, 'that I shot at the chinkara in the morning?'

'Very nearly where we are now,' he replied.

'I thought so, and it may be that I killed the chinkara, and that the vultures are after his carcass now.'

'It will be your buck without doubt, sahib,' said Râm Singh. 'Let us hasten and see.'

Rousing the camel into a trot, we rapidly approached the spot, and there saw fifty or more red-headed vultures in a circle on the ground, pulling and tearing at something which they hid from our view. Others, looking quite gorged, were standing by, or perched on a neighbouring tree, while yet more were soaring high in the sky.

Making the camel lie down I dismounted, and walked towards the crowd of repulsive-looking birds. Some of those which had already feasted flapped heavily out of my way, but those actually

A JACKAL SLUNK AWAY

engaged in eating the carcass were so intent on it that they did not notice my approach. I actually had to hit some of the birds across the back with the barrel of my rifle before they moved. Then arose such a flapping of wings as the vultures hastened away, that the faint-hearted camel turned and made another bolt with the shikari.

As the birds cleared off a jackal slunk away, licking his chops, and I now saw the bedraggled remains of what must have been a very fine chinkara. There was nothing left of him now but the skin and bones, with the exception of his head and neck, which so far had not been eaten, though his eyes were gone. In his skin I found the bullet hole which had entered his side just behind the heart, and from which I judged death must have been almost

instantaneous. Had I not concluded from his disappearance that I had missed him, a very short search in the morning would have resulted in his find. After cutting off his head we made tracks for home, Râm Singh having brought back the runaway camel, and arrived in good time for a refreshing and most necessary bath before dinner.

My stiffness that night was something appalling, and in the morning I received a message from the shikari to say he was unable to walk, so could not go out with me that day as arranged.

'Then I should advise you,' said O'Brien, 'to leave the buck quiet to-day, and content yourself with a stroll after sand-grouse and partridges.'

'The very thing,' I replied, 'for nothing would induce me to mount that eccentric camel again till some of my stiffness has worn off.'

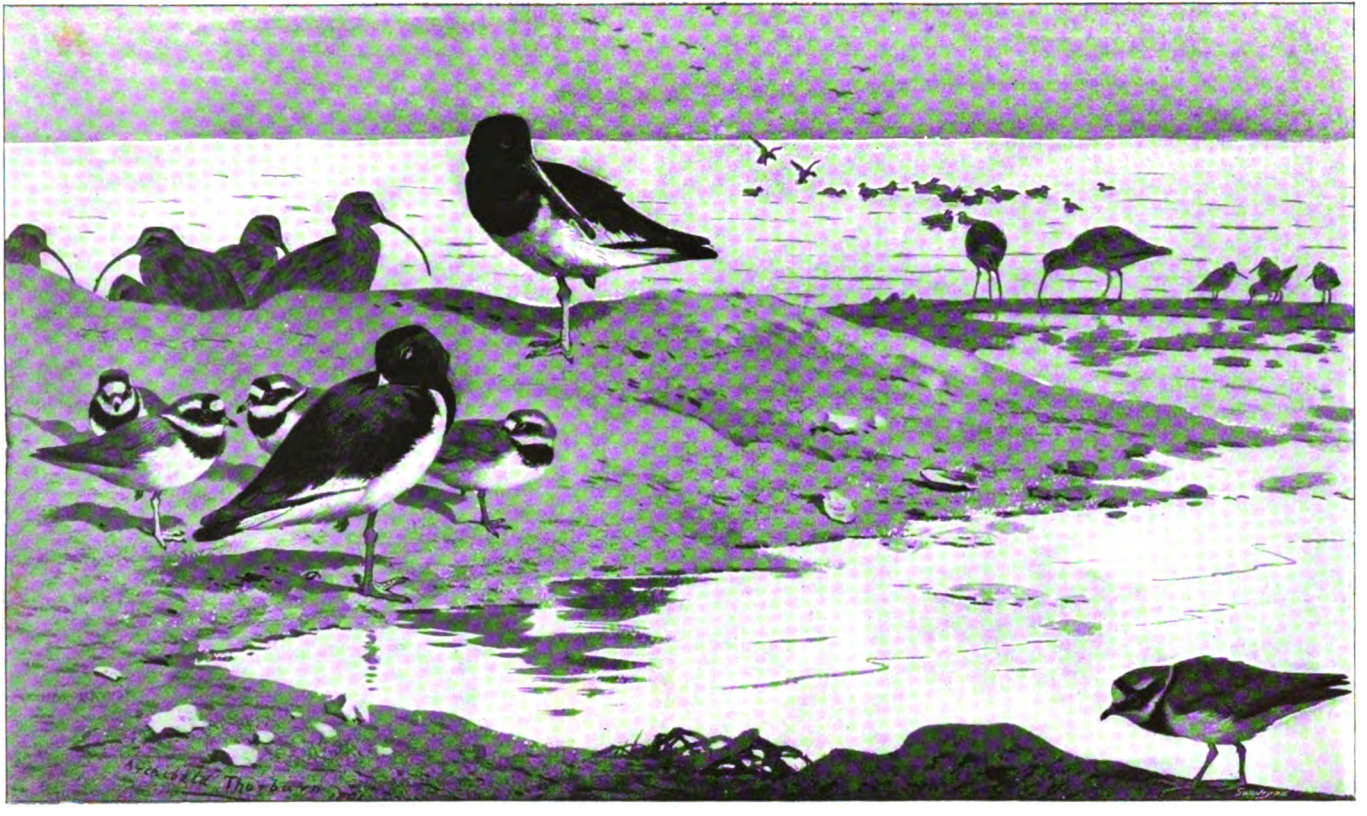
SPORT IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

BY H. HERON

THE temptations offered by a softer and sunnier climate than England can boast must always form an inducement to pay the Channel Islands a visit. And the fact that one can count on English comforts in addition to bluer skies and a warmer temperature constitutes in many cases a substantial reason why one should not 'go further and fare worse.' But the best climate in the world leaves something to be desired in the way of amusement, and though the islands cannot offer to the sportsman any great variety in his own line, still it is possible to put in a short time among them very pleasantly.

Jersey is, on the whole, the best of the group from the present point of view. There is good shore-shooting to be had, any amount of seafishing, and, last but not least, that speciality of the islands—sand-eeling.

To begin with shooting. The wildfowler has every chance of making a good bag in Jersey, for the shores are lively with waders, plover, ducks and geese, the number and species depending of course upon the season. These coasts have many points in their favour, for there—unlike certain well-known spots in England, where wildfowling is literally destroyed by a crowd of men blazing away in every direction—one rarely meets with a shore-shooter, and in consequence the birds are numerous and noticeably



A HIGH SANDBANK, WHERE THE SEA-DWELLERS LOVE TO CONGREGATE

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less wild. The islanders are mostly good shots, as, owing to the conscription, every man knows how to handle a gun; but, strangely enough, few of them seem to care for the sport to be found on their own shores, though not long ago a farmer attained local celebrity by shooting five wildgeese with a 12 bore into which he had crammed no less than five drachms of black powder, and a score of pellets of AAA.

Shore-shooting, especially on the western side of the island, should result in really satisfactory sport in wild weather. About and above St. Ouen's Bay the land is sandy and comparatively deserted, and there are one or two pools which serve to attract wildduck. On the other side again, looking towards France, near La Rocque and Anne Port, the tide goes out for an immense distance, thus leaving bare a couple of miles of weedy flats, which offer a particularly tempting feeding-ground to hundreds of wildfowl. Amongst the rocks scattered freely over this spacious foreshore, it is possible to secure a variety of birds. It may be well to add these rocks are dangerous, as the tide runs in with great rapidity, and the chance of being cut off by the water is not one to be lightly considered. For not only are most of the rocks entirely submerged at high tide, but currents are set up between them strong enough to dismay even an expert swimmer.

I have had some very pleasant days among these cormorant-haunted rocks, bagging geese, ducks, curlew, and any number of small fry. There is a high sandbank, where the sea-dwellers love to congregate, and on one occasion I saw a fisherman take a fine diver off a hook on the line or trot which he had laid for fish under the sandbank. There are crowds of curlew always to be met with far out, and they invariably offer good sport, besides being capital eating in the early months of harvest. One morning at daybreak I was lying behind the sea-wall of Grouville Bay, hoping to get a shot at curlew as the tide was full, when just as the curlew had put in an appearance, I saw four ravens flying across towards me from the direction of Mont Orgueil Castle. I brought one down with my right barrel and a curlew with the left—a rather remarkable combination.

On another occasion, during a heavy storm I started for the rocks. It was in January, and the wind bitterly cold, blowing hard from the north, and I was therefore not surprised to see a black line, which I took to be wigeon, on the flats towards Gorey. Unfortunately they were quite inaccessible, as the shore there is devoid of cover. The tide was ebbing fast as I turned in the direction of La Rocque. I have never seen waders in such

numbers on any shore; redshanks, sandpipers, oystercatchers and curlew were settled about the patches of sand among the rocks, especially in the vicinity of a Martello tower which occupies a prominent position on a group of high rocks at some distance from the land, and can only be reached dryshod on the occurrence of the spring tides. I knew there must be a man somewhere hidden by the rocks ahead of me, as now and again the gulls rose and screamed. I had not gone far when a dozen redshanks got up from the edge of a pool in front. I let them go, however, and was rewarded a few minutes later by the slaughter of a curlew. After tramping along for a while, I got among the rocks lying around the foot of the tower. I skirted under cover of these until I was within fifty yards of the receding tide, then, peeping cautiously round the corner of a big weed-covered boulder, I sighted a small lot of wigeon. As they rose I got in both barrels of No. 4, killing three. These retrieved, I took up my position to leeward of a mass of granite standing half in the water. Cormorants, gulls and tern passed in scores, and a V-shaped flock of geese far out of range. Then a curlew—which I secured—attended by a gathering of redshanks; after these again several batches of wigeon. Then, having spent a profitable quarter of an hour in my hiding place, I moved on, seeing a number of curlew in the distance, but only getting an occasional shot at the smaller waders. As I neared the land again, I came upon some green plover, and brought down two. This ended the day, and I returned to St. Heliers not ill pleased with my morning's sport.

Before going over I had heard that good cock-shooting was to be had both in Jersey and Guernsey. And, in fact, cock and snipe are to be found by anyone who knows where to look for them. My first expedition was made in company with a young fellow, who promised to show me some of their haunts. He took a couple of dogs with him—a greyhound and a very decent little spaniel. After walking out a couple of miles from St. Heliers, we left the road and began to beat some low bushes and brambles on the slope of a hill—both greyhound and spaniel hunting. We found nothing, however, until we descended to a small stream in the valley, where my friend flushed and killed a jacksnipe. Some half-way up on the opposite ridge was a plantation, into which we sent the dogs. There we raised a couple of cock, and I managed to account for one, but the other decamped in safety. After this we went on across country to another likely spot, where, in a shallow wooded bottom, amongst soft ground and sedgy pools,

we picked up a brace of snipe. Then on again on a breezy upland to the head of a narrow winding valley, into which we dropped quietly. A strip of marshy land, vividly green, stretched before us, culminating in a pool set round with bushes, which masked our approach. Here, I fancy, we were exceptionally lucky, as we bagged a duck in addition to some snipe.

There is but little sport to be had inland, the larger islands being too densely populated, the farms of twenty acres or so into which the land is apportioned rendering the existence of game unlikely. Outside one or two preserved warrens there are no rabbits, though here and there one comes across traces of a single specimen of that usually over-numerous family. There is also a legendary hare, said to haunt a certain neighbourhood, but (as is the case with other ghost-stories) it is not easy to meet with anyone who has actually seen it.

The islanders confine themselves almost entirely to shooting thrushes, blackbirds, and the amazingly large flocks of redwings, which skim over the uplands, and long strings of these birds may be seen hanging in the market, with an occasional curlew or wild-duck.

While strolling through the lanes in the shooting season, one sometimes comes across sportsmen of an unusual type. These gentlemen, probably French, are rigged up in costumes of the style affected by huntsmen on the stage, and they stalk about the country popping at every sparrow, as entirely satisfied with results as Tartarin and his friends, the famous *chasseurs de casquettes*. I recollect some years ago meeting one of these gentry in a suit of green and gold, with a horn slung behind him.

Anyone crossing from England in the winter can see the flocks of wildfowl that are disturbed by the approach of the steamer as it comes round the point of the Corbière Lighthouse. Many of the more distant rocks are well worth a visit, and sportsmen occasionally make a trip to the Ecréhos, the well-known oyster-beds lying between Jersey and the French coast, where they often remain for a day or two if the expedition promises to be successful. But of all the islands, Sark, because of its solitude and for one or two other reasons, may be considered as pre-eminently the happy hunting-ground of the wildfowler.

The date of the shooting season in the Channel Islands does not correspond exactly with ours; for there, though the shooting begins for the coast on August 1, the date for all inland sport is October 1. Also a gun-licence taken out in England does not hold good over there, as Home Rule prevails, and the Government is

empowered to grant licences of its own. The first step towards applying for a *porte d'arme* is to procure a form in French, showing that you are a capable person, &c., which must be signed by two of the chief men in the parish; then the form is presented to the constable, who, on the payment of five shillings, hands over a licence.

The sea-fishing in the islands is first-rate, but it is unnecessary to enter into details, which are much the same everywhere. The soles are, however, acknowledged to be the choicest obtainable. Eels of enormous size flourish in the waters between the isles, and fishing for octopus is an industry. Of late years the latter have retreated from the immediate precincts of the land, and can now only be taken near lonely masses of rocks far out at sea. Specimens with arms a good yard in length are not uncommon. They are sold in the market and yield gelatinous stews and soup, said to be delicious; but any person who retains a vivid remembrance of Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer* would probably not be in a hurry to taste the dishes.

A somewhat unusual pastime obtains among the people, that of shooting mullet as they rise. I have seen this successfully carried out from the little pier at La Rocque.

Sand-eeling can hardly be included under the head of sport, but it is an institution in the islands, and in any case affords a novel experience. The slender silvery fish are most plentiful in warm weather, and the sand in which they lie is only uncovered and accessible at the spring tides; therefore the precious hours must be taken advantage of, even if they occur on a moonless night. Under these circumstances the sand-eelers are obliged to carry lanterns. These lights flitting to and fro on the scattered sandbanks as if far out at sea, with the phosphorescent ripples of the water under a clear starlit sky, make up the details of a sufficiently telling picture.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

In the first number of this Magazine I described 'A Morning at Newmarket,' and since then I have enjoyed a good many canters over and gossips on the immortal Heath. One of these was on the morning of October 2, the day after the race for the Jockey Club Stakes, and in the course of my ramblings I came across John Watts, who had ridden the winner for the Prince of Wales on the day before, and who, indeed, has been up on Persimmon in all his races. It is peculiarly interesting to hear all about a famous horse from the man who knows most about him, and Watts certainly knows more about the son of St. Simon and Perdita II. than anyone else can. His chief sentiment was one of regret that—as he then supposed—he had ridden the colt for the last time this year, for, to quote this best of authorities, 'he was never before the horse he was yesterday.' 'He's a curious horse,' Watts said. 'Sometimes he goes as if he could beat anything, and sometimes he can't go at all. Two or three times this year before big races I have despaired of him. Just about the beginning of July he could not have caught a plater. I rode him a gallop, and he didn't feel like winning any sort of race. But sometimes he was like that, and next day he'd be quite a different animal altogether. When he's himself he's a real good horse I can tell you!' One would like to know why such a horse has these relapses from his best form; and that he was a very different animal on the Leger day and on the day of the Jockey Club Stakes there can be no sort of doubt. The variation is extremely curious.

I write just before the Middle Park Plate, which may effectually alter the appearance of things; but I do not suppose it will, and my reading of the condition of affairs as regards the two-year-olds is Lord Rosebery's Velasquez first and the rest—I will not quote the old *dictum* and say 'nowhere,' but, at any rate, a long way off. Why is the world so given to superlatives? It assuredly is so, both sexes of it, but I could never understand the reason. This is really a very extraordinary inquiry. A certain class of narrator—and a very large class too—always has to tell you about something quite unexampled. If a horse is good, he is sure to be described by some wild enthusiasts as a horse the like of whom was never seen before; if he is very bad, he could not stride over a straw; the fact being that, in the first place, the animal is a fair representative of the second class, and, in the other, inclined to go just a little short. We have all read that there never were such creatures as Orme, Ladas, and other reputable second-raters; and the odd part of it is that these foolish exaggerations are supposed to stamp the blatant scribes who give vent to them as uncontrollably generous-minded sportsmen. Recognising this, I am not disposed to assert that there never was such a marvel as Velasquez; but I do not remember to have seen any horse win four consecutive races in more handsome style. I know that Lord Rosebery had convinced himself that the colt was very considerably removed from the common, and no owner of horses is less likely to take an extravagant or unwarranted view of his property. That Velasquez is considerably the best of his year seems to me—on the eve of the Middle Park Plate, which may produce something exceptional, but does not seem likely to do so—beyond all question.

I have had a most amusing letter from a friend, a very well known English sportsman, who has lately been travelling in America. I will not give his name, because if he revisits the places mentioned his popularity might be affected by the knowledge that he was a satirical humourist with a diverting method of putting things; but some of his stories are really too good for me to keep to myself. He chanced to be at Monterey during the Del Monte week, when all kinds of sports take place, and some of his stories are quaint in the extreme. 'The races,' he says, and with evident justice, 'were curious. There was a two-mile steeplechase over a course made up of two hurdles, one stone wall three feet high, and one water-jump eight feet wide. It does

not sound very formidable, but the race was made interesting by the fact that the rider of the third horse lodged an objection to the winner because he had been bumped and jostled by the second; which struck me as odd. Another race was one-sixteenth of a mile, an event calculated to improve the breed of stayers! The starting was most amusing. A man with a long whip stood in the middle of the course, and kept trying to get the horses back by flicking them across their heads or tails, or whichever part was nearest to him. The starter with the red flag got carefully over the rails out of the way, and the advance flagman held his flag up, then, when he was tired, lowered it, then put it up again, so that no one could possibly tell whether he was supposed to be giving the signal to go or not. One jockey had a fall; he was drunk; but next day he announced his intention of suing the company for damages sustained!'

'The polo,' my friend continues, 'was a great farce. There were only three aside, and they played on a dustheap; but they managed to quarrel about it, and one side refused to go on, so the others rode out, and having knocked the ball through the goal, claimed the match. I amused myself by learning the bicycle, which is nearly as dangerous a pastime as horse-riding; the machine, indeed, is quite as dangerous as man's four-footed friend, for it will turn and rend you if it gets half a chance. Yesterday I witnessed a La Crosse match. It was most exciting. Towards the end of the game the players began to beat each other about the head with their long-handled racquets, regardless of the position of the ball. Occasionally, by way of diversion, they went for the umpires, and the referee was an object of universal hatred. When I came away the total of killed and wounded had not been published. To-day Li Hung Chang has just arrived'—my letter is from Vancouver. 'The Chinese erected a triumphal arch hung with paper lanterns, and stuck a joss or god in front of it. Then they let off squibs and crackers just like a Fifth of November celebration. Li Hung Chang made a fine central figure as he was carried along; all he wanted was a lantern and a box of matches to complete the part.' I should have liked to receive particulars of the action of the damaged rider, and to know what the stewards said to the third man's objection to a horse that had never been near him from start to finish.

I continue to receive letters on the subject of the two famous innings about one of which Mr. W. J. Ford wrote now some months ago. When those batsmen went in, got set, and made their scores, they can little have supposed that they were creating cricket history which would be discussed so long afterwards. General C. E. Luard kindly writes: 'I have just read your Note in the October number of "Badminton" about Griffith, and Mr. V. E. Walker's observations thereon, and I beg to inform you that, about the year 1864, *I saw* Griffith hit all four balls of an over at an Oval match for six runs each. Surrey was playing Kent, and the hits all went in the same direction, viz. to about square leg, or a little in front of square leg. I do not remember who the bowler was, but am under the impression that it was Southerton, who at one time played for Kent, or else Tom Sewell; but a reference to the old score-books and analysis of bowling in the Surrey or Kent county matches of that period would conclusively settle the matter. Of course Griffith, who was a very powerful left-handed batsman, may have performed a similar feat at Hastings.' To the performance of the similar feat at Hastings, readers will recollect, abundant testimony has been borne; and of course reference is easy if the score books are at hand.

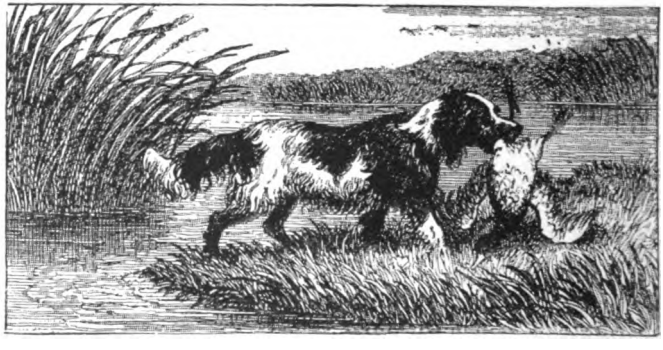
A correspondent writes to me on a subject I touched upon some time ago, the merits of a retrieving setter over a retriever proper. 'Some forty years ago,' he says, 'I shot over a lot of wild country in Dengie Hundred, in Essex, where the only attempts made at preserving partridges consisted in sticking up a few brambles on the stubbles to prevent netting. I shot over a black setter, an excellent retriever, and, in my opinion, the best single-handed dog I ever saw at work. He was quite useless with another dog out at the same time, on account of his jealousy, as he would never back another dog unless he was in front of him. This sounds Irish, but is a fact all the same. He was a very wide-ranging dog, and very staunch at a point. You might light a pipe while he stood a covey, and as for finding wounded or dead birds, I scarcely ever lost one. My conviction is that a man who is fond of finding his own game cannot get a better dog than a setter that will retrieve—I recommend a small light one, for I do not care for the large heavy breeds. As to the way of going up to a point, unless the birds are close to the boundary of your shooting—in which case more fun is got out of them by going

round and driving them on to your own beat—the best way is to go straight up, put up the bird, and shoot it. Do not hurry up, above all things, as it excites the dog. My dog always retrieved the bird as soon as I shot it, and brought it before he laid down to charge. If it were a double shot, he waited till I had loaded to retrieve the second. 'The country I shot over,' my correspondent continues, 'was infested by French partridges, three or four coveys to one of English birds. The last few years of his life, Rock (that was the dog's name) was so knowing that if he found a covey of red-legs in mangolds, or cover in which they would run, he would go up the fence, come in at the top, and beat the field back towards me, knowing that they would run from one end to the other without rising. Was this instinct or reason? I incline to the latter. He always stood French birds in quite a different way from English, so that I knew which to expect. With the former he would look back and give me a hint to hurry up or they would be off. I shot over Rock twelve years. Latterly he was as deaf as a post, and worked by signs from me, looking round every few minutes for instructions. I am afraid, from what I see, that the class of pointers or setters that range, stand, retrieve, or do everything else a dog can do, has quite disappeared. I had two or three other setters, but not one came up to Rock in any department.'

Rock's owner furthermore relates this dog story, which, as he confesses, is a tough one. He says: 'I had asked a friend to shoot with me on the First, and, having a frightful headache, I could not turn out in the morning; so I told him to take Rock and start alone—the dog would go with anybody who had a gun. I heard a tremendous fusillade in the first field they got into; then silence for a time; afterwards a double shot. In a few minutes the dog came running up the lane to the house with his tail between his legs, and jumped into the stable window. I feared he was shot, but saw no signs. Shortly afterwards my friend turned up in a state of great delight. His version was that the first stubble he got into he had ten or twelve shots, all of which he missed, evidently to the dog's great disgust. Leaving this field he went into a piece of clover seed—always the best cover we had in those parts—and at once the dog made a dead point. A large covey got up all round. My friend fired a double shot, also ineffectual, on which Rock turned round, looked him hard in the face, and started off, ran up everything he could find in the field,

barking at them like a sheep dog, and then cleared off to the house. I must give my friend the credit of taking the laugh against himself very good-temperedly. He was about as bad a shot as you can well find. I sometimes really doubt the truth of this yarn myself, though I have often told it, and I believe it is literally true. I have often said after this no dog story is too tough for me.' The staggering part of this is not so much the dog going home disgusted as his putting up all the birds in the field!

Here is another dog story from a sportsman who describes himself as a firm believer in the existence of reasoning powers in dogs, especially when their intellects have been developed by education. One day he was shooting wildfowl on a coast where the tide retires to a considerable distance, leaving a long stretch of sand. A bunch of ducks passed, and he knocked down two, one dead and the other winged. His dog went off at once, of course arriving first at the dead one, which he picked up. He then stood a second or two to reflect, his owner maintains. The result of his *reasoning* was that he put down the dead bird, cleared after the winged one, which was struggling to get to the water. This he seized and brought as fast as he could, gave it to his master, and then fetched the dead one. Could reason do more for a dog? the narrator asks, and one is bound to admit that it could not.



THE
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December 1896

SLEGGATT COVERT
OR, HUNTING IN SOUTH YORKSHIRE

BY HAROLD WILD.

THE sky, a study of clouds in various shades of grey, patches of dark in some parts; of almost white in others, with a radiance from behind as though the sun, trying to burst through, and failing, chose the most transparent place to gaze through at the winter world below. Here and there, however, a rift in the curtain shows the blue of the space beyond, putting a touch of colour into the otherwise sombre expanse. Many snows have come and gone, and the country round seems ready to receive more, to hide till spring the nakedness of the land. Walking along the path through the fields, I come across old Martin, who with his two or three terriers running round his heels, and with a spade across his shoulder, is on his way to examine a favourite lurking-place of the fox among the tangled gorse of Sleggatt Covert. 'Good-mornin', sir,' is the old man's greeting; 'if this 'ere weather holds, it'll be jest right fer a bit o' sport termorrer. The 'ounds is goin' ter meet at Brammorthera Hall, as mebbe you're aware on?'

Replying that I was aware of the fact, the old man continued to inform me that 'His lordship and sum o' t' young laadies is comin', and a reckon as there'll be a rare good field, an' there's a sight o' foxes i' these 'ere covers. Are you comin' down to t' gorse with me this mornin', sir?' Having nothing better to do just then, I accept Martin's proposition, and we journey along, chatting

pleasantly, the old man relating for my edification many fox-hunting stories of the forty odd years during which he has been connected with the hounds; and master never had a servant more thorough or one whose heart was so much in his work.

'It's as grand a cover as there is in the whole hunt,' says Martin, as after traversing a field or two we come upon the place, situated upon the slopes opposite to us; and a more pleasant sight, or one which appeals more to a lover of nature, especially if he be a fox-hunter, I have never had the good fortune to view. The field slopes to the gorse, down the decline a little brook, which has followed the hedge-side for some distance,

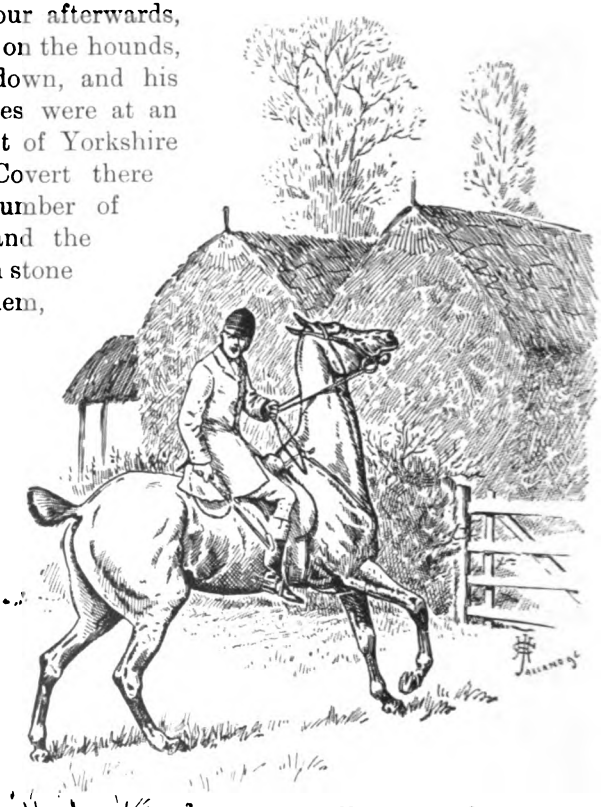
CHATTING PLEASANTLY

here, swollen with rain and snow, overflows, and with a musical ripple makes its way to a pool half-hidden with bushes and rank grasses, down in the bottoms. The covert on the left-hand slope is the first that catches our attention, with its carpet of dead bracken, of a lovely golden brown, from amid the tangled wealth of which rises many a stunted whin-bush and gnarled hawthorn. A fence of posts and rails skirts it on the low side, along which at intervals rises the slender trunk of a silver birch, whose delicate beauty has in summer helped to make this spot a scene truly bewitching. In front of the covert, which is of a good age, a breadth of greensward, dotted here and there with brown whins,

stretches to the newer portion that clothes the slope opposite. This is now an expanse of short, dark branches, touched here and there with the green of the gorse bushes, while standing out in various places a birch or aspen seems by its more refined shape to give an extra charm to the scene. Looking down the slopes the fields spread right and left over the landscape, with patches of wood here and there, with snug little farmhouses nestling among the hills, from which thin columns of blue smoke curl upwards and melt away on the wintry air. A flight of rooks wing their way from the trees in a little wood straight before us; a magpie flies chattering across from the mazes of the old covert, while blackbirds innumerable hop around or flit from place to place with their hoarse cries of alarm. On the ploughed fields and stubbles the wood-pigeons feed in flocks, chaffinches and sparrows hop about among the bushes, and the melancholy note of the yellowhammer rises from the branches of that old hawthorn. This is a South Yorkshire home of Reynard, his lurking-place and playground; and looking across the landscape to the distant hills beyond, the thoughts come of many a stretching gallop across country, which, though not quite as perfect a hunting district as further south among the Midland shires, has still chronicled many a good day's sport and rattling spin.

Martin, who looks on the scene before him more from the view of its being a good shelter, does not stand very long gazing, but makes his way to the fox-hole that it has been his errand to come and examine, and after finishing his work we stroll back to the bar-parlour of the 'White Duck,' where, under the influence of a glass of whisky, the old man relates more of his tales. He has a never-ending supply of fox-hunting stories, has Martin, and, if anybody can just get into his good graces, he will relate for them many interesting episodes of the chase, some, perhaps, more or less exaggerated. Many a time have I come across him on some covert-side, to which we have galloped at a rattling pace from one further away, standing there with his terriers straining at the chains with which he holds them, and, spade in hand, ready, if required, to make short work of our quarry's hiding-place, and put him once more afoot as the terriers draw him from his dismantled lair. 'Aye,' he says, he remembers, when Jack Bonsil was huntsman, how they ran the same fox for four seasons, all during Jack's time, and another one when his successor arrived, and of how the cunning little beast always slipped them somewhere in a stack-yard. One day a farm-servant, having occasion to remove some straw from a stack, and putting his fork in, was

surprised and rather startled at seeing emerge from the straw the vanished fox, who, slipping down the ladder, was off and away in a twinkling. Poor fellow! his dodge was now discovered, and the next time the sound of the horn floated on his ears, and, after a spin round, he made for his old retreat, he found a stoppage in the form of the first whip, who had been despatched for that purpose. Without his old hiding-place he was quite lost, and within half an hour afterwards, snarling defiance on the hounds, he was pulled down, and his tricks and devices were at an end. In the part of Yorkshire near Sleggatt Covert there exist a great number of stone quarries, and the refuse, the broken stone and sand from them, is shot down some incline and forms what are here called 'tips.' These naturally are full of holes and crevices, where many a hard-pressed fox has found shelter from its pursuers. I well remember once



HE FOUND A STOPPAGE

a rattling good run from Sleggatt, where we found, down through the Bottoms by Harrison Moor, up the hill and along the fallow, through the little village of Upper Whisford, down the slope opposite into Illey Gorse, out again without a pause for Brammorthera Gorse, through and away again, when the fox turned back towards Sleggatt, but being headed made for

beyond the Black Dene, straight for an old 'tip.' Here, however, the whip, cutting off a corner, was before him, and waited for his arrival, as, with the noisy pack in full cry, he dashed up the slope towards the sheltering stones. In spite of the horseman he went for the hole, but the thick lash of the hunting-whip shot through the air and, fairly lassooing him, pulled him right back. In a moment, disentangled, he dashed forward again, and in spite of all the endeavours of the whip, slipped under the horse and disappeared in a crevice, just as the leading hound was within a yard of him. 'Ah,' says an old farmer seated near to Martin, 'they is cunnin' beggars, is foxes. A remember t'other night, when a wor goin' out o' t' foldyard int' t' cloise, an' a wor jest openin' t' little gate, when who should pop his heead up but Mister Fox. He wor jist comin' in an' a jist gooin' awt, an' so a looks at him an' says, "Th'art bawn to come in, are 't," an' then he jist spins round, an' off he goes by t' church wall, darn our croft, an' a reckon as he be 't goss afore a wor back in t' house. They lick out for outdaciousness.' With which clinching statement the old man gazed round at everybody, and sitting back in his seat fell to musing, no doubt, of the days when he used to hunt a little, and when his blood coursed warmer than at present, as the notes of the horn, or the music of the hounds, sounded blithely on the air.

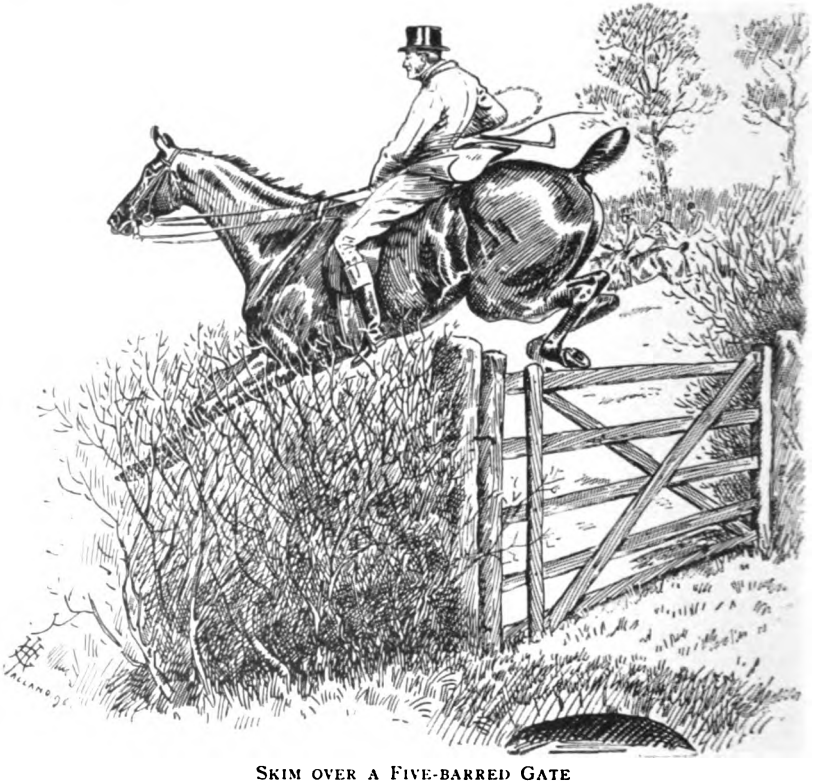
And so the tales went on, of the various hunting feats they had witnessed or participated in—of what a fine old horse Squire So-and-So had, of the way in which he could skim over a five-barred gate, of what a splendid jump the Squire made last week, and whether he would hunt that chestnut mare next season, or sell her before.

'Ah,' says another of the company, who rode to hounds forty years ago, and who turns up even now, either in his trap or on foot, at the neighbouring meets, 'ah, you can talk of the grand jumps over water and sich, down in t' Leicestershire country, but nobody ivver made a finer one than Frank Barford' (the huntsman) 'down at Millbank Wood, last season.'

And then the ancient sportsman described the soft muddy slope, the low, new-cut fence, half-sunk, the wide dyke, and some posts and rails on the other side coming up to meet the fence, just making the angle of the wood, and beyond, a slippery, muddy turnip-field. But the black hunter Barford was mounted on never faltered in his stride, as his rider brought him down the sloping field; coming at the fence he rose splendidly, and with a magnificent stretch landed safely among the yellow leaves of

the turnips on the opposite slope. The hounds met at the Hall that day, and it was the Squire who followed Barford down the field, but, fine horseman as he is, he drew rein at this place, and chose one a little less dangerous.

'Aye,' says Martin; 'he's a grand horse, but nowhere as good as old Broadcast that Hale rode when he was huntsman. Th' owd horse wasn't one of the fastest, but you couldn't tire him. I remember, when Hale was ridin' down in t' Loveton country, how he put t'owd lad at a dyke, where t'grass on t'other side was



SKIM OVER A FIVE-BARRED GATE

dangerous, because o't water working under t'bank, an' when the horse dropped th' whole lot gev' way, an' Hale wor nearly drowned afore he could get up, and got a kick o'er t'nose, as a'most broke it; but he mounted again, for t' horse worn't hurt, an' t'fox wor jist comin' back again, wi' t'hounds viewing him, an' Hale rode with 'em again, an' they had a grand run, an' killed by Birkboro' Wood, an' Hale wi' t' blood running down his face and coat all t' time.'

Foxes are, as a rule, very plentiful in South Yorkshire, and the three or four packs which hunt the district have always fairly large meets and good sport, though of course the level stretches of splendid racing country are not to be found here. Yet I have seen some fast forty minutes or more, across hill and dale, sending most of the hard riders to their second horses, and giving sport enough for the keenest enthusiast. Sleggatt Covert has been the starting-point of some grand runs. I remember one fine morning in December the hounds throwing off at this place, and finding as fresh, long-legged a fox as ever carried brush, which went away in dashing style. For five or six miles the hunt followed at a rattling pace, when the fox doubled a little as though to return, but, being headed, set his mask across country, never stopping until within sight of the small town of Eckingford, more than twelve miles from Sleggatt, where for the second time he doubled and came away again for home. They lost him, but the next morning the farmer in whose land Sleggatt Covert is situated, passing through a neighbouring field, found across a stone, amid some whin bushes at the bottom of the slope, poor Reynard, cold and stiff. The long run had been too much for him, and he had succumbed within a stone's throw of home. This was a notable run, more than twenty miles having been covered in a comparatively short period, over a country of hills and dales, stiff fences, and a few stone walls, to say nothing of that bugbear of all fox-hunters, barbed wire, which in some parts of the district, I regret to say, is very plentifully used, though in some cases taken down when the season opens.

Nearly all the inhabitants of the South Yorkshire villages show a lively sportsmanlike interest in fox-hunting, doing all they can to preserve the foxes; they will hold open the gates, run a mile for a spade, work like navvies if a fox has to be unearthed, and will follow the hunt, if possible, from first to finish, no matter where they find themselves at the last, or how footsore or tired they may be. They have had the enjoyment; what does it matter? And so, with feelings like this, the sport is carried on in the southern portion of our largest county. One run from Sleggatt Covert has, I am convinced, seldom if ever been excelled for either sport or speed over the finest stretching pastures in the best of the great hunting shires.

It was as grand a hunting morning as ever dawned, and the meet at the Four Lane Ends was, in consequence, one of the best during the season, horsemen riding in from every road and lane, some coming down the fields, taking a short cut, whilst the horses

fidgeted and champed madly at their bits, knowing quite as well as their riders, on seeing the scarlet coats arriving from all directions, that the day ought to be a record one. At last a move was made for Berrythorpe Wood, where the hounds immediately on entering gave tongue, and made the bushy dell echo with their musical notes. Soon, 'Tally-ho! Gone away!' sounded from the low side, and the tones of the horn rang out on the air as Barford brought his 'dappled darlings' together at the spot where

A MOVE WAS MADE

the fox had broken away; and in a moment or so, with a grand chorus ringing out over the stubbles and fallows, the pack were hard on the scent, with the hunt following at a nice pace, straight away for the Black Dene, into the innermost recesses of which the fox plunged, the birds flying up from amid the bracken, and the leafless branches waving in the slight breeze above his head. Through it all he passed, and as, with a quick, cunning glance around, he emerged at the other end, and once more proceeded across the open, among the yellow leaves of a

turnip field, from the top corner of the covert the ringing view-halloo of the first whip sounded immediately, and echoed down the gorse among the stones and bracken; out came the hounds, viewed him across the opposite field just for an instant, and then away again past many a red-roofed homestead, through a stack-yard or two, with their wealth of golden straw and grain, frightening the ducks and fowls as he dashed in and out, his thoughts, no doubt, on the last visit that he paid when the beams of the moon shone on his lithe form as he prowled round the fowl-roost, or purloined some luckless old hen which had not been fastened up, and in her nest among the twigs of the hedge-bottom fell an easy prey to this midnight marauder. But now the sloping stubble-fields, the black hedge and hunting gate, show the entrance to Sleggatt Covert, and into this welcome shelter, with a rustle among the whins and blackberry bushes the fox slips; but not for long does he stay, for soon rises close behind 'the music of the noisy pack,' as with joyful cries, amid the shouts of the huntsman and cracking of whips, they dash into the covert close upon his track. A perfect chorus of 'Halloos!' and 'Gone aways!' which startle the rooks in the trees on the right, and send them in a dark cawing mass overhead, greets him as again he glides out lithely from beneath the mossy fence of posts and rails, and once more is off away down the hill, starting the chaffinches from among the whin bushes. Straight through the Bottoms he goes, by Harrison Moor, across the sandy flat, crossing the little brook, the rippling waters of which join the mill-dam near the wood corner, through the top part of Stirhouse Park, and away into Millbank Wood at the rear of the mill buildings, while the riders behind draw rein a little, and rise in their stirrups as they dash down the park sides to the muddy slope and wide ditch, with its stiff thorn fence right in front. But the horses are put at it, and away again they go, the crashing branches and dull thud behind telling of some luckless rider whose seat has not been sufficiently tight, or whose mount having jumped short has come down a cropper. Now there is a terrible bustle and excitement among the blackbirds and wood-pigeons in the stubbles at the side, and amid the branches of the boundary hedge of the wood, as the hunted fox appears suddenly among them, but only for an instant, for he is now forcing his way up the hillside, among the young beeches and hazels, brushing through the detaining brambles, and breaking from the other hedge as the hounds dash into the wood at the place he entered. Away to the brow of the

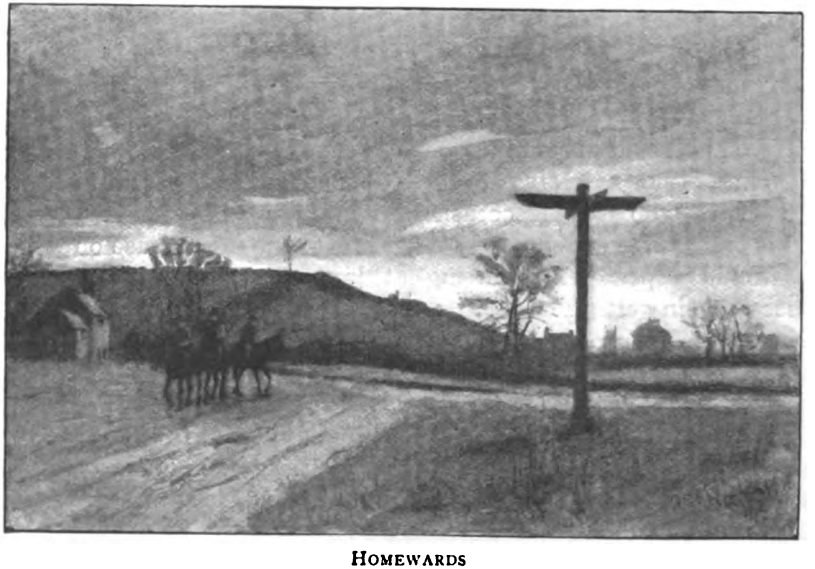
hill, over the fallow, in a bee line for the gate at the top, across the road, and up the stubble, beyond which the moss-grown roof and grey gables of Brammorthera Hall appear above the slope. Over the velvety grass of the home paddock, starting the mistress's pony, who runs round excitably with ears erect and tail straight out, knowing as well as possible what the sound means that comes nearer and nearer to him from the valley below. Over the brick wall of the kitchen garden, in and out, among forcing pots and frames, through the half-open wicket, down the orchard behind the stables, and across the old lane, knee-deep in brown decayed leaves, between the young trees in the little roadside spinney, and over the intervening fields into Brammorthera Gorse, the green bushes of which top the hill right in front. Here comes the first real check of the day. The huntsman arrives, and cheerily encourages his hounds, whose white, waving sterns are seen above the grass of the covert, while the musical chorus every now and again rings out; but the fox is evidently determined to stick to this shelter as long as possible. Suddenly a more prolonged note comes from the low corner, and immediately, 'Hark to him, Reckless!' floats down in the tones of the huntsman's voice from the top of the gorse, as he recognises the voice of one of his hounds. 'Halloo! halloo!' sounds instantly after, as once more the quarry takes to the open with half the pack close behind, while the hillsides and covert ring again with the chorus of madly joyous notes as they view him right before them over twelve acres of stubble. The horses, well breathed again, dash forward with renewed vigour, and away sweeps the hunt once more across the fallows and pastures, past a staring ploughman with his team, frightening a flock of sheep which fly huddled together to the further corner of the field. And now the hard-riding men come to the front as the field weeds out, and when the slope leading to Thurton Rookery is reached, the huntsman with a very thin following sit down to it, the rest of the hunt tailed off and scattered over the fields in the rear. With his mask set for the tangled woodland of the Rookery, the fox makes forward, but on second thoughts simply runs round, and dashes down into an old disused quarry overgrown with grass and hazel-bushes, with the leading hounds close to his brush. Out again, up the hill, over a grass-grown, stony cross-road, past the decaying masonry and rotting timbers of an old mill, through the Carr Spinneys, and away as though for Slack's Hollows. But once more they view him across the uplands as he dashes into the stack-yard at Brook Hall Manor,

THE FIELD WEEDS OUT

right across the paddock at the back, over the low wall and sunk fence, with not five yards between Reckless, the leading hound, and poor Pug's brush, down the sloping field in front, and just before Kinsford Brook is gained he is rolled heels over head and killed, a joyful chorus rising from amid the fields and blackthorn hedges as Barford dashes among his hounds, and, after presenting the brush, swings the dismembered body aloft. Out of seventy or more who started from Brammorthera Gorse, eight or nine now slip from their saddles, have recourse to their flasks and sandwich cases while they discuss the run, and afterwards, as by twos and threes the stragglers arrive, give them the details of the kill. They were in at the death, and it is with very satisfied minds when the chase is abandoned that they ride home in the gloaming between the leafless hedgerows, while

The crow makes wing to rooky woods,

the labourers turn homeward from their work in the fields, and the close of another day comes quickly on amid the fields and lanes of the fox-hunting country of South Yorkshire.



HOMEWARDS

ON ELEPHANT BACK

BY GUSTAV SPINKA

'Hic Rhodus, hic salta!'

'I HAVE spent some of the happiest days of my married life in camp and howdah,' said Mrs. Hearsey, the accomplished wife of Mr. Lionel Hearsey, a hospitable 'Talukdar' or magnate in the north of Oude, who at that time was arranging a shooting excursion for the General Prince Louis Esterhazy, by whose kindness I was allowed to participate in the venture. This lady subsequently told me many a delightful story—how she shot her first sambur-stag, how she watched for a tiger, how a roguish elephant bolted with the luncheon basket and thus reduced the party to a state of starvation—and so forth. But the most amusing of her narratives was that of an adventure of a certain Mr. Tiro, who, on one occasion, in the excitement of a search after big game, suddenly jumped off his elephant to chase on foot a wounded peacock. Having at last, after a desperate race, succeeded in getting hold of its tail, he seemed to be on the point of being carried into space by the fluttering bird, when a startled gon-stag nearly knocked him down and caused him to let go his coveted spoil.

The younger members of Hearsey's 'happy sporting family'—an amiable girlish trio—had also some experience of jungle-life, and seconded ably the good lady when she gave me the sound advice: 'Novices in elephant-riding usually try to keep their seats in a stiff and unbecoming way, instead of letting themselves go in natural harmony with the motions of their howdah. Try to get as soon as possible on your "sea-legs," and, above all, beware of over-

excitement, which otherwise might confound your mahout, and your elephant as well, and cause you a deal of vexation and disappointment.'

Now, grateful as I was for this well-intentioned advice, I felt quite sure that, even without it, I was not destined to be outdone by women, not even by the Hearseys! Why, had I not, as a boy, killed a sparrow with the very first shot I ever fired, and two years later, as a cadet, won the distinction of a marksman? Had I not, as a lieutenant, spent my furloughs in shooting excursions, and even written a book—'Hunting Pictures from Transylvania'—which was so favourably received by the late Crown Prince Rudolph and by Prince Bismarck? And, last but not least, had I not on a former occasion made a close acquaintance with at least one tiger, which at night-time got clandestinely so near to me that I could almost feel its breath, but which vanished in the high grass before I could turn round to face it on fair terms? That I did not bag it was surely not my own fault.

As to my liability to over-excitement, I could not help remembering that once upon a time I chased, with an empty gun in my hand, a wounded bear, and exposed myself to the cross-fire from my fellow-hunters. But that had happened years ago, and could not occur again.

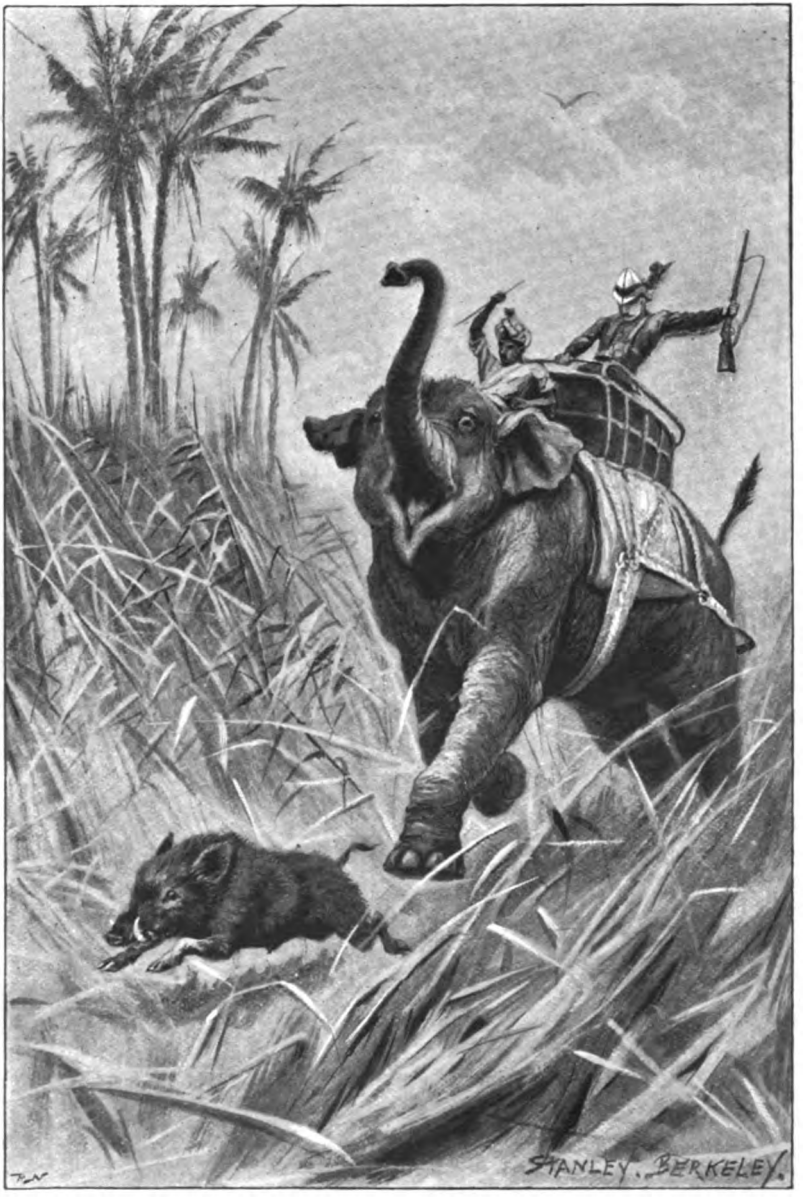
I don't believe in superstitions, yet it seemed no good omen that, on the morning of my start from Hearsey's bungalow for the camp, I frightened a team of bullocks off the high road. They overturned their cart, burying their driver, an old man, beneath it. Of course, I stopped my trap and extricated the poor fellow from his awkward position. He complained of his right arm being hurt, but having satisfied myself in a practical way, by offering him a rupee which I allowed him only to grasp with this limb stretched out to its utmost limits, that there was no bone broken nor a joint dislocated, I hurried on to the rendezvous. The camp furnished every reasonable comfort. There were, it is true, only a scratch lot of elephants, but we had an ample number of very good shikaries, and Mr. Hearsey was confident of being able to show us one or two tigers and some panthers, besides other big game.

Mounting our elephants, we started on the following morning for the jungle. I did not feel so much at ease in my howdah as I had expected I should. My elephant, a venerable dame whom I named 'The Heck,' was lazy, and when urged to 'go on' adopted a rather hard and jolting gait. I tried to keep my seat by propping myself with my legs, elbows, and back as tightly as possible

against the four sides of the howdah; but as I soon got tired of this, I assumed the *laissez-faire* attitude, recommended me by Mrs. Hearsey, and underwent patiently a course of jostling and buffeting which became quite intolerable, and compelled me to resort again to stubborn resistance.

On entering the jungle we formed into a line. The time had now apparently arrived when I was to get on my 'sea-legs,' so that I might be able to handle my gun with something like freedom. At that moment, I felt myself supreme above everything there might be crouching in the bush. Resting my right hand on my weapon, and my left on the front bar of the howdah, I waited for some time to see the denizens of the forest, when 'Heck,' terror-stricken by the sight of a wild pig, which she seemed to have accidentally kicked out of a tuft of grass, suddenly stopped and shrieked, and was then precipitated forward by a tremendous blow from her mahout. The indirect effect of this rough interference with my elephant was most startling. I was at first violently thrown forward, and then dashed backward upon my seat. Enraged by this sudden collapse of my dignity, I jumped to my feet, grasping my gun; but, by this time, I could not see anything more of the boar. Happily, prudence soon prevailed over the spirit of revenge. The boar had not such grand tusks as would be worth preserving; nor did our Indian cook know how to prepare such game, and even if he had known he could not have got it, as our attendants were true Mohammedans, and would not even touch such an unclean animal. Having thus by a logical argument, common, probably, to all blundering hunters, disposed of the vexed question, I could afford to hearken with sympathetic interest to the reports of the other guns.

When, about two hours later, we entered a tract of reed-grass, in which a panther was supposed to be hiding, I had improved my upright position to such a degree that I was able to take some exercise in aiming at objects in different directions. I had just satisfied myself for the twentieth time of the hopelessness of shooting from a howdah, unless the elephant 'stood still like a rock at the right moment,' when, about thirty yards in front of me, there suddenly rose the head and back of a large panther above the grass! The brute did not seem to notice my presence, as it looked towards my neighbour. 'Stop, stop,' I coaxingly whispered to my mahout, and then, seeing that he did not obey me, and that the panther was going to start, I repeated quickly in native idiom 'tat, tat!' in a voice rising from a moderate *staccato* to a thunder-clapping *furioso*, and shook at the same time



ROUGH INTERFERENCE

the lazy fellow out of his sleep. But instead of stopping my elephant he hurried her on as if we were going to catch the panther alive, and all I could do was to pull both triggers before the beast disappeared from my view.

During the following few days I fired, under similar circumstances and with the same effect, at two tigers. One of these slipped into a swamp and stuck to it so obstinately that we were able to surround him with six elephants within a space of not more than twenty yards in diameter. Here, then, the brute was crouching in the mire, so close in front of me that I could have hurled my rifle at its head, if I had been able to see it; for the cane was so high and dense that even the elephants disappeared in it like so many mice in green corn. I had no time now to think of Mrs. Hearsey's kind advice. In vain I implored and ordered my mahout to make for the tiger, which, so I thought, would thus be compelled to put in an appearance either by way of charging us or by making bolt. But alas! so far from imparting to my mahout some of my own enthusiasm, which ought to have made him go anywhere and do anything, I confused him, and 'Heck' went, with uplifted trunk and tail, and pricked-up ears, hither and thither without bringing me a bit nearer to the desired spot. Ultimately an angry roar rose above the din, caused by shrieking elephants and shouting mahouts. 'Heck' stepped quickly backwards, throwing me forward and half overboard. Swerving to the rear, she hurled me violently from one side of the howdah to the other. At the same time, something like a ricochetting cannon-ball flew through the rustling cane near her tail, and a few seconds after I heard, in quick succession, two shots fired by the Prince, who had wisely posted himself about fifty yards off at a narrow break in the cane. The fugitive, however, escaped into a most difficult part of the swamp, which soon put a stop to our further pursuit. By-the-bye, this was the only one of twenty-one tigers the Prince had ever shot at without bringing it to bag. But a few days after our return from the jungle this tiger's head was recovered, and sent on to him by Mr. Hearsey.

On a subsequent occasion 'Heck' plunged with me into a deep swamp, and it was only with the utmost difficulty she got us out again. I now resolved to part company from her, and was provided with another elephant, also a female. On the following morning, whilst we were proceeding through an extensive swamp in search of game, we got separated into two groups and were hidden from each other by a thick growth of cane and trees. No voice or shot had for some time indicated our respective positions,

when all at once the silence was broken by cries proceeding from a point a few hundred yards in advance. What it meant I did not know, and had no time to ascertain; for the mahouts began to shout and to hammer the heads of our elephants mercilessly with their formidable guiding-hooks; our attendants sprang from their back-seats in the howdah on to the hips of the animals and belaboured them furiously with heavy cudgels. Were these *berserkers* going to kill our poor elephants? Obviously they were in a highly '*run-a-mok*' state, and would, perhaps, kill us as soon

'HECK' PLUNGED INTO A DEEP SWAMP

as they had 'done for' our carriers! To make matters worse, I could not possibly stop their brutal work, for I was shaken and tossed about in my howdah like dice in a box, and stood in imminent danger of being knocked altogether out of shape. Thanks to the very thick skin with which nature mercifully clothes the elephants, the demons did not succeed further than to force them into a mad race, which, however, came to a standstill at a strange and unexpected sight. There lay the luckless 'Heck' in the middle of a little stream, at its exit from the swamp, on her right side, breathing heavily through her trunk, which she held

above water. She had evidently got into a quicksand and had to be released. Seeing that the pieces of wood some men tried to push underneath her failed to assist in her repeated efforts to extricate herself, I ventured to propose the use of ropes, but was answered by Mr. Hearsey only with a suggestive smile. When, however, the experts arrived at their wits' end, and poor 'Heck' seemed almost exhausted, I went to work. She had by this time turned with her head towards us, and showed only her back, the upper part of her shoulders, and her head above water. I then appropriated from the pad-elephants two stout girdle-ropes and tied them into one, the middle part of which we managed to pass round her hind quarters. Then I put on each end of the rope ten or twelve men (whom in case of failure I intended to replace by two elephants). At a given signal we pulled our hardest, whilst 'Heck' at the same time was urged on to make a last effort. Her hind parts being thus supported and pushed forward by the action of the rope, she was able to lift her forelegs and to gain, in short swaying steps, better ground, until she was triumphantly placed on *terra firma*.

This happy result was, no doubt very gratifying to me as a mere novice in the management of elephants. But my self-confidence as a marksman was gone; for, though I had somewhat revived it by a masterly shot at a fine chitul-stag (this was the only time my mahout and elephant acted together with me in perfect harmony), all was wrong again as soon as I had to fire from a jolting howdah at a bounding animal. In fact, the worst was yet to come.

On the last day of our sojourn in the jungle, Mr. Hearsey and I fired almost simultaneously at a large male panther, his ball smashing the animal's right hind leg. Seeing that the panther after a short run sat down on his haunches, I went straight for him. But when I had approached to about forty yards, and my mahout was supposed to give me a fair chance by stopping the elephant, the panther, notwithstanding his disabled limb, charged us with surprising fury. My elephant turned sideways and I was only able to fire, somehow, when the panther had just landed under my howdah. After this he disappeared. It was truly heart-rending to see the brute escape a second time. But what meant the strange fluttering of his tail? My gravest suspicions were realised when, after further pursuit, Mr. Hearsey found and killed the panther. I had—my pen hesitates to reveal the whole truth—in my over-excitement discharged the shot-barrel of my 'rifle gun' (a combination of both, used by continentals for

big and small game), and had almost shot off the panther's tail at its root! The first was nothing less than a disgraceful crime, the second at least an aggravating circumstance.

On the same evening that the above took place I was, as a matter of course, the most observed personage at the dinner-table. And yet, I would have sooner suffered a bite or two by this very panther than the moral mosquito stings to which I was treated by the two master sportsmen. And when I retired to my tent for rest, in my dreams, through the whole night, I was perseveringly stitching a mutilated tail on to a panther without ever finishing

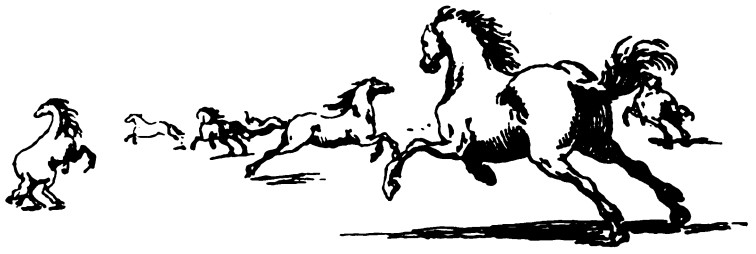
AT A GIVEN SIGNAL WE PULLED OUR HARDEST

the task, being all the time in fear of seeing the Hearseys' curious eyes peep into my nocturnal workshop and hearing them laugh at my expense.

Next day, soon after our return to Mr. Hearsey's hospitable bungalow, there was a grand dinner-party, among whom I found Mr. Tiro, a very sympathetic brother sportsman. He, like other gentlemen, asked if we had had good sport, but I, not without much anxiety and some plaintive glances at the Prince and our host, left it with becoming modesty to these gentlemen to give an answer, and they were magnanimous enough not to reveal my secrets. Strange to say, Mrs. and the Misses Hearsey did not show anything

like the kindly interest they evinced as to my success when we started out for the jungle; and I could not but ascribe their eloquent silence to a tender regard for my wounded susceptibilities. No doubt, the suspicious shot mark on the panther's skin had aroused their natural feminine curiosity, and they somehow or other had found out all about it. When, after dinner, we adjourned to the drawing-room, and Miss Lilla seated herself, like a modern incarnation of Diana, on a couch covered by a splendid tiger skin, how much happier I should have felt had I been the object of her admiration instead of her pity!

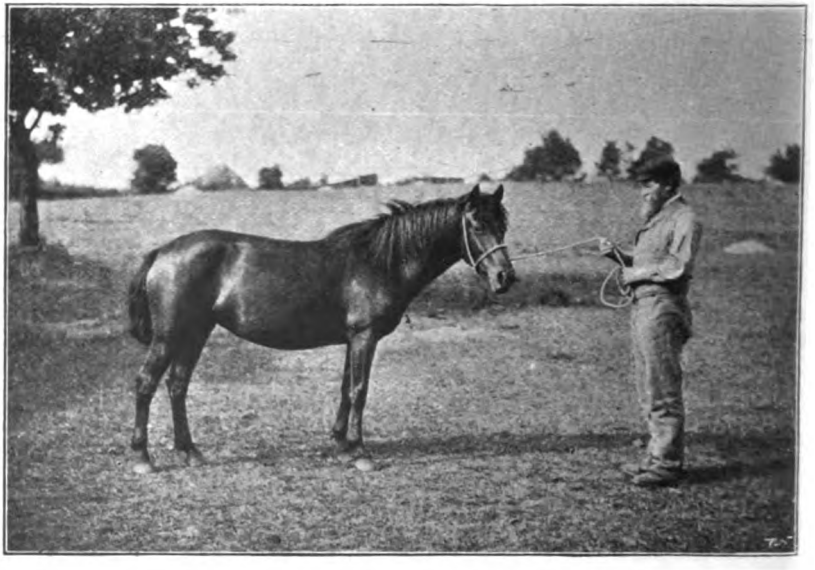
I went away with a somewhat depressed heart, and with a number of blue tender spots on my body. But these latter marks of a desperate struggle against adverse circumstances soon vanished. To my brightening spirits my misadventures appeared in a humoristic and quite refreshing light. When I thought of the happy hunting-grounds I had just wandered through, my heart filled with gratefulness to all to whom I was indebted for the pleasure of my trip, and with the hope of improving at the next opportunity upon my last record made on an elephant's back.



COLT-HUNTING IN THE NEW FOREST

BY LORD ARTHUR CECIL

AMONG the many sports of which our old country boasts, very little mention has been made of the ways in which the wild or semi-wild ponies are caught in the various districts in which they

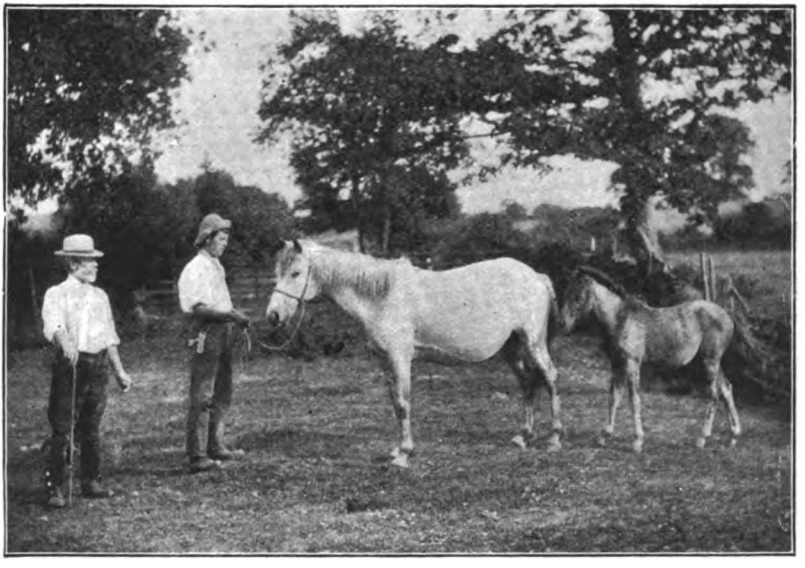


A WELL-CARED-FOR FOREST COLT

are reared, when such an operation becomes necessary. I remember reading with much interest the account of a 'round up' of the Longmynd ponies described by Mr. Hill, but I do not remember ever having seen any account of the process either on Exmoor, Dartmoor, or the Welsh Mountains. Possibly the catching of individuals of the above breeds is done at annual

'rounds up' or by a large party, and merely partakes of the nature of a gathering of sheep or cattle.

On the New Forest, however, where many of the owners of the ponies are men who have to work hard at other occupations, or who are not able to afford to keep servants to look after their stock, and where, moreover, the ponies are scattered in herds which have no relation to ownership, when a pony has to be caught for branding, or tail-marking, or any other purpose, it generally has to be caught by its owner, with perhaps two or



A FRIEND FINDS HER

three assistants; and it is no uncommon thing for an owner to have to hunt days and days, or, if he is busy, to wait months and occasionally years, till some kind friend tells him into what part of the Forest the desired animal may have strayed or been accidentally driven.

As a rule ponies are very conservative both about their haunts and their associates, but at times, when rudely disturbed from their usual ground, or when separated from their ordinary companions, they will wander about from place to place till they either find their old haunts and friends, or console themselves permanently elsewhere. Very often, too, they and their companions get into enclosures, and the people who drive them out are not very particular about separating them from their

company, or about driving them out the same way as they went in, and this is a very fruitful source of ponies straying 'into mischief' or getting into 'bad company,' as the natives graphically express it. From all the above causes, it is no unusual thing to hear of 'a colt' (which is the generic name for all ponies

THE BOSOM OF HER FAMILY

in the Forest) perhaps eight or ten miles from where it is fondly imagined she is contentedly feeding.

There are some two-year-olds and three-year-olds who are, perhaps, separated or driven away from their mothers or from the bosom of their family who become wanderers on the face of the earth, and though, perhaps, they may not get actually 'into trouble' (that is, be pounded), yet they are constantly changing their companions, and do not settle down until they themselves become mothers.

All 'colts' in the Forest are required by the Court of Verderers to be branded with their owner's special brand and tail-marked. Of course the branding, once effectually done, ought not to require to be done again; but the tail-mark is apt to grow out and require renewing, and then there has to be a colt-hunt.

This tail-marking may merit a description. The Forest is divided into four Walks, and 'an agister' is appointed to each walk by the Verderers to see that their regulations are properly

enforced, and that no beasts or colts are turned out unless they are duly observed. Each of these four men has a distinctive tail-mark, and, as a rule, all are wonderfully clever at identifying the ownership of any animal 'in their tail-mark,' no matter to what part of the Forest it may have roamed. It is a great boon, when colt-hunting, if the owner of the missing animal can obtain the valuable assistance of the agister in whose mark the pony is (or ought to be) when going to look for it.

Having thus somewhat digressed from my subject of colt-hunting, I will now proceed to describe the actual process. I had lost a mare which I had bought nearly two years before, and, indeed, nobody could ever swear to having seen her since my brand was put on her, while it was certain that there were at least four other mares of the same company so like that it was next to impossible to distinguish them unless you could get close enough to examine each individual brand. This was no easy matter, as they all belonged to the very wildest class of

AN ENTHUSIASTIC COLT-HUNTER

ponies, whose ancestors had for generations inhabited the same locality, or, in the Forest language, had always 'haunted' round Penerley. Penerley, it should be remarked, is a wooded part, and these ponies were quite up to hiding in the woody glades if anybody made his appearance to look for them.

We were continually hearing of this pony, but could never quite be sure of her; some people said she had a sucker, but when we rode out we could never see a mare like her with a sucker; then somebody else would say they saw 'the mare on

A CONFERENCE

such and such a day' but 'she hain't got no sucker,' and then we could only see the mares like her with suckers. Once we were sure we had her in the winter-time, when her coat was very thick, and drove her (as we thought) in; but not a vestige of my brand could be seen, though the brand of her previous owner, who was also the owner of all the others like her, was quite plain. At last, when we had almost given her up, supposing she had strayed from the Forest and been sold to defray expenses, or otherwise gone a-missing, we had authentic information from Mr. Chandler, the agister, that she had been seen about two miles from her usual haunt with our brand quite plain on her summer coat, and a fine yearling filly still sucking her.

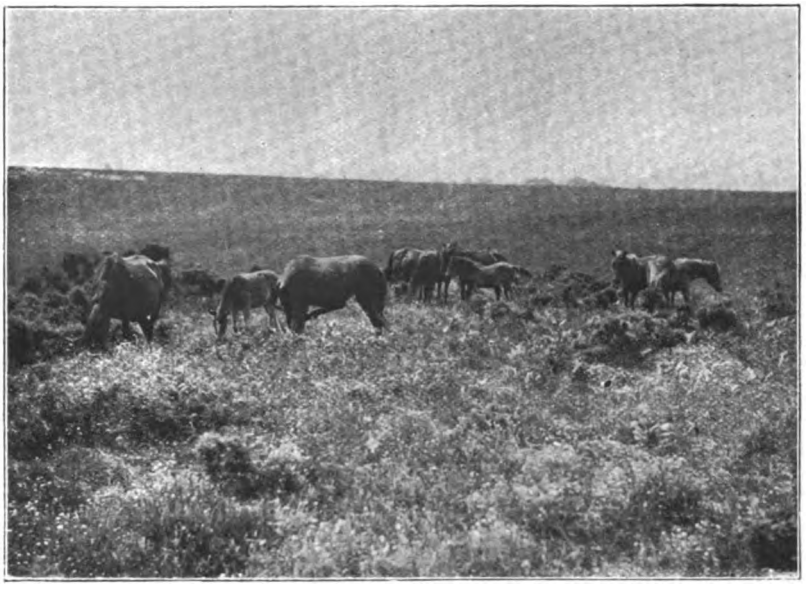
I was on the Forest at the time when Chandler rode up with his very welcome news, and my friend Mr. Reid was with me, photographing some of the beautiful scenes with which this article is embellished.

We immediately held a conference, and resolved to go out on the morrow to drive in her and her yearling, and tail-mark and brand them in such a way that in future there could be no

mistake. We spent the rest of that day going round the various groups of ponies we could get near, and inspecting them and the lords of the harems which run amongst the mares from April till August, under the auspices of the Verderers and the New Forest Pony-breeding Association.

We found them mostly 'shading' with the cattle in the different pools around Sway and Brockenhurst, and got some very good chances of photographing them, more especially a group at the back of Hinchelsea, wherein we were helped by several well-known Forest characters. We were also fortunate in finding seventeen Galloway cows and calves, which are running at large on the Forest, and are proving themselves as hardy or hardier than the native Forest cattle—which, by the way, appear to be strongly crossed with the Channel Island breeds.

The next morning saw us early astir. The writer, weighing close on seventeen stone, was mounted on a stallion 13·3 hands high, whose sire was a thoroughbred horse and his mother a pony;



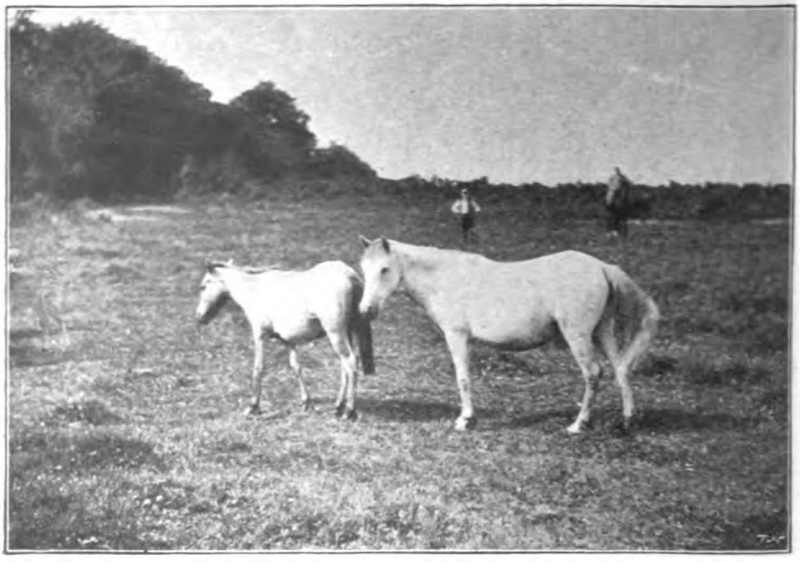
GROUPS OF PONIES

he was accompanied by his bailiff, mounted on a Scotch-bred pony, a granddaughter of the celebrated 'Mars,' bred by Mr. Martin of Auchendennan, around whose neck were fastened halters, without which nobody goes to the Forest, together with field-glasses, and possibly in some hidden recess, but safe from

'SHADING'

accidents of the John Gilpin order, a flask containing 'just a wee tastin' o' the Auld Kirk.'

The rendezvous was fixed ten miles away, near Lord Montagu's most lovely place, Beaulieu, or rather right beyond it. Our artist



FOREST COLTS

friend was overjoyed at the many chances of snaps he got, and we were perhaps long in starting, so that when we got on to Beaulieu Heath we were obliged to hurry, for fear of keeping Chandler, who was to meet us, waiting. Skirting a gravel-pit here, changing leys for rabbit-holes there, crossing ruts hidden in heather, away our ponies galloped amongst ground that only New Forest ponies —or at any rate those accustomed to the Forest—could stand up in; and we arrived not so very late, though, in view of the hard day before us, we had perhaps unduly bucketed our little gees.

THE START

Agreeing to divide our forces, two of us took through the woods around Culverley and Penerley, while Chandler and another took through Beaulieu north gate. Our search was fruitless, but, after riding through some of the most lovely bits of the Forest, we came to a small rise in the ground, met the rest of our party, and proceeded to examine the various groups of ponies visible through the glasses. At last our quarry was spied feeding in some low scrub, in soft ground where we could hardly ride for fear of being bogged; however, though we could not get very near her, we were tolerably sure of her—at least, so sure that we felt that if we rode her in and examined her no other owner could find fault should she not prove to be ours. Of course, it should always be borne in mind that reckless hunting for one pony may do a lot of harm to others, and should never be undertaken

unless absolutely necessary; for, as I endeavoured to explain in the beginning, the less these wild ponies are disturbed the better. However, in this case it had to be done, and the question then before us was first where to drive her, and next how to get her away from her companions without disturbing them much? I should mention that she had a good dark brown yearling filly running beside her, and, though considerably more than a year old, it was still sucking her.

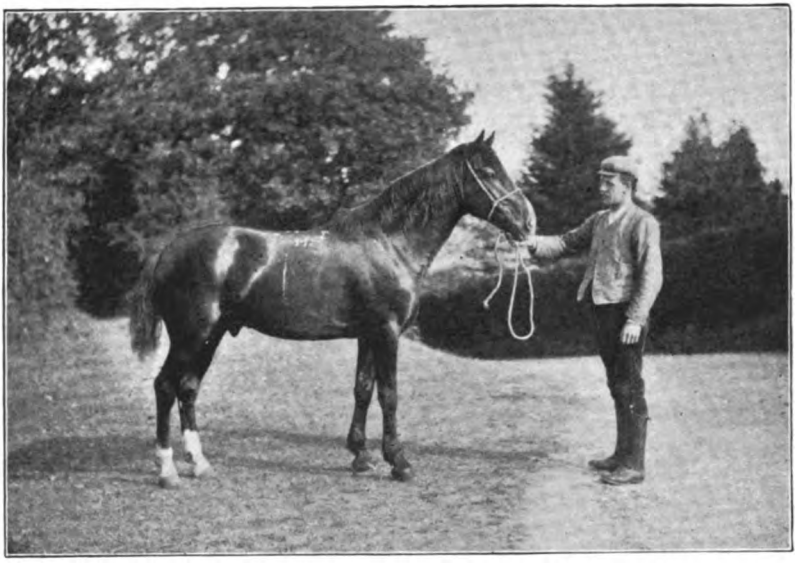
As I said, the ground they were on was unridable, even to the stallion I rode, which was bred and brought up in the Forest and broken by one of the most daring and enthusiastic colt-hunters even amongst the colt-hunting Foresters; so it was determined to try to drive the whole company on to firmer ground, then separate the two required and ride them into Ipley Farm for branding and tail-marking.

They left the soft ground without much difficulty, going at a hard gallop, jumping from tufts of grass to bog-myrtle bushes,

AT LAST OUR QUARRY WAS SPIED

tree-stumps, anything which afforded a foothold, and away went four of us as hard as we could, helter-skelter amongst ground which would have made our hair lift our caps from our heads had we had time to look at what we were galloping over—but we hadn't. Sometimes we had a dim sort of vision of yawning ruts nine or ten inches deep, and perhaps the same distance apart,

and we wondered whether we should get through the ten yards of these ruts across which we were going. They appeared to have been made by generations of commoners in their exercise of the 'common of turbary,' and no two generations ever seemed to have followed the same tracks.



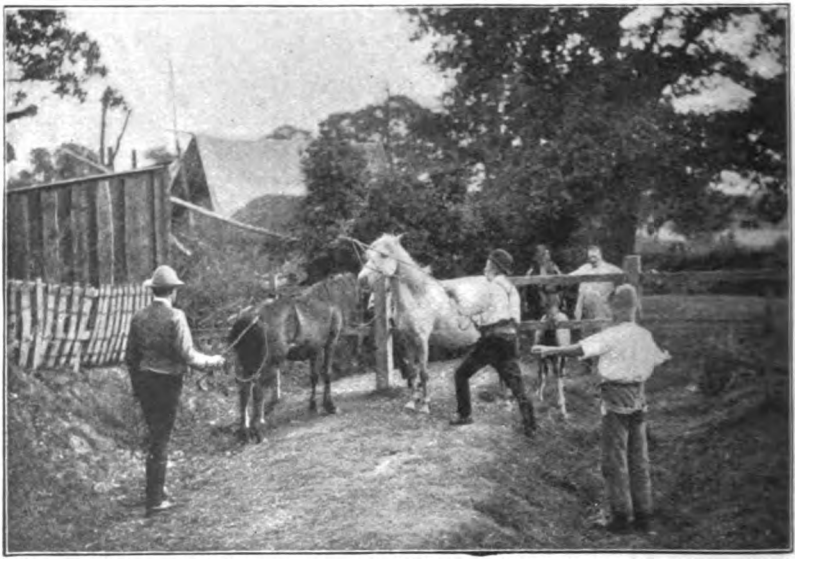
A Forest Stallion

However, these things have to be crossed, and the great excitement of colt-hunting—and the difference between it and any other form of riding—is that, no matter what the ground may be, you must make your line to that point which shall keep the hunted one's head in the direction required. As this entails riding over tree stumps, small marl pits, bogs, rabbit-holes, whin bushes, an occasional plank or passage over an otherwise impassable bog or stream, or through holly-bushes, under spreading beeches or oaks, it becomes at times very rough work.

In this case Chandler, by a masterly bit of galloping, separated the mare and yearling from the rest at the very outset. It struck me she did not care much for her company, and soon I had the chance of taking up the running, of which I was glad, for my little stallion could not bear to see another taking the lead, and was getting rather too keen. He wanted no riding, he had his eye on the hunted ones, and with several loud neighs we had a sharp burst over the open ground between Ipley and the Beaulieu and Marchwood road; but they turned before they reached the

road, and throwing me out by taking through some low alders, they were in danger of regaining their old ground. From this they were sharply turned by Mr. Burden, the Beaulieu Vet., a well-known colt-hunter with the happy knack of always turning up at the right moment.

Now they were again taken in hand by Chandler, and away they went at a tremendous pace, clearly meaning either to ford the Ipley river, and so get to open galloping ground, or to hide amongst the bushes around the stream, for I fancy this mare was one of the hiding kind. Here, again, they were reckoning without their host, for they were met full in the face by my

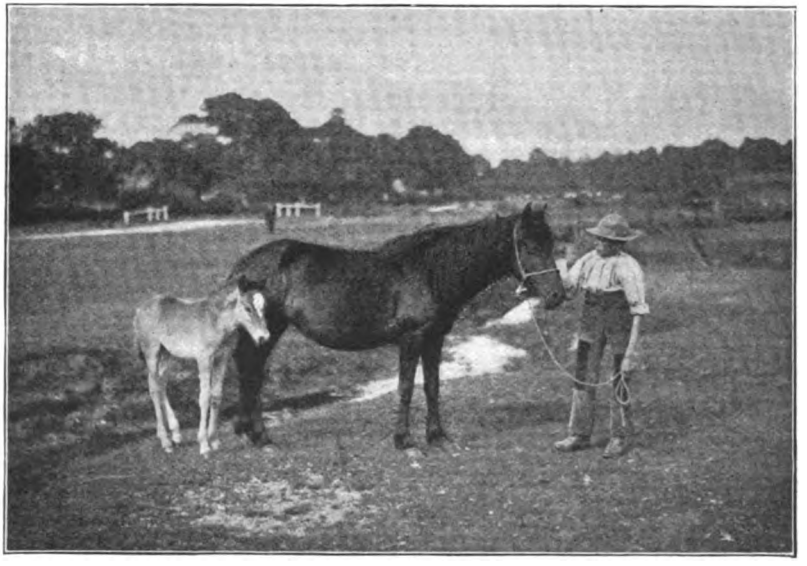


HALTERING IN FOREST FASHION

bailiff Mathison, who with a crack of his whip, and a yell proceeding from lungs bred in the pure air of Scotland, turned them back full on the gates of Ipley farmhouse. These gates not being open, they scudded by, but here my stallion, with a frantic scream, and knowing his ground a deal better than I did, took the law into his own hands and dashed into the thicket beyond the house. With what was left of me I managed to crack my whip and 'whisper' softly in front of the ponies, and so head them back towards the farm gates, by this time judiciously opened by Mathison. Even then our friends did not succumb until there had been some very pretty dancing—*pas-de-quatre*—on the part of Chandler, the

Vet., and the two wild ponies on the green in front of Ipley; and when they did take the gates it was only with the intention of spinning down the old drift way and off to Decoy Pond, in which amiable intention they were frustrated by the wary Mathison, now dismounted and whip in hand.

I had remained in the thicket picking up the pieces of me so freely scattered in the wild but exceedingly useful rush made by my worthy old 'Long-Trump,' and just arrived in time to see them facing into the gateway. Then by kind consent of Mrs. Harris, the hospitable wife of Lord Montagu's tenant at Ipley, we got the ponies into a corner of the farmyard, caught them in



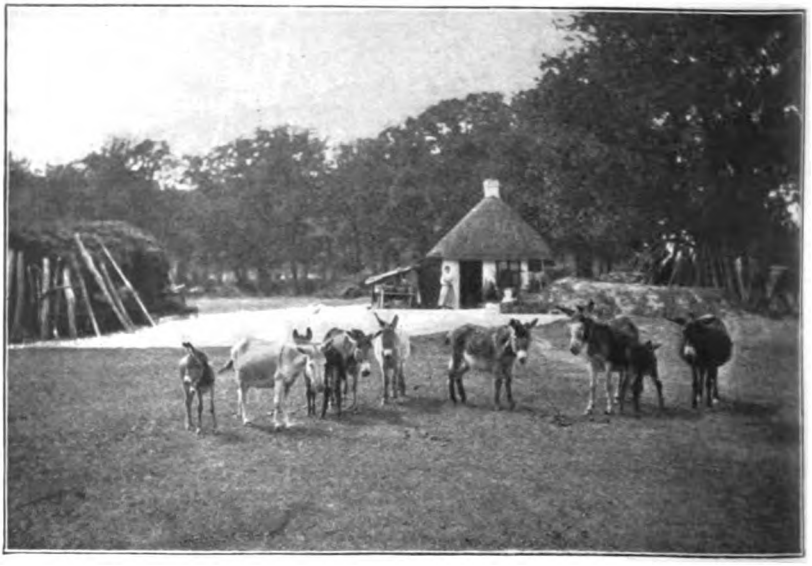
THREE TRUE-BORN FORESTERS

true Forest fashion, heated our irons and put a brand on the two fugitives which they will carry, and we hope legibly, to the end of their days.

I have selected this hunt to describe as a typical one; there was nothing exceptionally exciting about it, but it was very fast while it lasted, and though in good truth the ground was rough enough for anything, we did not have to contend with many bogs or soft places, or even to cross the river. On another occasion, between Ipley and Decoy Pond, after an exciting gallop of an hour and a quarter, the colt took to the Ipley river; when we went in she came out, and *vice versâ* for two hours, until a couple of us

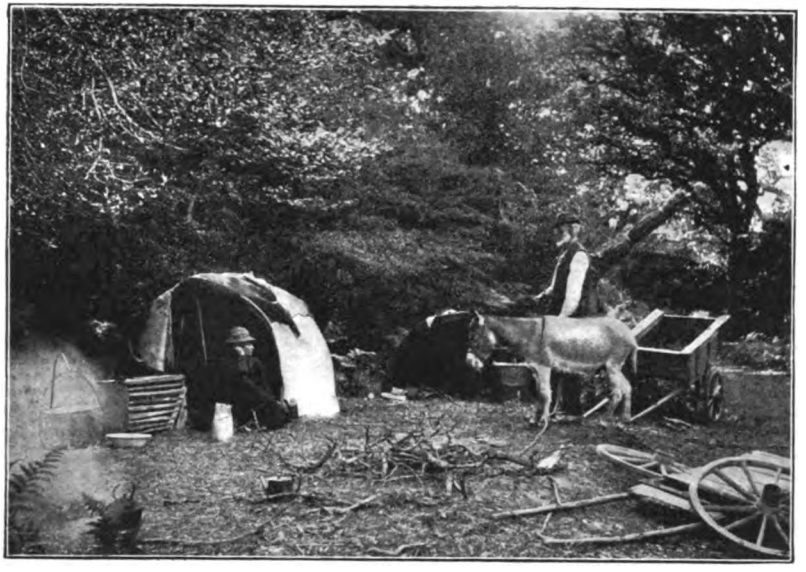
waded from above and below, while a couple of others were ready to drive her away from the river. Ultimately, after riding some distance in our wet clothes, we managed to drive her in. Stories of a similar description can be heard *ad infinitum*, when a few ardent colt-hunters gather round a pot of beer.

The love of colt-hunting is deeply ingrained in the breast of every true-born Forester, and even miles away from the Forest the first thing that Foresters begin to talk about to one who knows the Forest is, how such a thing happened when they were driving So-and-so's colt into Wood Fidley pound, or out of Denny enclosure, or something of that kind.



A GATHERING OF NEW FOREST DONKEYS

To-day, however, when we had had some sandwiches, &c., while our horses were resting tied to the bushes, we were joined by our photographic friend, now become an enthusiastic colt-hunter, and as the afternoon was still young, we turned our attention to gathering a few New Forest donkeys together for him to make a picture. When this was done—though the donkeys were quite as bad to drive as ponies—we wended our way home past Decoy Pond, Beaulieu Road Station, and Denny New Enclosure, across the Forest till we came out nearly opposite to the New Park gate on the Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst road; when falling in again with Mr. Reid we got a splendid chance of photo-



A GIPSY ENCAMPMENT

graphing a gipsy encampment, after which, mounting our ponies, we returned home after an eight hours' ride in one of the most lovely and romantic districts in England.

HOME FROM THE FOREST WITH A TRUANT

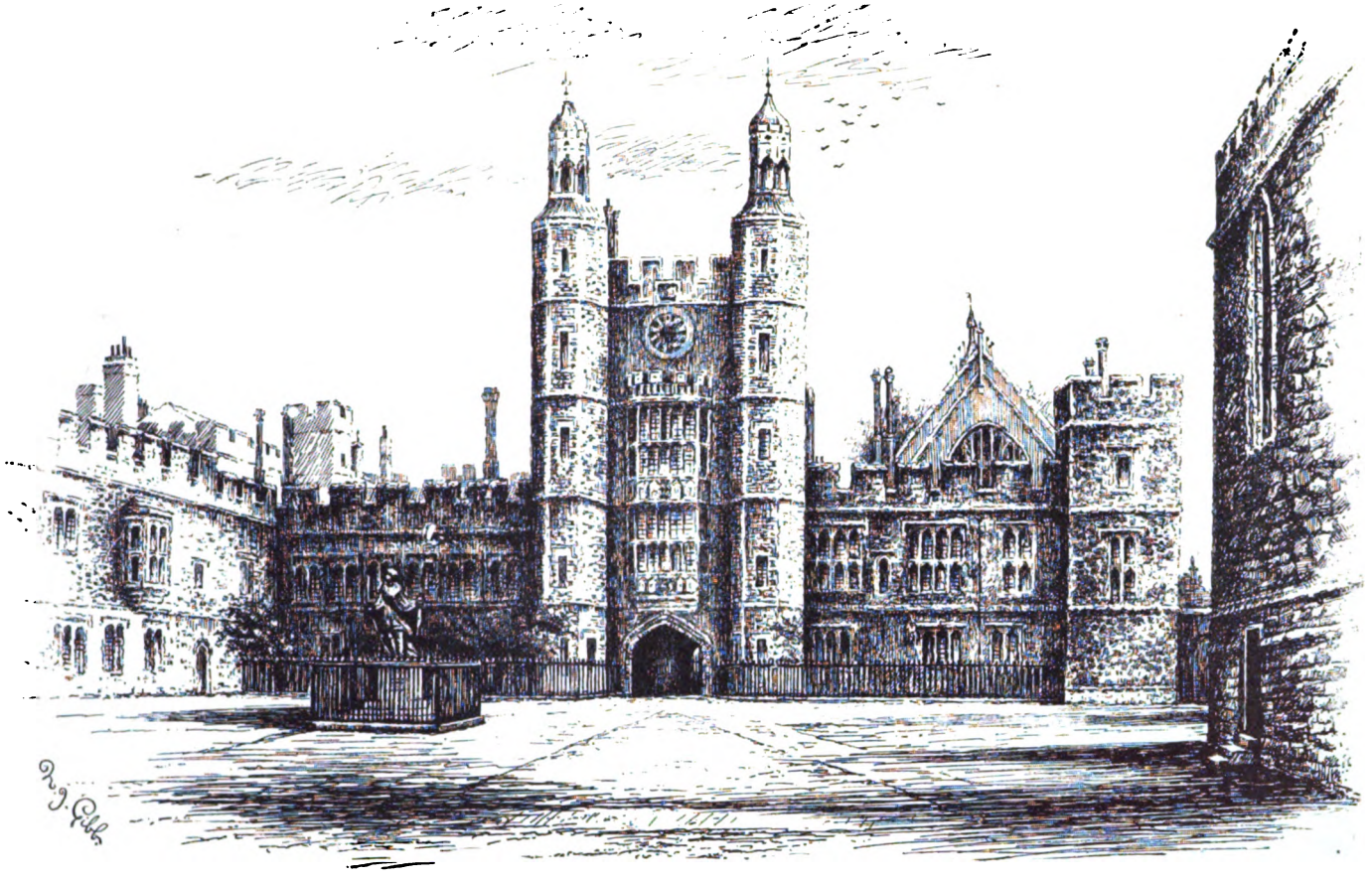
GAMES AT ETON

BY F. B. ELLIOT

MANY great cricketers and most great oarsmen have come from Eton, and Etonians have played no small part among those public schoolmen who have made names for themselves in all departments of sports and games. The public may follow with interest their doings at Putney, Lord's, Queen's Club, or wherever their prowess is displayed, but for the most part are utterly ignorant of the circumstances in which their eye was trained or their muscle developed. Of Eton herself, her methods, and characteristics, something is tolerably familiar to many, but of her games—which parents sometimes think occupy too much of her attention—very little is known to the outside world. To them 'The Rafts,' 'Upper Club,' 'The Field,' 'The Wall' convey nothing, or, at best, a meaning of the vaguest description, yet to Etonians the words are full of the pleasantest associations, recalling scenes which memory saves—

> Mirrors bright for her magic cave,
> Wherein may steadfast eyes behold
> A self that groweth never old.

Beyond the facts that turn up, with the regularity of the proverbial bad shilling, in every article on the school—that Wellington made a flattering remark about the playing fields, that George III. was never happier than when watching the boys at play, and that Canning was once a 'sitter' in the procession of boats—very



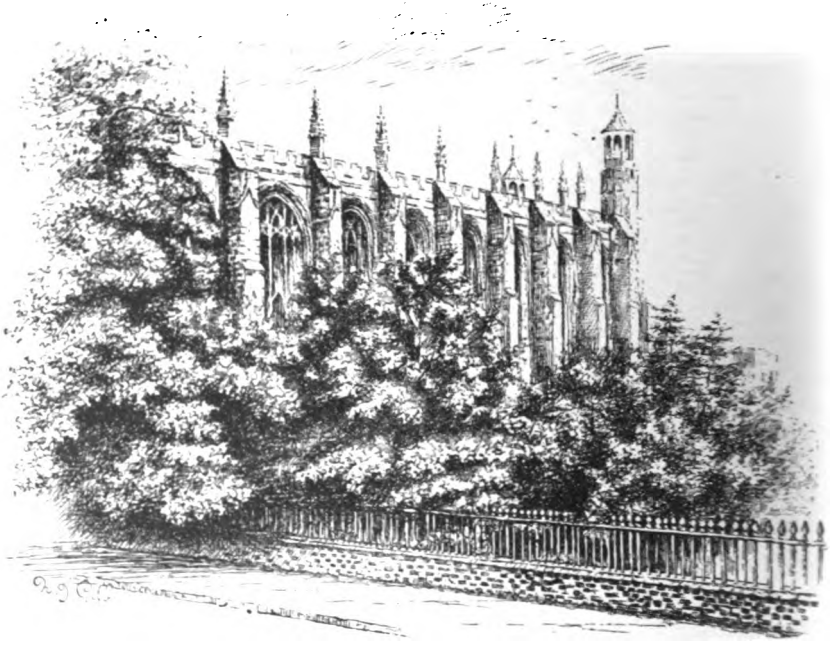
THE QUADRANGLE, ETON COLLEGE

little is told of rowing and cricket at Eton; and the games which are peculiar to her are Greek to the uninitiated.

The present article aims at supplying some little information on both classes of games—a sketch of the special features of those which the school shares with the world at large, and an explanation of those which are its own. Under the former heading come, first, rowing, cricket, and racquets; and, secondly, beagling and athletic sports, which, though not strictly games, deserve mention in a 'Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.' In the second class come 'the field game,' the 'wall game,' and fives. And here I must offer a preliminary apology—to Etonians, if I have nothing to say that is new to them, and if in my endeavour to make my meaning plain I should ever introduce into an Eton game any terms other than those which tradition sanctions (say, for instance, in the field game, 'forwards' for 'bully'), and to the general reader, if in shunning the Scylla of Eton jealousy I fall into the Charybdis of unintelligibility, and leave him more mystified than ever by the intricacies of Eton games and phraseology.

One can't do two things at once, says a veracious proverb—or, as the Irish orator put it, 'a man can't be in two places at once, barring he's a bird'—and no more can a boy who is not the exception to this Hibernian rule. Consequently a new boy usually decides at once to be either a 'wet-bob' or 'dry-bob,' and during his Eton career the oarsman has very little experience of cricket—and *vice versâ*. True, there is a nondescript pastime known as 'Aquatics' (a form of cricket which recognises very few M.C.C. rules); and a four of exceptionally courageous (not to say reckless) dry-bobs is an occasional sight on the river at the slack period of the summer term. But this poaching on another's preserves is for the most part treated with contempt by any self-respecting individual. 'Passing' is the first ordeal the 'wet-bob' has to undergo; indeed, he is not a 'wet-bob' till he has 'passed' the examination in swimming which takes place at Cuckoo Weir and Athens—the two bathing-places. One by one the shivering row of small boys plunges in and swims (or does not swim, as the case may be) round a post some thirty yards distant, having to prove to the satisfaction of the presiding master that he can rescue himself if upset in his clothes. This precaution was found necessary when a boy was drowned some twenty years ago—and none too soon, one would suppose—for half a century earlier there was a superstition—partially based on fact—that one life would be lost in this manner every three years. A further safeguard has been instituted in the shape of watermen, who in

picturesque blue suits and capacious punts are stationed at short intervals along the bank, to right swamped boats and fish up their crews, an occupation that keeps them pretty busy in the summer. Besides 'passing' and watermen, several other institutions connected with Eton aquatics deserve a passing glance. 'The Rafts' is the comprehensive title of the boathouse and changing rooms which till lately went by the name of Parkin's Rafts, and have now been taken over by a committee of O.E.'s under the name of 'The Brocas Boathouse Company, Limited,' from which great things are hoped, especially less expense and

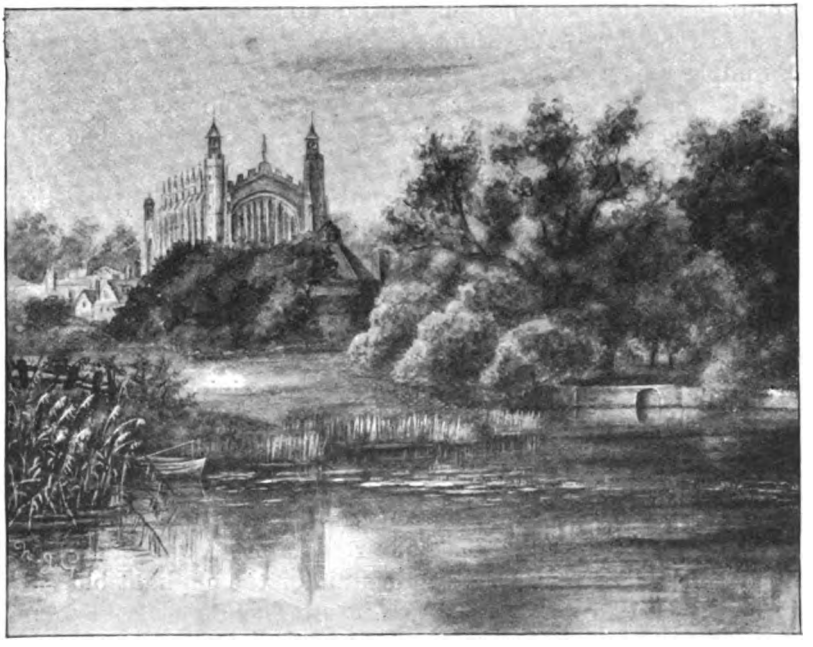


THE CHAPEL

better boats. 'The Rafts' is the centre of wet-bob sociability as well as wet-bob energy, for there is plenty of time for both on a 'long after-four' (which begins, by the way, at 3 P.M.) Then 'the Boats' is a phrase that is apt to worry a fond parent, when, for instance, he is expected to congratulate his son and heir on having 'got his Boats;' the allusion is to nothing more formidable than nine archaic-looking eights and a ten-oar, which are manned twice a year by crews who are said to have got their boats (*i.e.* their boating-colours). The first of these occasions is March 1, the opening of the boating season, and the second is the Fourth

of June, a function so often depicted in oils and print that it need only be mentioned here in passing. The strange dresses of rowers and steerers, the weird combinations of colours, the utter unsuitableness of the garments for rowing, are apt to surprise the visitor, but nevertheless are sufficiently picturesque on the river.

The return journey—after supper and champagne—is not an easy matter; for six eight-oars and fifty-four light-hearted (and, perhaps, weak-headed) individuals have to get through



ETON, FROM THE FOOTBRIDGE

Boveney and Romney locks together, and the crews conclude the evening by standing in the boats and holding up their oars (no easy manœuvre in an eight) amid falling fireworks and critical inspection from the bank. Nevertheless, accidents on 'the Fourth' are practically unknown.

No wet-bob at Eton has the least excuse for slackness, for there is always some race for which he can practise, whether he be in Upper Boats, Lower Boats, or a Lower Boy (who is not eligible for 'the Boats'). Plenty of coaching, too, can always be had for the asking, and most wet-bobs, before they leave, will

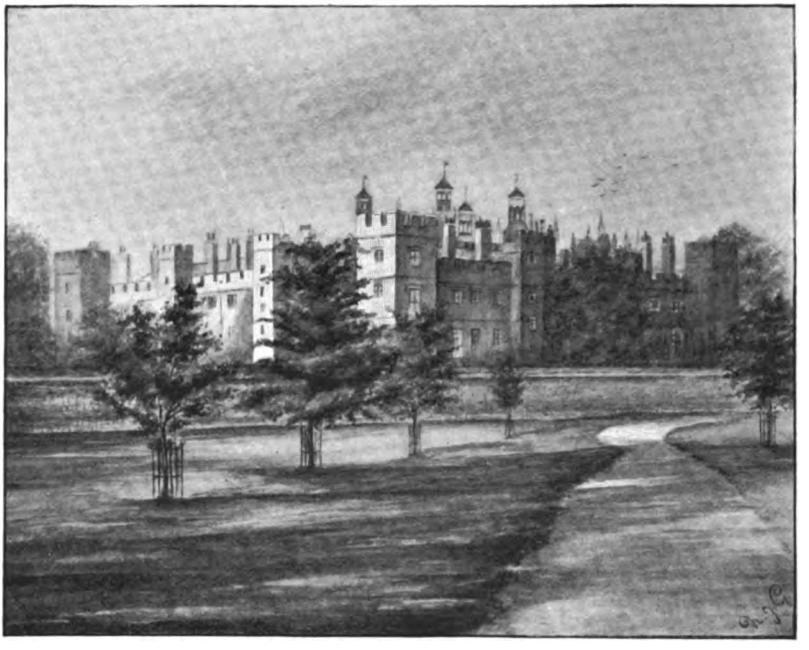
have what is almost as valuable—some practice in coaching others. No article on Eton rowing, however scrappy, would be complete without some tribute to Dr. Warre: an authority on all matters aquatic, from Ulysses' raft to the most modern eight-oar, he has done enormous services for Eton rowing: it was he who, as house-master, persuaded Dr. Goodfort to allow the school crew to enter for Henley Regatta, and still, as headmaster, he takes the keenest interest in the coaching and selection of the eight—as indeed he does in all matters connected with his school. The present coach is Mr. De Havilland, mainly through whose untiring efforts Eton has had little difficulty in securing the Ladies' Plate for the last four years. His method of coaching is as simple as it is successful—to make each individual in any crew he takes out feel that he is the worst oar in the worst boat that ever disgraced the Thames; his weapon is sarcasm rather than strong language, though he has a supply of the latter commodity when occasion requires. Yet no one could be more popular than 'Havi.'

Of cricket at Eton there is less to be said, for two reasons. There can be but little difference in cricket all the world over; one does not hear of a style or a system in cricket which distinguishes one school from another; and again, an excellent article has lately appeared in this magazine, giving an account of the most delightful features of dry-bobbing, 'Upper Club,' 'Poet's Walk,' &c. To the list of Upper Club worthies may now be added Mat. Wright—cheeriest of 'pros.' Like most of his kind his reliance on his own judgment is supreme, and no one can say 'I told ye so, sorr!' with more relish. Eton cricket has also lately been the gainer by the acquisition of the old light blue Mr. C. M. Wells. To him was chiefly due the collapse of the school eleven last year, when the latter, who had defeated Winchester and gained a moral victory over Harrow, were dismissed by the masters for thirty-two! Mr. Wells on that occasion took eight wickets for nineteen runs, and made sixty-eight for his side. Mr. Mitchell, like the brook, goes on for ever, and on the few occasions when he appears in the cricket field, his all-round form excites the admiration of all beholders. May his shadow never grow less!

Eton cricket is sometimes criticised, principally on the ground of slackness. True, there is no such institution as 'watching out'—the system practised at Winchester to the present annoyance and future benefit of the Wykehamist, and, no doubt, Eton cricket loses somewhat by the absence of this compulsory fielding:

yet freedom from compulsion has its advantages in this as in other branches of the Eton system: the volunteer often makes a better soldier than the conscript.

A very few words will suffice for the rest of this class of games. The Public-School Racquets Cup has for a long time been a stranger to Eton, though several times of late years the school pair has been in the final at Queen's Club. One 'varsity player of the present day hails from Eton—Mr. T. Cobbold, to wit. Another amusement of the Easter term is the Beagles, which

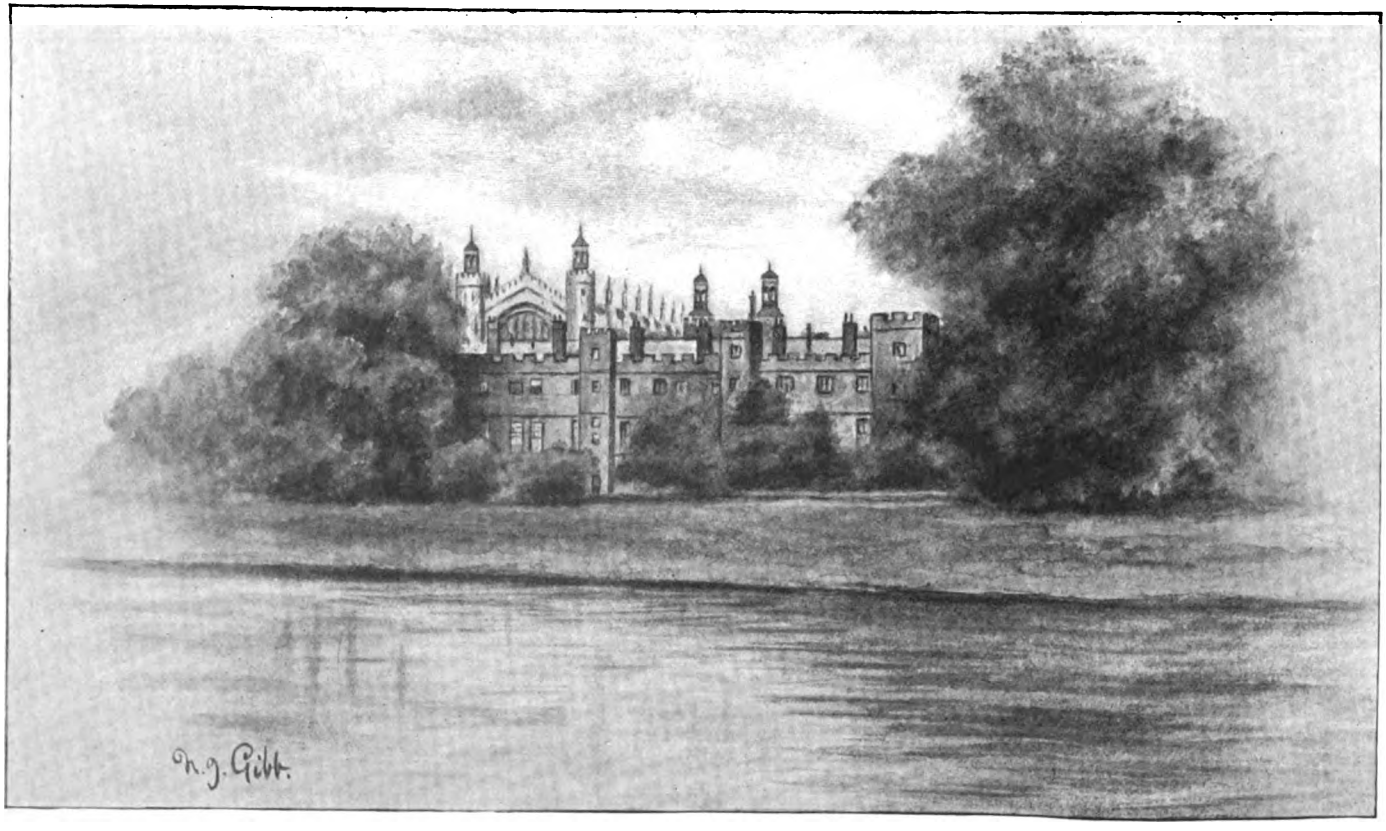


VIEW FROM THE PLAYING FIELDS

emerge from their seclusion at Locks' every half-holiday, when good runs are the general rule. Hares are usually plentiful, and the farmers round are most good-natured, so that the 'Eton College Hunt' thrives in spite of the ever-advancing jerry-builder and the rapid growth of the neighbouring towns. Athletic sports have never been so prominent at Eton as at most public schools. For one thing it has long been the custom to run the mile and the quarter along a bleak, stony road. At last an effort has been made to give spectators a chance of seeing something of the races, which are now held in 'The Masters' Field.' The finals of most

of the events also now take place on one afternoon, instead of being, as formerly, scattered over several days or weeks. One who promises to win a high rank among the athletes of to-day is Fremantle, who won all the long races at Eton, and gained an easy victory for Oxford in the three miles last season.

To turn to purely Eton games, the most interesting in many ways is the wall game: it is a signal instance of evolution, it is of great antiquity, and yet it retains almost unaltered all the main features of the game when it was played by 'the seventy poor scholars,' who warmed themselves with a mêlée along the wall that kept them from the world outside. Some spectators, indeed, have been heard to term it a relic of barbarism, and its more ardent supporters claim that the wall which Balbus built was none other than '*the* Wall' (with a capital W). The primary constituents of this remarkable game were a field, a wall, a cross-wall at one end, and a tree at the other. From this fortuitous and fortunate concurrence of materials arose a game which, year by year, requires more rules in accordance with the advance of civilisation and humanity. The yarns in connection with the wall are innumerable: any old Colleger (and many old Oppidans) can be relied on for a fund of such anecdotes. He will generally begin with a reference to the long nails which decorate the cross-wall. On these, he will tell you, they used to hang their top-hats and gowns (a change of clothes or ablutions were apparently considered unnecessary in the good old days): they used to go straight into school after an hour's hard play, and they *did* play hard then. After sundry anecdotes to illustrate their toughness and roughness, and reflections on the degeneracy of the present generation, he will be sure to point out the white stone which, traditionally, marks the spot where a boy fell in single combat (the name of the unfortunate victim and the date of the tragic occurrence vary with each narrator, who, however, needless to say, was the intimate acquaintance of both combatants); then will follow a description of the contest in picturesque and expressive language, and finally the interminable subject of the feats achieved by himself and his contemporaries. But here we will leave our garrulous friend, and take a look at the scene of these histories. A long wall, some ten feet high, the bricks of which have grown rough and mellow-looking in course of time, sloping at one end down to a stream, shaded by a group of old trees, the upper extremity meeting a cross-wall, heavily fringed with ivy, with a low gateway in the centre; these, with a narrow strip of ground cut off from the rest of the field by a furrow, form the scenery of the



THE COLLEGE, FROM ROMNEY LOCK

wall game, of which the only 'properties' are a small hard leather ball, some padded caps, and sacks with sleeves of the same material. The 'principles' are twenty-two players—eleven a side—some of whom are encased in the latter garments, and the 'supers' are, when necessary, two umpires and a referee. To anyone who has only seen the game casually, or heard it described, the idea of twenty-two sane individuals shoving and hustling one another along a brick wall may seem absurd: indeed, the unsuspecting stranger who chanced on a wall game might have some cause to fancy that he had been suddenly transported to a corner of ancient Britain, where prehistoric man was engaged in a barbarous conflict, were it not for the abundance of clothing, truly of a primitive kind, in which many of the players are encased. A struggling mêlée of humanity meets his eye: human beings in a kind of Esquimaux outfit wildly struggling for no apparent reason, arms flourishing, legs lost to sight in the seething mass below, whence, after perhaps ten minutes of seemingly objectless excitement, will appear a dirty cap sheltering a dirtier face. On the instant half a dozen hands, a knee or two, and any other limbs in the neighbourhood will be thrust into this harmless object, while from the other side as many portions of the body as can be temporarily disengaged by the owners dart forth to its defence; and so on for perhaps some minutes more.

Gradually the neck follows the head, and slowly the object emerges on all-fours, each part of it, as it appears, being subjected to the same violent treatment as the head. Slowly it will dawn on our stranger that this is a human being with a sack-like substance over his shoulders, and dirty corduroys beneath, and as the latter bit by bit follow the body to which they belong, his bewildered mind will perceive that there is some method in this apparent madness, and that in the midst of this chaotic mass there is a ball which our slowly emerging player holds wedged between his feet. Very gradual is his progress, but he *is* moving, and his heart rejoices within him as he feels that he is 'walking the bully'—i.e. forcing his opponents backwards toward their goal. After a bit the pressure gives way a little, he is comparatively free, and advances at the double till he is stopped, and the 'bully' gradually begins again, or until the ball is kicked *over* the dividing line. In the wall game the object is to send the ball as far as possible towards the opponents' goal *outside* the line, for opposite to where it stops or is stopped outside the next 'bully' takes place. The 'bully' is always formed against the wall, and—to go back to the beginning—starts the game by being

formed in the centre of the ground in the following manner. Each side has three 'walls' (in sack and cap): these are placed one behind the other against the wall, and in turn form down under and over their opponents; the 'bully' is completed by the four 'seconds' who form down next the 'walls' in a similar manner. Outside the 'bully' there are three players who for the most part only join in the 'loose play'—i.e. when the ball is turned out of the 'bully.'

It must not be imagined that the game consists in unscientific shoving; weight, though useful enough, is not the only requisite. And this is what makes the annual match between Collegers and Oppidans so interesting to lovers of the wall game: it is usually a struggle between strength and skill: the Oppidans have a large choice of material, and can select 'walls' of weight (hence in this case the reversal of the proverb 'the weak go to the wall'), while the Collegers have the pick of fewer but more experienced players. It is in Cala play that the Collegers generally have the advantage, for though strength and weight are here valuable, skill and experience are invaluable. 'Cala' requires explanation. At the upper end of the ground, some twenty feet from the cross-wall, is a white line drawn down the wall; this makes 'Good Cala;' 'Bad Cala' is divided off by a similar white mark at the other end. All scoring takes place in 'Cala.' To quote the rules: 'A shy is got within the Cala-line when a player touches the ball with his hand (the ball being supported against the wall, off the ground and below the knee) and claims the 'shy' with the words 'got it.' The 'Cala bully' is quite a different formation from the ordinary 'bully,' but its intricacies are too many to be explained in this article. Suffice it to say that the general object of one side is to 'get a shy' in the manner already described, of the 'stopping' side to 'foot' the ball out behind their 'bully' to the behind, who sends it away as far as possible. When, however, a 'shy' is claimed, the 'bully' breaks at once, and subsequently reforms where the claim was made. If the 'shy' is allowed the player who touches it throws it at the goal (in 'Good Cala' the doorway, and in 'Bad Cala' marked on a tree). A goal is very seldom obtained and counts more than any number of 'shies.' The game allows everyone endless opportunities to distinguish—and disgrace—himself. The behinds especially have to be very quick and prepared to kick at once, and kick with care; 'slow but sure' may answer in the 'bully' but must never be the motto of a behind. He very seldom gets a clear kick; for the ball is almost always followed by a charge, and consequently has to be raised

over the players—no easy matter when a moment's delay is fatal —and, moreover, it must always be sent over the line. Again, he has to be ready to stop a rush by throwing himself on the ball and keeping it in to the wall till his 'bully' gather round him. The aim of the 'bully' and the 'outsides' is to get past or through their opponents, and then kick before the behinds can get the ball. And therein lies the difficulty; often and often a player works himself through the 'bully,' but, as he frees himself, for a moment loses control of the ball; the behind gets it, away it goes, and with it the opportunity he has been waiting for so

ENTRANCE TO BREWHOUSE YARD

long. No player is allowed to touch the ball with his hands, except the behinds, who are allowed to catch it full pitch and drop-kick. When the 'outsides' are weak, the 'bully' will sometimes 'hold' for a considerable time: this is effected by a 'wall' or succession of 'walls' getting the ball between their feet and holding it against all comers. One player used to turn this comparative inaction to good use: after ten minutes he would emerge from a hot and oppressive 'bully' with a contented smile, and inform us that he had done 'two stanzas that time;' in this way during the hour's play he finished his copy of Latin verses, much

to his own—and, I believe, his tutor's—satisfaction. How we used to wish we could do two things—and such different things!—at once and well.

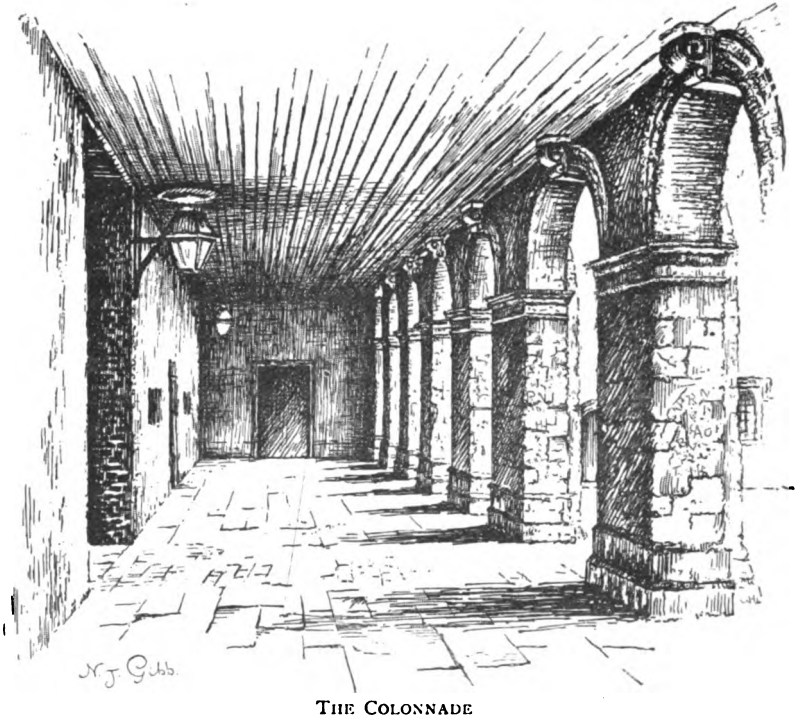
The record for a 'bully' is, I think, something over twenty minutes. Naturally during that time a player in the midst of it may get into very uncomfortable positions; hence if a cry of 'cris' is raised the 'bully' has to break at once. This, however, is hardly ever necessary. A wall must be stubborn and resourceful, and should have a toughish head as well as body; for the 'wall-cap' will not always protect one completely from the hard kicks, and, perhaps, hard knocks. An anecdote will illustrate the kind of cranium that is best for the purpose. It was of a massive type, and covered by hair which was worn very short by its possessor, who was—and is still—a splendid wall. On one occasion it came suddenly through the 'bully;' the opposing 'behind' was on the alert, and mistaking it for the ball, took a run of several yards and volleyed. The head continued its progress undaunted and undamaged: the behind limped for several days afterwards. Anyone who has ever felt that head at football will have no difficulty in accepting this story.

It is not likely that the ordinary reader will ever play 'at the wall' nor is it likely that there is, or ever will be, any other wall where the game might be reproduced. Consequently I need give no more than this outline of the way it is played, and enter no further into its rules (which fill a pamphlet of quite a respectable size). I can only add the assurance that a game 'at the wall' is most interesting to watch (provided the 'bullies' are not too long) and, when one is accustomed to its peculiarities, is thoroughly enjoyable for the players: it requires strength, dash, and care, and gives every player (except, perhaps, 'goal') plenty of exercise. Besides it is absolutely unique.

Between the 'wall game' and the field game there is very little resemblance: both are played with a football—and there the likeness ends. In the field game speed and neatness are *the* requisites; strength and resolution are useful auxiliaries—no more. It is not confined to a narrow strip of grass, but requires a large field with goal-posts at each end; the latter are much narrower than those used in Rugby or Association. Eleven players a side is the usual number, though twelve can play equally well.

As 'at the wall' there is a 'bully,' but it is formed quite differently. It consists of four players a side—'post' in the centre, a 'side-post' each side, and 'back-up post' behind. The

chief object of the 'bully' is to give the 'outsides' breathing-space. Of the latter, 'corners' stand next the 'bully' on the right and left, and 'flying-man' immediately behind. Beyond him are the behinds, 'short,' 'long,' and 'goal.' 'Short' corresponds to a certain degree to the half-back of 'soccer,' and has to keep the forwards supplied by raising the ball just over the 'bully'—a difficult and very pretty kick. A 'bully' in the middle of the field begins the game, and a 'bully' is formed opposite the spot where the ball crosses either of the outside lines. The objects of the



THE COLONNADE

game are (i) to score a goal in the same way as at Association, (ii) to score a 'rouge,' (iii) to convert the 'rouge' into a goal. A rouge may roughly be said to be obtained as follows: if a player on the attacking side kicks the ball over the goal-line off one of his opponents, or when he is touching one of his opponents; if a player on the defending side kick it straight over, or off one of the attacking side; or if the ball rolls behind out of a 'loose bully.' In any of these cases a rouge may be obtained if one of the attacking side touches the ball first. When a rouge is scored the ball is placed in the centre of goals, and a yard from goal-line.

The defending side form down round it, and endeavour to 'walk' their opponents by force of weight away from the goal. A rouge is converted if those attacking force or kick the ball through the goal. 'Taking the ball down the line' is quite an art in itself. The player who has the ball has all his 'bully' at his back, and endeavours to score off his opponents; they, in their turn, have to be ready to jump aside and let the ball by untouched, or to charge and carry it away by weight.

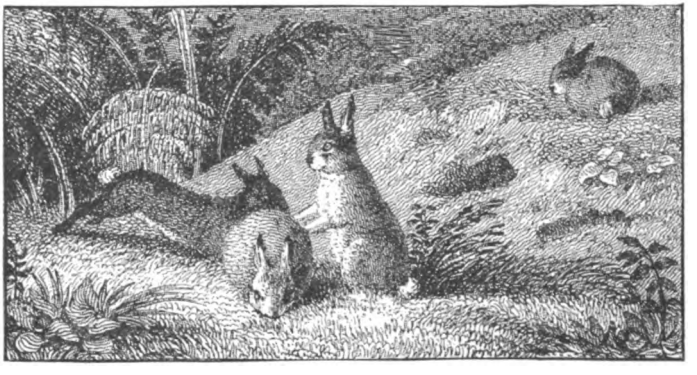
Generally the first difficulty for a beginner is to unlearn anything he has been taught at Association. He must on no account 'pass;' combination is very necessary, but here the forwards have to help one another by keeping together and backing up; all the forwards have to follow the ball. 'Cornering'—that is, taking the ball when away from the main body of forwards—is punished by a 'bully' where the offence is committed. Each player has to play for himself and his side as well; he must make every use of his opportunities, but he must be equally ready to charge, or support another player. 'Keep the ball close and back up' is the motto for the forward. In no game is there so much necessity for good dribbling—the strong point of all Etonians who take up other kinds of football. 'Comparisons,' of course, 'are odorous,' but for exercise and variety give me the 'field game' in preference to the only game that it at all resembles—Association.

A glance at fives, and my task is done. A full and admirable article in the Badminton Library says all there is to be said on the game itself. In recent years 'fives,' while it has been steadily gaining favour with the public, has been rather losing ground at Eton. The fives-courts are not now so eagerly sought after as they were a little time ago, and though there is always great interest taken in School-Fives and House-Fives, yet the players do not, as a rule, give their whole spare time to the game. The truth is, many rival attractions have been added to the Easter half. The sports attract more attention, and require more training from those who enter. Rugby and Association football, too, have been introduced, and have become very popular with many. There is no necessity for conservative Etonians to cry out at the innovation; for there is not the vaguest reason to suppose that it will drive out or deteriorate the Eton games. And fives will always have plenty of adherents who do not care for the more violent exercise of football.

Games at Eton, like time and tide, wait for no man; they begin with the beginning of the term, no matter what the weather.

Football in September is sometimes no joke. Last year the wall game was played when the temperature was 80° in the shade. What it must have been in the interior of a 'wall bully,' I know not; but I do know that the 'walls' looked unhappier than on a winter day, when heavy rain and heavier boots have made the ground indescribable. Tradition tells that on one occasion after a long struggle on such a day some one asked where the ball was. No one in the 'bully' seemed to know; so a search was made, but the ball was gone. Nothing but the mixture of rain and mud and sawdust, churned and trampled and knelt on by the players, was to be seen on the face of the earth. Perchance some antiquarian of another age may excavate that relic of a bygone age of wall-players.

In conclusion, I wish to observe that I have given more space to some games than others, for the very good reason that I had more to say about them, not because I considered them the most important. One word more. To the many attractions of Eton games may be added one other—the spirit in which they are invariably played. The games are good; but, what is better, players are always at once business-like and sociable, keen and good-tempered at Eton. *Esto perpetua!*



RACING IN 1896

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

WE have certainly enjoyed a sound and satisfactory year's sport, and the season ends with an excellent outlook for the future. On the Turf, as on the Stage, there are supposed to have been 'palmy days,' when everything was perfect, and our old friend *Laudator temporis acti* grows more or less eloquent about them; but a real study of Turf history does not entirely convince one that he is right. I do not propose to cite cases which are tolerably well known, but it is certain that about many of the great races that were run within the palmy-day period there were scandals which would be wellnigh impossible at present. To say this is by no means to assert that contemporary racing is free from all reproach. A few rogues are still to the fore, sometimes in prominent places, and not a few others have conveniently elastic consciences, together with excessively liberal ideas of what is permissible; but I believe that there is far less rascality on the Turf than there used to be.

It is a great thing for the sport that the best horses should so frequently be in the best hands. This year the Prince of Wales won three of the five 'classic' races, the Derby and St. Leger with Persimmon, and the One Thousand with Thais; the Oaks fell to Lord Derby, a singularly appropriate victory, seeing that—as the reader probably knows—the race was named after an old seat of the family near Epsom; and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, one of the most popular and enthusiastic of sportsmen, carried off the Two Thousand with St. Frusquin. Of the chief two-year-olds, who, if all goes well with them, should increase their reputations next year, Velasquez and Chelàndry, probably the

best colt and the best filly, are the property of Lord Rosebery; Galtee More belongs to an Irish sportsman who is well known and highly esteemed on the racecourse and in the hunting-field; Vesuvian is in the famous Kingsclere stable; Mr. Leopold de Rothschild owns Goletta; Mr. Lorillard, a keen and respected American owner, has Berzak and Sandia; Fortalice is Lord Ellesmere's; Titaré, Lord Wolverton's; Crestfallen, Lord Derby's; Hellebore, Lord Durham's; Minstrel, the Duke of Devonshire's. The list might be largely prolonged, but it may be briefly said that practically all the best two-year-olds belong to gentlemen.

Such patrons of the sport form a powerful phalanx against its enemies, who are, moreover, for the most part insignificant. None of these are more virulent than the directors of the Anti-Gambling League; and this is said without the very slightest desire to uphold and advocate the practice of betting, a business which in the long run must almost inevitably prove unfortunate for the amateur. In most games the professional followers have the best of it, and backing horses is certainly one of these. A considerable proportion of the leading owners of horses do not bet at all; multitudes of others amuse themselves with wagering to an extent which in no way inconveniences them when the usual results follow; a number of rash and foolish men, on the other hand, do inconvenience themselves very seriously indeed. But why the proceedings of the Anti-Gambling League are wholly mischievous may be very simply explained. The League can no more suppress betting than it can suppress eating and drinking. If men want to bet they will find a hundred ways of gratifying their injudicious desire; but whereas at present salutary and efficient supervision is exercised over those who make wagers, if the League had its way the supervision would be withdrawn, betting would be carried on in holes and corners, to the immense advantage of the rogues and the furtherance of rascality. This view of the matter might easily be proved; and no one doubts that if those who want to bet could not speculate on horses they would do so on other hazards. But this bears only indirectly on the subject of the present article, to which I may proceed after stating my deliberate conclusion as one who has seen much of the inner life of the Turf from various points of view, and who assuredly recommends no one to gamble.

When the season of 1896 opened a trio of three-year-olds were principally discussed—the Prince's Persimmon, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's St. Frusquin, and the Duke of Westminster's

Regret; and not a few cautious students of racing believed that the last of the three would prove the best. How entirely wrong they were we all now know; but they had reason for the faith that was in them. Regret had only been seen once, and did not impress by his good looks; it was his action which caused him to be admired as he cantered away with the Houghton Stakes on the occasion of his solitary two-year-old appearance, beating nothing, it is true, but doing all that he could have done in the handsomest fashion. It was reported, however, that he was as good as Omladina, and this seemed to mean much. It is worth while to recur to the subject as an example of how the most apparently logical and careful arguments may lead to utterly incorrect conclusions; and from this a hint may be gained for the benefit of those who are inclined to risk money on the Turf. Omladina, it was believed at the end of last year, ought to have won the Middle Park Plate. Her jockey, Mornington Cannon, instead of waiting with her and riding the sort of race of which he is so fond—keeping his horse well back, and coming with a rush at the finish—for once made running, in order to cut down Persimmon, who was esteemed the chief danger. He readily disposed of the Prince's colt, seeming to confirm the then current opinion that Persimmon did not stay (for though Persimmon had been troubled with his teeth shortly before, and was said to be not at his best, his friends were decidedly confident on the day). St. Frusquin, however, came out from the distance and wore the filly down, beating her half a length; Persimmon five lengths behind. If Omladina's jockey had ridden his favourite race, the half-length, it was thought, would have been the other way—at any rate, there appeared little to choose between them; and Regret was understood to be so backward that he had far more scope for improvement than St. Frusquin. 'As good as Omladina,' therefore—and Porter's trials can usually be relied on—meant to all seeming as good as St. Frusquin; and when Regret's expected improvement had been made, better than Mr. de Rothschild's colt. St. Frusquin's forelegs, moreover, it was generally agreed, did not look like lasting, and he had shown incapacity to come down hill on more than one occasion. Did not this all appear excellently well for Regret? Against him was the cautious apprehension of John Porter, his trainer, who had observed to the Duke of Westminster that it was a pity the colt should lose his maiden allowance by success in such a small race as the Houghton Stakes, as he might want the 7 lb. in some of his races next year; and there was the notorious softness of

his dam, Farewell, which he might possibly have inherited; but as to the former of these objections, Porter's estimate of what is wanted for a Derby horse is something extreme, as he very completely demonstrated when he sold Sainfoin a few seasons ago, supposing that even in a very moderate year he could have no chance.

One cool and experienced judge was not led away by what I confess seemed to me the very conclusive argument just set down. Seeking an opinion, I wrote to this gentleman and asked him for his idea of the then two-year-olds, in order that I might give it in one of my Notes. He kindly sent it, begging me, however, not to mention his name, and I therefore merely referred to him as 'a Member of the Jockey Club.' He was, I may now say, Mr. Daniel Cooper, and his handicap ran:

	st.	lb.
St. Frusquin	9	7
Persimmon	8	12
Regret	8	7
Knight of the Thistle	8	0

Regret did show himself well over a stone behind St. Frusquin, still it required some self-reliance to express an opinion to that effect last spring. But I am anticipating.

St. Frusquin was to appear at an unusually early date for the Derby horse. He came out in the Column Produce Stakes at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, and performed a very easy task with perfect ease. Some time before the Two Thousand Guineas it was rumoured to be doubtful whether Persimmon would start, though it had been generally supposed that he had a better chance of beating St. Frusquin over the Rowley mile than at Epsom. The rumour proved true; he could not be got ready, and St. Frusquin thus had the way absolutely cleared for him. It seemed as certain that Labrador would be second in the Two Thousand as that St. Frusquin would win, but the Kingsclere horse ran very moderately, and the poor performances of the horses from this stable in the spring excited much surprise; nor indeed, though St. Frusquin won by three lengths, did he exhibit the freshness and dash which had characterised him in his previous race.

The ground early in the season was cruelly hard, and though the Newmarket Stakes, worth close on 3,000*l.*, was a tempting prize, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild judiciously decided to keep St. Frusquin for the Derby. Galeazzo, his second string, however, was a most efficient substitute, for the colt won, Labrador being only able to get fifth, several lengths behind. Whether

Persimmon was or was not a really good horse became the subject of constant discussion, opinions being affected, moreover, by the fact that sometimes he went extremely well at exercise, and sometimes very badly. This, indeed, has always been characteristic of the horse, and in a recent number I quoted Watts, to the effect that, early in July, Persimmon 'could not have caught a selling-plater.' The Derby therefore was regarded as practically at the mercy of St. Frusquin, whose admirers, however, were not entirely pleased with his appearance when they looked him over before the race. The Prince of Wales's colt, on the other hand, was found to be extremely fit and well; but, nevertheless, odds of 13 to 8 and more were laid on St. Frusquin, and 5 to 1 was always readily obtainable against Persimmon. One thing St. Frusquin effectually disproved during the race, and that was the idea that he could not come down a hill, for he strided down from Tattenham Corner in perfect style. But a surprise was in store; for when it came to a race he could not hold his own, and Watts carried the royal jacket first past the post by a neck.

The effect of this was to render the Princess of Wales's Stakes, a month later at Newmarket, one of the most exciting races of the year. St. Frusquin's friends were staunch, and slightly influenced, perhaps, by the fact that he had 3 lb. the best of the weights, he stood in the market at 5 to 2; 4 to 1 being laid against the Derby winner. Regret, however, was favourite at 7 to 4, but the running bore out with singular accuracy Mr. Daniel Cooper's handicap just quoted, for with 9 lb. the worst of the weights, St. Frusquin beat Regret by a length, Persimmon dividing the pair.

The Eclipse Stakes came a fortnight later, and here this running with Regret was confirmed, St. Frusquin, however, extending the half-length to a length and a half. The 'market' may of course be taken as an indication of public opinion, and the prevalent impression was shown to be that St. Frusquin would beat Persimmon in the St. Leger. But unfortunately the two were not destined to meet again. Just when everybody had found it convenient to forget the prophecies that St. Frusquin would not stand, without any warning information came that he had broken down and been struck out of the Doncaster race; and so this good horse finally disappeared from the Turf, a piece of misfortune for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, whose luck up to this time had been amazingly good, for meeting after meeting the dark blue and yellow cap had been seen in front. St. Frusquin's disappearance of course seemed to give Persimmon a very easy task at Doncaster

and afterwards in the Jockey Club Stakes. though his performance in the St. Leger was not of remarkable merit, as Labrador stuck to him with unexpected persistency, and Watts on the Prince's colt had to use his whip a long way from home.

During the spring and early summer the Kingsclere horses had run very disappointingly indeed, and it remains a mystery why they should have been so backward after an unusually open winter; but at Ascot they had returned to their form. Shaddock won a couple of races, showing in very different guise from his moderate display at Sandown Park at the end of April, when Lord Hervey gave him 7 lb. and beat him by three lengths. Helm, Zebac, and Labrador all won races at the Royal meeting, as did Omladina, her success being achieved in the Fernhill Stakes over five furlongs; for it had by this time been ascertained that she was an arrant non-stayer. Of the three-year-olds, St. Frusquin and Persimmon obviously stand out by themselves, though the Duke of Westminster has won a number of stakes with Shaddock, Labrador, and Regret, useful second-class horses.

Previously to Ascot the two-year-olds who had chiefly distinguished themselves were Mr. Fairie's Eager and Lord Rosebery's Chelàndry, and the former was then supposed to be something much out of the common—a kind of mistake that usually is made early in the season; but Mr. Fairie, in this case, had justification for his belief, as Matthew Dawson had told him that if the running in the Royal Two-Year-Old Plate at Kempton Park were really true, Eager, who beat Chelàndry by a length and a half, must be a good horse. It was reported, however, that Lord Rosebery had a colt in his stable who was a long way better than his filly. This was Velasquez, who was due to run in one of the two-year-old races at Ascot, not having appeared in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, though it might have been supposed that the ex-Premier would have liked to win a race so near his home. Eager's friends had, however, very little fear of Velasquez at Ascot, in spite of the report as to his being three lengths in front of Chelàndry, and when someone asked Mr. Fairie whether Velasquez was running in the Coventry Stakes, the owner of Eager replied that Lord Rosebery was not likely to court inevitable defeat, and would certainly reserve his colt for the New Stakes on the Thursday.

Velasquez was so reserved, but not for the reasons indicated. He won in a canter, Monterey, who was second favourite, and therefore supposed to be the chief source of danger, making a very moderate display; Alfar beat Monterey by five lengths for

second place, giving him, moreover, 7 lb. Eager was less fortunate in the Coventry Stakes, which Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Goletta won by two lengths, and that the form was correct has been abundantly demonstrated, as they have met twice since, and twice Goletta has won. Chelàndry in the Coventry Stakes could only get fourth to Goletta, and the meeting between this latter filly and Velasquez was looked forward to with a good deal of interest. It took place at Goodwood, in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, where, though Velasquez was favourite, and 2 to 1 was laid against Goletta, a number of very sound judges, trainers and others, expected to see the filly win; and when Velasquez cantered home three lengths in front of her the opinion of his goodness was amply justified.

That he was a really good horse was the rooted conviction of his owner, and that he would be beaten during the season seemed extremely improbable; but the proverb runs to the effect that nothing happens but the unexpected, and Velasquez furnished an instance of this in the Middle Park Plate. The course was, it is true, more heavy and holding than it has been for a great many years past, and it will very likely indeed be shown hereafter that the running was altogether wrong; but in the result Galtee More won easily by five or six lengths. This powerful colt could act in the mud, and Velasquez could not. But though Galtee More had previously run well, he had done nothing to suggest that he would be a dangerous rival for Velasquez.

Every year stories are told of exceptionally good two-year-olds that may be expected from Kingsclere, and nothing very meritorious had appeared prior to the Houghton Meeting. For the Dewhurst Plate, however, Vesuvian, a son of Royal Hampton and Fuse, was sent to the post with the reputation of having been just beaten in a trial in which he had been asked to do something big. It was calculated that he was about 10 lb. better than Zarabanda, a useful second-class filly who had won a couple of races; but this did not strike experts as good enough to beat Berzak, an American colt whose running had been consistently good. Experts, the event proved, were wrong. Notwithstanding that he was still backward—John Porter invariably gives his two-year-olds plenty of time—Vesuvian won so handsomely that he was at once accepted as likely to prove a dangerous rival to Velasquez and Galtee More; and thus a new interest was added to the Derby. Two other Kingsclere two-year-olds that came out at the Houghton Meeting were Rust (Blue Green—Ruth) and Orelio (Bend Or—Lily Agnes, an own brother to Ormonde).

The former I regard as likely to be much the same next year as Labrador is this; Orelio is said to 'make a noise,' and probably, therefore, will fail to do anything remarkable.

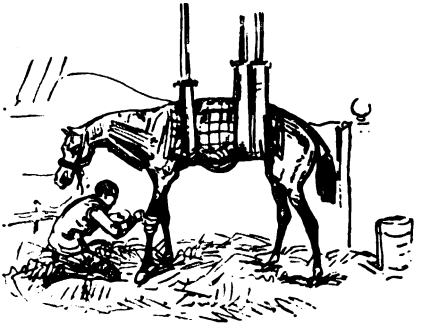
The early form of the year is very seldom maintained; that is to say, animals who win in the spring seldom make much show in the autumn. But Melfitana, a little daughter of Melton and Fame, who ran at Liverpool during the first week of sport under Jockey Club rules, carried off the Free Handicap for two-year-olds in a field of fourteen with 8 st. 4 lb. on her back. This was a good performance, and her owner must regret that he did not put her into the One Thousand or Oaks; for though Chelàndry remains, Goletta seems to have deteriorated, and, indeed, it is always doubtful whether a three-year-old filly will be relatively within 21 lb. or 2 st. of her two-year-old form. When she improves in the course of the year, as Melfitana has done, there is extra hope for her.

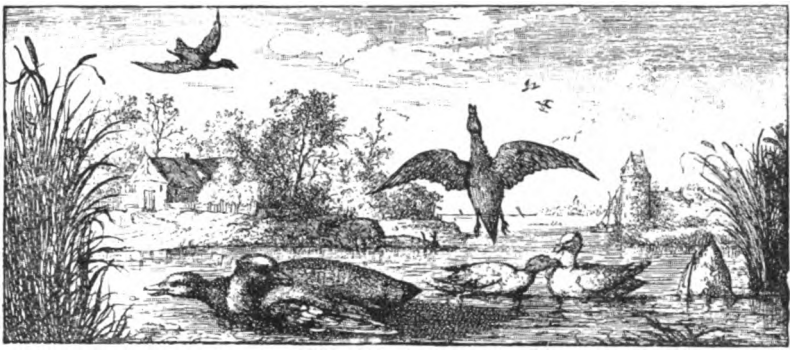
Much difference of opinion may be expected this winter in discussions as to the merits of Velasquez and Galtee More and the chance Vesuvian may have of beating the pair in the Derby. It is suggested that Velasquez may not stay; but why a son of Donovan and Vista should fail in this respect I do not see. Donovan stayed well enough to win the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot and the Leger, and staying was Vista's strong point. Velasquez has small feet, and could not move in the mud on the Middle Park Plate day; moreover, he did not look particularly bright and well, I thought, before the race. That was his sole failure; but Galtee More (9 st. 5 lb.) was beaten by Brigg (9 st. 3 lb.) at Liverpool, when he ran a dead heat with Glencally (8 st. 11 lb.); he had some difficulty in shaking off the moderate Wake at Goodwood, when the latter had only a 7 lb. advantage in the weights; and though he won the Rous Plate at Doncaster, he had to be asked to gallop. Velasquez had never been for a moment pressed until his collapse at Newmarket. He seems to me superior in class to Galtee More, and when the two meet in the future I expect to see Velasquez always in front at the finish. Too little has been seen of Vesuvian to enable one to judge of what he may hereafter be able to accomplish.

It is quite impossible to make divisions nowadays between the best animals that run only in weight-for-age races, handicap horses, and selling-platers; because the handicap horses often beat classic winners, and the ex-platers sometimes beat both. Some notable things which deserve passing mention were done in handicaps. Clorane won the Lincolnshire with 9 st. 4 lb., giving 3 st. all

but 5 lb. to Quarrel, who subsequently won the Ascot Hunt Cup with 7 st. 11 lb. Victor Wild—bought out of a selling race—won the Kempton Park Jubilee with 9 st. 7 lb., giving 3 st. all but 5 lb. to Kilcock, who won the Wokingham Stakes with 8 st. 4 lb., and would have won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood with the astonishing burden of 9 st. 12 lb. had he not been almost knocked down at the critical moment, and effectually prevented from success, by the clumsiness of an American jockey. These two victories are worth comment, but I do not propose to dwell on what has happened in handicaps, except to note that St. Bris's Cesarewitch victory, coming so soon after Childwick's, completely negatives the idea that sons of St. Simon do not stay.

So we pass into winter quarters, and to contemplation of the yearlings in which we may chance to be specially interested, persuading ourselves, as we see them canter, that they are perfect movers, or if it is evident they are not, that they show to disadvantage in their slow paces but will shape very differently when really sent along. Everyone cannot have the winner of the Middle Park Plate, but at this time of year everyone who has entered his horse has hopes of that triumph; and as we watch some favourite youngster at work with his boy on his back, we picture how well the colt will look when, in the familiar colours, he pulls up after cantering home for the Coventry or the New Stakes before an enthusiastic throng at Ascot. Of course by that time the treasure may be unsuccessfully trying to win a selling race, but we can only hope!





IN THE GREY MORNING

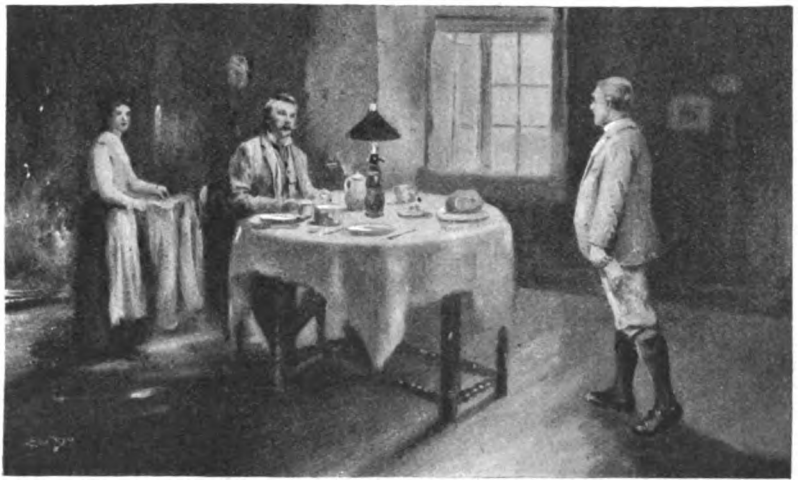
BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD

THE world beyond the little lattice windows of my waterside inn was a blank white curtain of mist dimly veined with traceries of masts, and stirred now and again by wings of passing gulls, as I started from my sleep one morning not long ago, dimly conscious that someone was knocking at the door. It was only when I had answered the summons in the usual aggrieved tone of the sleeper awakened, and had ordered my hot water and boots to be put down, in a voice which implied that if the party outside wished to insinuate by the character of his knock that he supposed the individual inside was asleep, then he was guilty of harbouring base and groundless suspicions, &c. &c.—it was only after this retort that a comprehension of my surroundings dawned upon me. I ruefully remembered, as I sat up and distinctly felt the fingers of a late winter frost about my unprotected shoulders, that I had been weak enough to make up my mind last night, over a roaring fire in the little parlour of this fisherman's tavern, that I would have a try for some of those widgeon which a voluble host declared had come into the estuary with the change of wind in unheard-of numbers, and now I cordially wished for a moment, while staring out into the twilight of half-past six o'clock on a winter morning, that all those widgeon were back in Nova Zembla, and that host with them, whose fervid narratives, rising as his whisky-and-water ebbed, of bags that he had made in just such weather last season, had prompted me to rash promises.

But it would not do to play the coward. I could already hear the methodical splash of an energetic companion's bailing tin as he cleared the well of our double-handed punt, and the crunch of his heavy boots on the wet seaweed gravel under the windows, so springing up I metaphorically turned my back upon my weaker self and proceeded to dress. And there was a distinct encouragement to struggling virtue in the strong scent of hot coffee, with the aroma of rashers of true native fragrance, which came streaming up the twining wooden stairs as I lit a candle and took my hot water in. It was encouragement of exactly the right kind, and presently I was down in the little sitting-room, with the cheerful red tongues of a new-lit fire lapping round the crackling oak billets that had once been ribs of some stout ship or other, the ruddy gleam full of warmth sparkling on the bright breakfast things and bringing out in strong relief the tall column of steam rising from the great Dutch coffee-pot, and all the good things a faithful housewife had managed to have ready even at this hour of twilight. I sat down in the rosy gloom and, as I helped myself to the eggs, the aromatic rashers, and cottage bread, itself a revelation in bakery, the comely hostess came in. She brought my heavy pea jacket over her arm and my sea-boots, and while she put the one to toast across the back of a chair and arranged the others in the fender, where the abundant tallow wherewith they were anointed soon began to glimmer and smoke in the heat, close upon her followed my comrade Alleyn, full of the arrogance of his five minutes' seniority in early rising, and together we fell to work upon the provender. Alleyn declared, with his mouth full of bread and butter, that a man had told him there was a very large flock of widgeon about two miles up the harbour. But the wise wildfowler does not let himself be lightly turned from the important duty of victualling the ship. Punt shooting on a keen winter morning is, next to discovering the North Pole, about the coldest work imaginable; a substantial meal to preface it is as important as the flannel shirt one wears, and not less indispensable. However, the snuggest meal must eventually come to an end, and, having assiduously attended to the above-mentioned principles, we presently got into our top-boots, our hostess lent us a hand with our heavy coats—that false and pusillanimous spouse of hers, who had bragged last night of the constitution of a polar bear and an inordinate liking for seeing the thermometer at zero or thereabouts, being still in bed—and a couple of minutes later we were out on the 'hard,' lighting up a couple of Havannahs while we put the finishing touches to the arrangements of our

double-handed punt, and took that final look-round to see that everything was in its place upon which so much depends.

It was still freezing hard as we got afloat, a dense white mist as thick as cotton wool hanging over everything for the first five minutes. This, and the utter absence of sounds, save for the light splash of water on the quays behind or occasional cries of gulls overhead, gave a strangely vague and eerie feeling to us as we paddled out into the unseen. A wildfowl punt is, at the best of times, not a substantial affair; its whole purpose is to be unobtrusive, and it carries shallowness to the utmost limit of safety. But when you cannot see what little of it there really is for white mist, and can make nothing out ahead or behind, can hear nothing



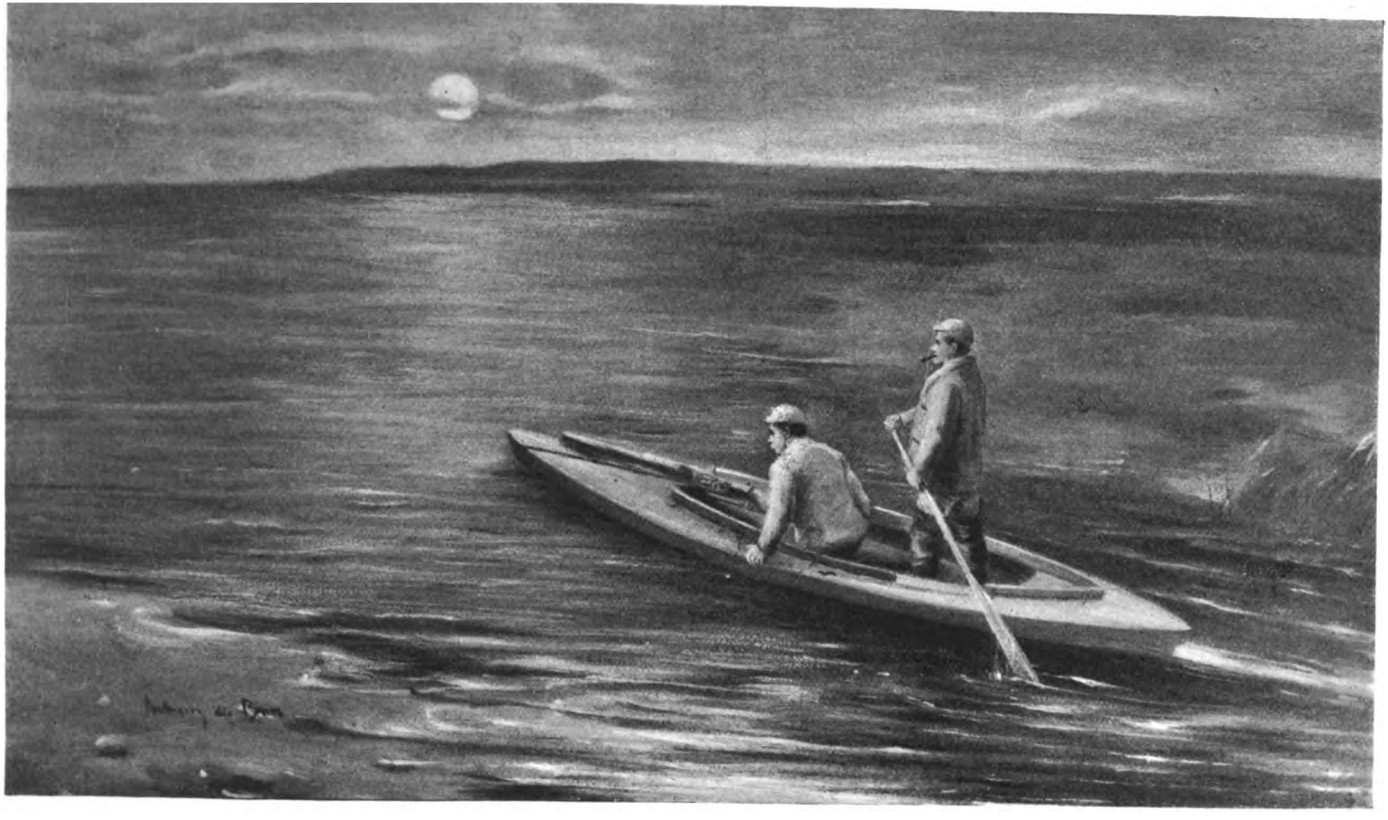
CLOSE UPON HER FOLLOWED MY COMRADE

but the derisive laughter of a gull or two flapping by at the level of your knees, perhaps nothing but the unexplored feelings of floating on a tea-tray through a cloudy region of upper air would fitly represent the resulting sensations! It was only the fact that I had implicit trust in the weather knowledge of my companion, who had lived all his life 'one foot on sea and one on land,' which prevented me from thinking during those first few hundred yards of nebulous paddling that our quest was hopeless. However, Alleyn was content; his ruddy long-shore face was grim with repressed hope, so it was not for me to doubt. And presently events proved he was right. We had crept out on our 'tea-tray' into the land-locked estuary, all around being still

exceeding dim and cold and uncomfortable, when a voice observed out of the haze at my shoulder, that the mist would lift in a minute; and sure enough, almost as though it had heard the observation, a soft clammy breath of air came upon our cheeks, the thick white curtain of obscurity carded itself out into indefinitely fine filaments, there dawned a glimmer of pale light on the surface of the water in front, a suspicion of blue in the sky overhead. With startling rapidity the mist faded to extremest attenuity, and then finally drifted by, letting us out with the suddenness of an open doorway into a clear world of wintry waters lined by long, low, marshy flats to the right, a low ruby winter sun rising heavy and reluctant over the hills in the east, and a thousand acres of lagoon and salt-water estuary lying clear under his level beams in front of us.

At once we proceeded to clear for action. My companion, with a few strokes of his short paddles, turned us for a moment into a reedy bight of the shore, and there, floating cheerfully in eight inches of water, we made our arrangements. The big gun over the bows, which hitherto had been swaddled up in flannels to keep it from the salt mists, was stripped – a formidable piece of ordnance nearly eight feet long, and capable of throwing a pound of shot at a discharge—our two shoulder guns were taken from their cases, they looking extraordinarily slender by comparison with the monster over the bows, and having seen that the cartridges were handy and made all snug, we put to sea again.

Keeping close round under the shadows of the frozen shore we eagerly watched the surface of the rapidly brightening water for birds which we knew were upon it. There was an early heron standing grim and sentinel-like at the end of a sandspit and waiting for the dropping tide to clear his feeding-ground, while here and there fortunate loons, whose appetites did not need to wait on tides, were diving vigorously for a breakfast; but for a time there was nothing else. Then, as we watched and punted slowly round the fringe of the broad estuary, the red gleam in the west broadened, till under it every patch of floating ice upon the grey surface of the water shone like a ruddy spangle of metal. I was just thinking how cold the wind was, and reflecting a little gloomily that my host on shore, from the warm shelter of the bedclothes, must be picturing us freezing to death on this slopping tea-tray in the open, when my eye was caught by something far away against the red shine like a tag of smoke left by a passing steamer. Yet it was not smoke, and, more than that, it was travelling in our direction and extending against the wind as



INTO A CLEAR WORLD

smoke never did. 'What is that, Alleyn?' I said, pointing to the long dark cloud now low down against the surface of the water, and he, having stared towards the spot indicated for a minute, sedately knocked the ashes from his pipe against the palm of his hand, and answered, 'Widgeon, and a thousand at least!' We did not need to discuss the situation, but we watched with bated breath the mighty flock drop about a mile up the water, and then we slipped off our overcoats and, placing them upon the floor of the punt, went down as flat as we could lie, I with my chin upon the cartridge box under the stock of the big gun forward, and Alleyn asprawl behind me. The long paddles were shipped, and,

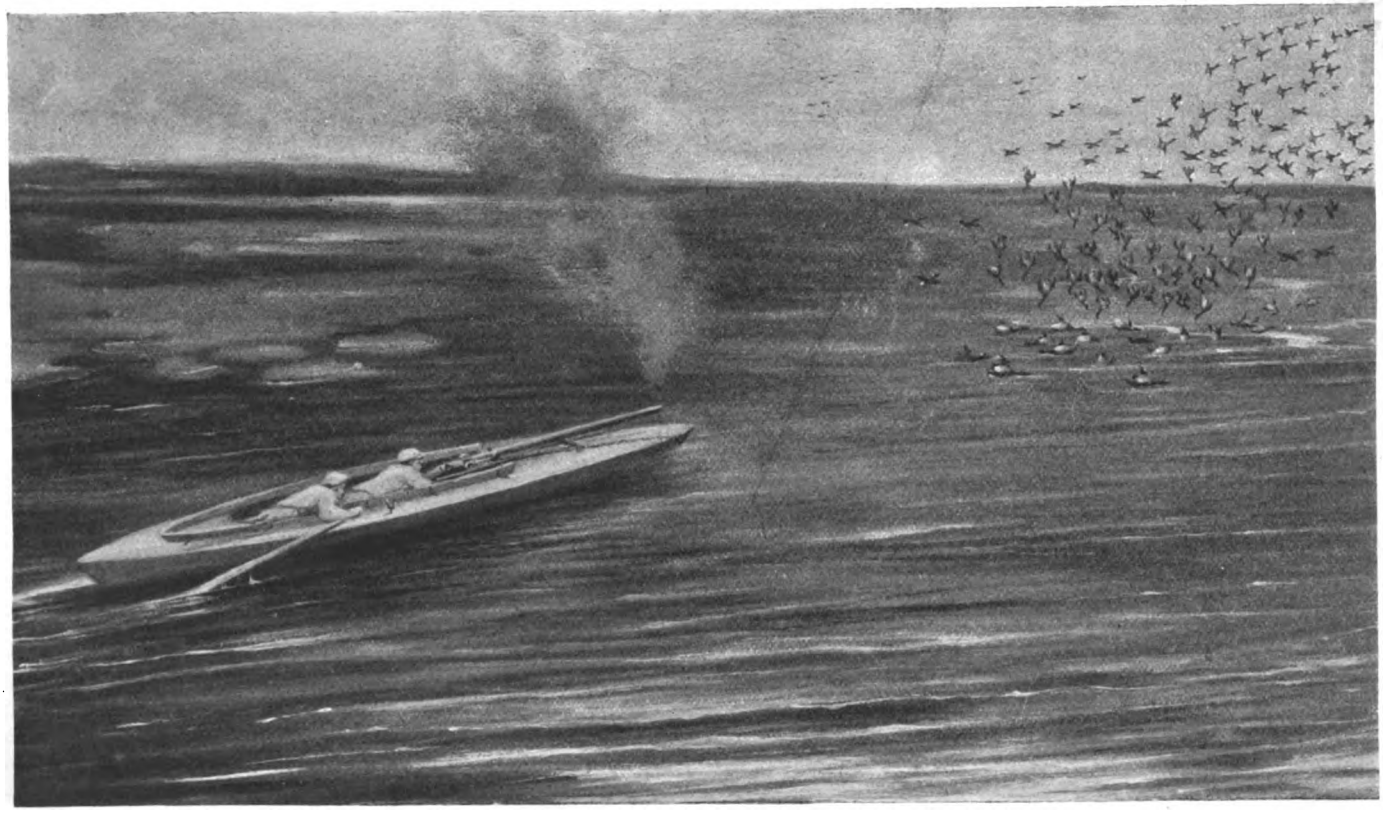
'WIDGEON, AND A THOUSAND AT LEAST!'

with a short wooden scoop like a glorified butter-pat maker in either hand, we proceeded to steal slowly down upon the fowl.

It is extraordinary what an instant improvement of climate had followed the sight of these ducks! Five minutes before I was ready to assert the near approach of a third glacial period, and to prove it by personal reminiscences of which that moment had been assuredly the coldest on record, and then, at the mere mention of widgeon, we had apparently passed from the rawest of winter mornings to a delightfully genial state of temperature, with which the snowfields about, and the fleecy patches of floating snow through which we now and then crunched, were utterly out of keeping. Possibly the punting may have had something to do with it. To lie flat on one's front with arms extended

at their fullest, and in that position to paddle from the wrists through seemingly indefinite stretches of grey water, is an exercise exquisitely painful to the muscles especially concerned in the operation, and one that sends the blood tingling through the veins in a way that, for the time at least, abolishes all thoughts of mercury and zero. While these thoughts were passing through my mind we had crept up swiftly and silently upon the fowl, and after twenty minutes' hard but cautious paddling a guarded peep over the sloping bows gave us the indescribable satisfaction of seeing the shallows ahead crowded with birds—a vast assembly, spread out on the water like the shadow of a black thundercloud, and floating in dark groups over feeding spots indicated as the tide dropped by broad patches of oily smoothness, fringed by a prattle of little waves where the water ran along the edge of the hidden mudbanks—and very cautiously again we pushed towards them. A couple of hundred yards' distance we made, and then suffered concentrated agonies as the stem of our punt took the ground; but a strong, gentle dig with the butter-ladles got us afloat once more, and along over the mottled ooze, where we could see the crabs scuttling about under six inches of water, and past the shingly spits, where now and again we could feel the bottom grinding against the thin half-inch of wood between us and it, until at last, breathless and keenly excited, we were floating into shot. The widgeon, of whom there must have been some twelve hundred or more, were obviously quite unconscious of our presence; we had come on them with the shadows behind us, the fine white bow of our boat looking to them at most like a larger snowdrift than usual, while they were too hungry and eager for the morning feed to have much thought of anything else.

As we came up to about a hundred yards the tide ran thin upon a muddy ledge, and away the widgeon went to it with almost as much precipitance as fowls in a barnyard for a scattered handful of corn. Another twenty yards, and Alleyn gave me a nip in the leg—it was not a moment to stand on ceremony—I answered by a subdued kick of comprehension, tilted the great gun up upon its pivot and glanced down the long straight path of the mid-rib. I was in the very act of pulling the trigger, when there was a loud cackle of alarm and surprise directly overhead, and instinctively looking up I saw to my horror a couple of wild ducks sweeping by so close that their orange legs, tucked up under their spread tails, and bead-brown eyes, twinkling with astonishment, were as visible as though they had been in the boat itself.



THE ROAR OF THE EIGHT-FOOTER DIED AWAY

Hardly had I time to note them when there came in response to their warning cry a prodigious sound of wings ahead, a tumultuous uproar like a violent storm of rain on a glass roof, and the whole thousand odd widgeon sprang into the air at once. There was not a moment to be lost—I put my head down upon the big gun again, caught a hasty sight of a myriad wings and twirling bodies over the bead at the muzzle, and jerked the trigger string.

I did not need Alleyn's contented chuckle, as the roar of the eight-footer died away, to tell me the shot was successful, and when the smoke-cloud drifted off the shallows ahead and for fifty yards beyond were literally strewed with the result of that single lucky shot. It was a sight to astonish and embarrass a novice. About a score of birds only lightly hit were soon making off in all directions, so we snatched the ready shoulder guns and gave the *coup de grâce* to all those we could reach from the boat, after which I slipped on my mud pattens and got ashore on the ooze after a few ducks making off in that direction, while my companion pushed out on the tide and started with the sculls for others going towards the open water. It is often a reproach against these big shots that so many wounded birds are never recovered, but on this occasion I doubt if we lost more than three or four, a result due chiefly to the chance being a fair one, the size of shot used large, and our promptness in pursuit of the cripples. We counted out a hundred and sixteen when we had got them all together, and their bodies, neatly ranged by Alleyn in a double row, went down both sides of the punt from stem to stern!

Then we put off again, though we well knew that such a shot occurs very seldom indeed twice in a morning. We punted a mile or two through the crackling drift ice along the foreshore till, just as the sun rose well above the hills and our hope of another shot was becoming small, the 'man behind' spied a small company of what he took to be pochards, and we set to them as hard as we could go. We had got within two hundred yards, and were congratulating ourselves on the surety of another shot, when the birds suddenly swam together, and before they could rise a puff of smoke rose out of the grey and gold dazzle beyond them and the low roar of a big gun came rumbling to us across the water. We were so near that we saw the heavy swanshot rip up the surface in a long wedge-shaped trail that came unpleasantly close across our bows, and a hit bird fell dead almost on top of us! Of course our chance was spoiled, and Alleyn made some observations in a tone which I thought it was best not to hear. This is one of

the dangers of punt gunning in populous estuaries, and a danger that, at night especially, has often led to bad accidents. On this occasion there was nothing to be said, barring my friend's little indiscretions, except to take the incident as one of the fortunes of war, and with that philosophical consolation we turned about and paddled away.

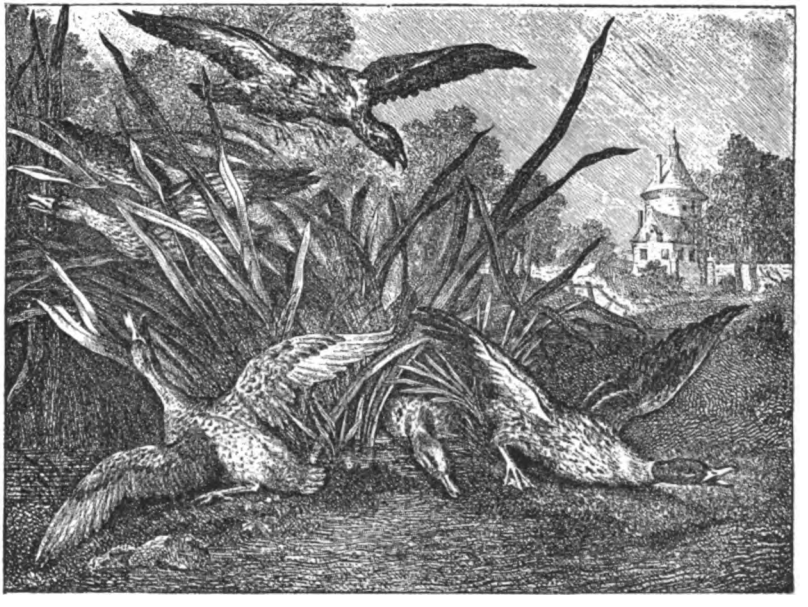
But by this time the mud flats were bare far and wide; the ducks scattered over them and unapproachable. I had one more shot, however, this time at golden plover, bagging fourteen out of a company running and paddling amongst the scum on a bare beach, and might have got many more had I been able to approach end on instead of at right angles. Then we paddled up

I GOT OUT FOR A TRAMP ASHORE

a creek, and I got out for a tramp ashore with one of the shoulder guns—perhaps the most enjoyable part of the morning—where, amongst the deep orange-coloured grasses, still as crisp and brittle as glass with the keen frost, I shot a couple of snipe, missing two others in a way which made me thankful Alleyn's eyes were well down out of sight behind the mud banks, and a little later on a hare from a tangle of dead fern under a willow bush, where the saltings began to tilt up to the dry land; these, and a couple of green plovers who came temptingly overhead from the fields where an early ploughman had disturbed them, made up the bag.

It was not a magnificent one, but it was sufficient, and as we picked our way back through the jostling ice-floes in the tideway,

and very cautiously between the outward-bound herring boats dropping down with the tide, not forgetting to pitch a few couple of ducks on board for men on whose goodwill so much of the wildfowler's sport depends, our 'scuppers' full of beautiful and dainty birds, and the broadening sunlight flashing at every dip from our paddles, we felt that, after all, the fun had been worth while turning out into the grey morning for, and—well! if our hostess could by any manner of means be induced to suggest a second breakfast when we got in, we were not the men to say no to it.



BETTING

BY NORWOOD YOUNG

Behold how system into system runs.—Pope, *Essay on Man.*

A great change is gradually coming over the world. Adventure, sport, enterprise, are giving way to caution and the calculation of averages. Men do not take the risks they used to do. The modern man is surrounded by police constables, sanitary inspectors, and insurance agents. It was to escape this burglar-proof life that Louis Stevenson fled to a romantic island in the Pacific, there to assist the cause of a handsome, eloquent, barbarian pretender and rebel. 'Adventure,' as we read in the 'New Arabian Nights,' 'was dear to his heart.' So he abandoned Piccadilly for Samoa and Tongatabu.

There are still some habitable countries—for Samoa is not habitable—where the counting up of percentages has not yet begun. Africa and Australia, for instance, produce cattle plagues, rebellions, droughts, bank smashes, and similar temporary catastrophes with a heartiness which startles more settled countries. It was an exile to Australia, Lindsay Gordon, who said:

> No game was ever yet worth a rap
> For a rational man to play
> In which no disaster, no mishap
> Could possibly find its way.

But the modern, civilised, European tendency is to avoid all disasters, and to insure against those which cannot be avoided. This spirit has even invaded gambling. Straight bets over single events are losing their popularity in favour of 'systems.'

A system is a kind of patent safety insurance policy. It promises a clever and easy method of suddenly becoming rich.

It appeals both to cupidity and to vanity. The desire for wealth is hardly greater than the desire to outwit other men. The possession of a large income would not prevent many persons from laboriously concocting a system by which they could win a few shillings from their neighbours. It is said that a prince of one of the great reigning families of Europe once committed a petty theft at a gambling table, so upset was he at the trumpery losses which a system of his own invention had brought upon him. Money was not in question. But vanity was. The system inventor is always ready to boast of his cleverness. He will not say exactly what his plan is. It is too precious to be given away. But he takes care that all the world shall know that he 'could an if he would.'

The research and ingenuity which some of these schemes exhibit are astonishing. But the main types of systems have now for many years past been fully examined. All new inventions are mere varieties in detail containing no novel principle, and therefore no greater probability of success than those which have already been discarded. And it is notorious that the 'professionals' themselves, the croupiers and the bookmakers, whose experience is worth considering, have never invented any punting system of any value whatever. Considerations such as these, however, have little weight with the system inventor, who is always confident that he has done what no other human being in the history of the world has ever done before.

The general principle which governs all games of chance, such, for instance, as roulette, is that the past does not affect the future. Whether red has turned up once, ten times, a hundred, or a thousand times in succession, in each case the next result, the second, eleventh, hundred and first, or thousand and first, is as likely to show another red as a black. All systems, whatever their nature, are based upon the opposite idea, for they all direct the gambler to regulate his bets by the results which have already been obtained. Therefore they are all based upon a fallacy.

If the past really affected the future, then it would follow that the machinery of the roulette table, and the croupier who sets it in motion, would be physically affected by a series of ten reds in succession, so as to become less capable at the eleventh trial of producing red again. Even if the machine were changed and a fresh croupier were introduced, the same physical disability would attach to them. And a croupier at one table would suddenly find that he and his machine were physically affected by a run of ten reds at another table. So whenever the wheel and ball are set in

motion at roulette, they must feel the influence of all past results since the creation of man, compared with which ten reds in succession cannot be of any interest whatever.

In order to establish the complete independence of each venture as shown by actual experience, I have examined the large number of 44,025 consecutive results at Monte Carlo at roulette, as published in a newspaper called 'Le Monaco.' The series of 7, or more, consecutive appearances of a colour were as follows:

Series of	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	220	121	71	29	16	7	2	0	1

Total turns, 44,025. Total series, 467.

Of the 467 series, 220 or about one-half stopped at 7, while the remaining 247 went further; the eighth venture showed a change of the colour 220 times, and a repetition of it 247 times. Of these 247, about one-half, 121, stopped after the sequence of 8, while the remaining 126 went on to sequences of more than 8; after 8 reds the next result was black 121 times and red 126 times. These figures show, beyond possibility of doubt, that even when a colour has appeared an unusual number of times in succession the next result does, in fact, give another appearance of the same colour as often as a change. It is thus clearly proved by actual experience that the past does not affect the future in such games as roulette. Thus no system of watching the past before betting on the future can be of any value.

The gambler may say that his system is based upon the fact that, on the average, red appears once in every two ventures, and—quite inconsequently—declare that this 'law of average' points to a bet on red after black, and black after red. He is mistaken in supposing that this would be betting on the average of results. He would really be betting on red black and black red, as against red red and black black. No law of average supports such a bet. Experience shows that the sequences red red and black black are as common as the sequences red black and black red. If, for greater security, he decides to bet on only one red in three ventures, again he is not, as he fancies, betting on an average, but he is betting on black black being followed by red, while we know, both from logic and experience, that black black black is just as common as black black red. In short, he is betting against red appearing at a particular point in a series, which has nothing to do with the average total of the appearances of red and black, but does depend upon the fallacy that the past affects the future.

The system-monger is apt to derive encouragement from the fact that long runs on a colour are rare, the longest known at Monte Carlo being a series of 28 reds. When once 28 turns have been made, every additional turn creates a fresh series of 29. Add 1 red to a series of 28 reds and it makes a series of 29 reds. Then add a black at the end, and take away a red at the beginning, and you have a series of 28 reds and 1 black. Add another black, and take away another red, and you have a series of 27 reds and 2 blacks, and so on. Now every series of 29 is equally improbable. A series which is all one colour is no more improbable than any other possible arrangement of red and black, such as 15 reds followed by 14 blacks, or any other conceivable series. There are about 3,028 turns at each table every week at Monte Carlo. These make 3,000 different series of 29, each of which was before it appeared as improbable as 29 reds. What, then, can be interesting in the fact that 29 reds have never appeared at Monte Carlo, when we know that equally improbable results do actually occur every week, every day, even every hour?

For those who pin their faith upon the improbability of any particular result, such as 29 reds in succession, perhaps the following calculation may be of interest. Since the inauguration of the gambling establishment at Monte Carlo about 25,000,000 turns of wheel and ball have been made there. The odds against the first 20,000,000 of the results which have already been obtained are so great as to run into six million figures. The Editor has refused me the space required to state the actual figures. In 25,000,000 turns, there are 5,000,001 distinct series of 20,000,000, so that Monte Carlo has already produced 5,000,001 results, the odds against each of which run into six million figures, and would cover, if stated, more than 2,000 pages of the 'Badminton Magazine.' The fact that 29 reds in succession have not yet appeared is utterly unworthy of attention when we know that results which are unthinkably more unlikely have already made their appearance more than 5,000,000 times.

The errors which are made in this matter arise from a confusion of series with units. If a gambler wishes to bet against a long series of reds, he can only do so by betting on black from the beginning, and doubling his stake after each loss. This would be an infallible system if his wealth were unlimited and the bank allowed unlimited stakes. But the bank does not allow the gambler who begins with the lowest stake to double it

more than 9 times, so that he cannot bet against a series of more than 10. Whenever a series of 10 occurs he loses all his doubled stakes, and cannot recoup himself by doubling once more. The doubling system is so crushing when an adverse series appears, and wins so little when it is successful, that it is not much followed. The ordinary plan is for the gambler to sit for hours in the vitiated atmosphere of the gambling rooms, patiently waiting until a long run of a colour has appeared, and then to bet against the same colour showing again. He waits till 10 reds have appeared and then bets on black. He imagines he is betting against a sequence, when really he is only betting against a single appearance of red at a particular point, which is an even chance, and a very different thing from betting against a series of 11 reds.

It is said that red and black appear about the same number of times. That depends upon what is meant by the word 'about.' I have no doubt that red or black (I cannot guess which) has appeared at Monte Carlo thousands of times oftener than the other. If there have been 25,000,000 turns, and red has appeared 5,001 times to every 4,999 of black, that would give red an excess of 2 in 10,000, or 5,000 altogether. When a player has lost 5,000 stakes on black, it is little consolation to know that he has only lost an average of 2 in 10,000, and that the appearances of red and black were 'about' the same.

The longer the run the less is the proportional excess of one colour over the other, and the greater the actual gain or loss (as the case may be) to the players.

Turning now to betting on horse races we encounter an entirely different set of circumstances. The result of a horse race does not depend upon pure chance. Many factors are known, and human judgment can, and does, foretell the winner with considerable accuracy, for here the favourite wins oftener than any other horse; here the past is of great assistance in forecasting the future; and here, unlike roulette, the conditions vary in every race. The chief problems for the system-monger are, however, the same as in roulette. They are: (1) To what extent can the past be trusted to forecast the future? (2) Is there any maximum? (3) What is the bookmaker's advantage, and how does he get it?

The past would, in horse-racing, be an infallible guide to the future if the conditions were always the same. But there are unlimited variations in the number and individuality of the horses and their riders, in their state of health, the distances to

be run, the weights, the weather, the start, and the moods of horses, riders, and owners. These conditions go on varying for ever. Favourites do not win more often at the end of a season than at the beginning. Still, there are occasions when past experience is almost decisive as to the result of a race, when the favourite is nearly certain to win. It is thus possible, with very little risk, to prophesy that in 50 races one favourite will win. No succession of over 30 failures has yet been recorded. Any system, therefore, which could survive a series of 49 losing favourites (or even much fewer) would be infallible. But there can be no such system, because there is, practically, a maximum stake with the bookmakers, just as there is at roulette. After a series of 10 losing favourites, which is not very rare, it would always be doubtful whether a backer who, by using a progression, was betting against a longer series of failures, would find an acceptor of his eleventh bet. In an important race he would soon be accommodated. But as there are far more small races than big ones, his eleventh bet would probably have to be made in enormous figures over a trivial race. As he could not be sure of getting it taken, his position would be that, after a number of practical losses, he would have to content himself with a theoretical win.

Progressions being thus barred, what are the backer's chances with a uniform stake? On this matter experience is the only guide. The backer will find by examining the published results in 'Ruff,' that if he had backed the favourite consistently over a number of years, he would have won twice in every five races, and lost in stakes about 4 per cent. more than his winnings; that if he had backed the second favourite his loss would have been twice as much, over the third favourite much more, and over the outsiders very large indeed. The bookmaker lays false odds, which increase as he gets away from the favourite. The truth of this assertion can be proved by the *pari mutuel*, or totalisator, a machine which enables the backer automatically to make the odds without any interference on the part of the bookmaker. An official in charge of the totalisator collects all the stakes on each of the horses, deducts a percentage from the total, and divides the balance amongst those who have staked on the winner. The amount of the dividend paid to each backer of the winner shows what was the opinion of the public with regard to that horse's chances. Except for the deducted percentage, the odds thus obtained would always be exactly fair, whatever horse won. It is found by this method that the outsiders start at much

longer odds than would be offered by the bookmakers. The totalisator will often give odds of 100 to 1 against an outsider, whilst a bookmaker will not, in the majority of races, offer more than 25 to 1. There are more successful investments at 100 or 150 to 1, through the backers' own agency—the totalisator—than similar examples of 40 to 1 with a bookmaker.

Let us look at the betting on some prominent race, say the Princess of Wales's Stakes this year. The odds about the favourite being, on the average, not very unfair, we will assume, strange as it now seems, that Regret was properly placed at 7 to 4. The following table shows the odds as they were, and as they ought to have been, on the basis that as you get further and further from the favourite the odds offered by the bookmakers become more and more unfair. The odds in the fourth column are exactly accurate, those in the third column being their common equivalent in practical terms.

Horse	Odds actually offered	Fair odds	Proper bet	Total stakes
Regret	7 to 4	7 to 4	70 to 40	110
St. Frusquin	5 to 2	5 to 2	79 to 31	110
Persimmon	4 to 1	9 to 2	89 to 21	110
Troon	11 to 1	13 to 1	102 to 8	110
Raconteur	20 to 1	26 to 1	106 to 4	110
Lombard	25 to 1	36 to 1	107 to 3	110
Laveno	50 to 1	100 to 1	109 to 1	110
Sir Visto	50 to 1	100 to 1	109 to 1	110
Kirkconnel	66 to 1	200 to 1	109½ to ½	110
Butterfly	66 to 1	200 to 1	109½ to ½	110
			110	

A backer who made the bets suggested in the fourth column would stand to come out straight, without gain or profit, whichever horse won. These are, therefore, the fair odds (on the supposition, which is nearly accurate, that Regret started at fair odds).

The bookmaker so arranges the odds that, if he were to get one bet amounting to, say, 110*l.* about each horse, he would be sure to win. By a bet of 110*l.* I mean one in which the total money at issue, the total risk of backer and layer, comes altogether to 110*l.* It is very seldom that a perfect book of this kind is made, because there is great difficulty in getting appropriate bets, and in order to keep up his connection the layer has to accommodate clients with bets which may not suit his book. As a

rule he overlays the favourite or the second favourite, and has very little money for the outsiders. He runs some risk in each race, from the favourite or second favourite, but must win in the long run.

The backer, when trying to support the horse that the bookmaker wishes to lose—the favourite—will sometimes find, while seeking to make his bet, that both favourite and price differ in different parts of the ring; and next day he may discover that the odds quoted in the newspaper are not the same as those which were offered to him. But these troubles are not really important. He has backed a horse which, if not the favourite, was very nearly so, and must have been considered very likely to win; and the odds he accepted will sometimes prove to have been larger than those quoted in the paper. On the average he stands to win as much as he loses by mistaking the favourite or the odds.

A more serious objection to systematic betting on the favourite —besides the fact that in the long run it means a loss of 4 per cent. on the total money staked—is that a layer, not content with his normal profit, cannot be trusted to abstain from offering less than the current odds. The annoyance of having to haggle with a bookmaker about the price he is offering, coupled with the expense and trouble which are incurred by travelling to a racecourse there to personally pick up the necessary bets, have led to the great popularity of betting at starting price odds. If a backer can get a commission agent to guarantee him a definite bet on each favourite at starting price, he will in the long run lose about 4 per cent. on the average, which is more than double what the bank at Monte Carlo would take from him. It would be much better to try roulette!

The only hope, then, would seem to be in the exercise of judgment in selecting the probable winner. A backer may be in a position to obtain peculiarly valuable information. But as a general rule the favourite carries with him the suffrages of the best-informed people. It happens occasionally that a horse like Isinglass is not popular, while a Ladas is believed in long after his true form has been exposed. But the betting about such prominent horses as these is affected by the wagers of a very large and very ignorant public, who are not regular followers of racing. This outside public have no influence on the odds in ordinary races, which, in the majority of cases, reflect the views of experts. Even here it sometimes happens that a horse is pushed into the position of favourite by the wealth and gambling proclivities of the owner and his associates, against the opinion

of the best-informed people. There are a certain number of such false favourites every season. But they are the exceptions. And the best rule for the great body of backers is to follow the favourite and disregard all contrary opinion. Those who backed Regret lost their money. But they were carrying out a sounder principle, and a more financially successful plan, in the long run, than those who backed St. Frusquin.

At the same time if a man must bet at all, the only sportsmanlike course is to back his own opinion. There is almost a usurious spirit about the systematic backer of the favourite. He regulates his life by percentages and averages, and thus reduces himself to the professional level. He is not an amateur, nor a supporter of the Turf. Neither the layer nor the systematic backer need care a fig for the sport of horse-racing. Their thoughts are bent, not upon racing, but upon cash—with this considerable difference between them, that while the layer does, in fact, materially assist the sport, the systematic backer prevents those who have an honest opinion about the merits of the horses from getting the best odds, without himself making a profit at his work.

In short, system betting, whether over games of chance or horse races, is neither sportsmanlike nor intelligent. It is not sportsmanlike because the sportsman is always willing to take a reasonable risk, and this it is the one object of the system-monger to avoid. It is not intelligent, in the case of roulette and other similar games, because all systems are based upon the fallacy that the past affects the future; in the case of horse races because the backer cannot be sure of a bet, and, when it is offered, the odds are nearly always false.

WINTER SPORTS IN FRIESLAND

BY JULIA SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

No amusements in our own country are apt to be so disappointing as those dependent upon ice, so great are the uncertainties and discomforts which hang around them. We have to contend with an ever-varying temperature, an ever-rising wind, or an ever-falling snow; and the two or three days when favourable circumstances unite to give us good skating, on clear ice and in calm air, are usually just enough to whet our appetites for more. Before this winter is too far advanced some skaters might be glad to know that in the small country of Friesland, a fourteen hours' journey from London by Harwich and the Hook, such ice can be found, and such opportunities of enjoying it, as surpass even the dreams of those born and bred among the mists and mud of London.

Leeuwaarden is the capital of Friesland, and no better centre can be chosen from which to see thoroughly well the northern parts of the country; and it was a hitherto unknown delight to us when we visited the place, and gained the experience here set forth, to feel that we might plan tours for days ahead with the certainty of their fulfilment, when we knew that every canal was bearing from end to end, and that the very sea hugged the shore in its grasp of ice. All sports dependent on frost can be had here to perfection. The skater has hundreds of miles of shining black ice, leading him in all directions to towns and villages of

the quaintest description. The sleigh-driver can hire well-sharpened, good horses to draw the marvellous old erections on runners in which the natives love to risk their lives. The ice-boat racer, who can trim and steer his craft so as to beat the Amsterdam express, may save himself the trouble of taking rooms in the inn, for half Leeuwaarden would be proud to claim him as guest.

Racing on skates is much more common than racing in boats, and it was to this scene of excitement that on the morning of our arrival we first turned our steps. The course was an oblong sheet of perfect ice, protected by ropes from the thronging of many spectators. The competitors, men and women, with the umpires and ice-sweepers, were the only people within the shining enclosure, and as we approached the rope a women's race had just started. There were eight of them, dressed alike in short skirts and thin woollen blouses without sleeves, cut low at the neck. The scene was a most exciting one as the efforts of each girl were accelerated and redoubled by the cheers of interested personal admirers from among the spectators, and the winner was greeted with shouts of applause, probably as much valued by her as the two-pound prize that she received.

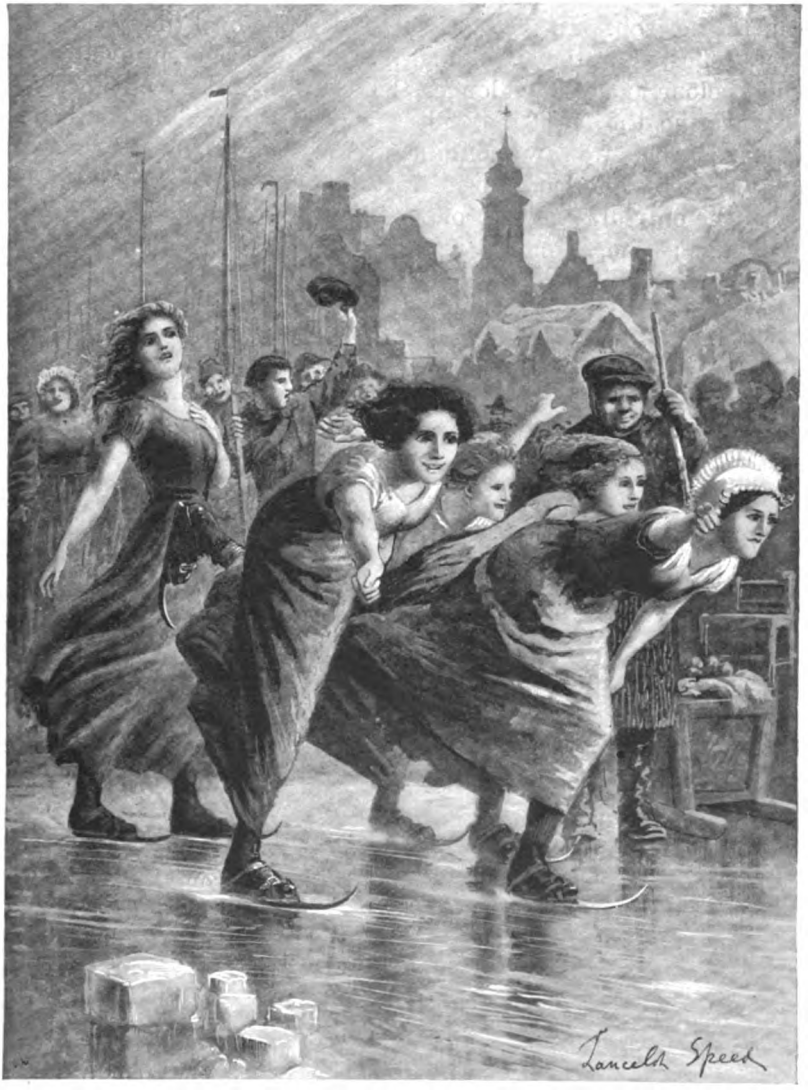
The next competition was for the championship of Friesland in the yearly race that is run between representatives from all the towns and villages in the country. The men were dressed in tights of dark stockingette cloth, and wore the ordinary Friesland skates. These skates are very low and long in the blade, and project six inches beyond the foot of the wearer; they have no screws or clasps of any kind whatever, but are fastened to the sole of the boot by leather thongs at the toe and the heel. We found the native skate quite impossible when attempting even the simplest figures, but indispensable if the object of the skater were to cover the ground rapidly, and during our stay in Friesland and Holland we wore no others.

The winner of the championship was a young man of about five-and-twenty, who had already distinguished himself by winning local prizes. He skated almost all the time with his arms stretched out in front of him, and the speed that he kept up to the very end was quite a wonderful exhibition of the powers of good training.

The spectators had nearly as great an interest for us as the racers, for most of them wore the Friesland national costume, the men knee-breeches, coat and waistcoat of blue velveteen, ornamented with handsome silver buttons; the women brightly coloured blouses, with quaint white head-dresses, from which

large gold ornaments projected in spiral twists three or four inches beyond each ear.

From this gay scene we were obliged reluctantly to turn away, as the hours of daylight are precious to strangers in an unknown



AN EXCITING SCENE

land, and we had accepted an invitation to drink coffee with a Frieslander and his wife who lived about six miles out of the town.

The country through which we skated will easily be imagined by those familiar with the sparsely populated north of Holland, for it consisted of a perfectly level and almost uninhabited expanse, adorned at rare intervals with sentinel-like windmills, the only objects which broke the uniform line of untrodden snow between us and the horizon. In the fast fading light the opal tints of the sky were reflected on the shining surface of the ice, seeming to hold more colour, and retain it longer, than even the heavens themselves. On nearing the large motionless windmill which was the object of our journey, we saw the miller and his wife waiting at the door to receive and welcome us. As the want of an invitation had been the only drawback to our entering one of these fascinating buildings before, it may be imagined that the hospitable advances made by this kind pair were met by us with alacrity.

The miller's wife was a homely woman, with a very Scotch type of features, and she begged us to enter and see her house in such a wonderful mixture of languages as to be quite worth in itself the six miles journey to hear. We ascended to the railed platform by an outside wooden staircase, and went in to the first room. It was almost circular, the dark panelled walls being fitted the whole way round with deep presses, which took at least two and a half feet off the size. The floor and ceiling were of black polished wood, and the room was heated by a stove ornamented with sheets of coloured glass. From a corner of this room we climbed up the almost perpendicular ladder that led to the upper chamber. This was the guest-room, and here the presses were replaced by large plaques of beautiful Delft china, which were let into the dark wood panels of the wall. Some of these china pictures were three feet long, and many of them represented Friesland scenes in the sleepy luxuriousness of summer-time, with limp-sailed barges creeping up tepid-looking canals, while cows, standing knee-deep in the rich grass, cooled themselves under the shade of the poplars. From the centre of this room swung an iron lamp shedding its cheerful light upon the steaming coffee-pot, the glow from the stove lit up rows upon rows of shining glass bottles, filled with something that the miller liked better than coffee, if one might judge from the enthusiasm with which he dilated upon their various qualities.

While we were drinking our coffee out of large bowls, the miller's wife placed at the feet of each of her guests a Friesland warming stool, which is a wooden box with a perforated lid containing an earthenware pot full of red-hot coals. As she exerted herself to feed and warm us, so her husband exerted himself to

entertain us. This he did by dwelling on the lamentable details of floods that had inundated the country in bygone years. He told us that one winter's evening, when he was a boy, Friesland and Groningen had been overrun by the Atlantic and Polar oceans, whose waters driven by a raging north-west hurricane had burst in their fury over the dykes raised to repel them, and rushing through the Helder (Hell's door) spread themselves over the country, turning Friesland into one wide sea. This flood rose eight feet above the dykes, laid the northern towns many feet under water, scoured the dead out of their graves, and drowned those unfortunate enough to be alive. This, of course, was an exceptionally bad inundation, but we gathered from our host that the country is liable to such calamities, always attended by serious loss of life, at intervals of every ten or eleven years.

From another Friesland tale that he told us, we were led to believe that the sea was sometimes the means of making, as well as of marring, men's fortunes. It seems that, about the thirteenth century, an ancestor of our host was the proprietor of an immense tract of land running west from Staveren. His wealth did not all lie in his land, for he possessed in addition to it a capable and far-seeing mind, whereby he was often enabled to enrich himself at his neighbour's expense. One day he was walking in his fields and, chancing to glance into a side cutting used for draining puposes, he saw first one and then another large fish swim up it. He was instantly filled with the horror of something beyond his comprehension, and naturally feeling that there must be something uncanny in fields that attracted cod fishes, he instantly sold his rich lands to a neighbour for a fabulous sum, and left the country. His bargain had not been made a moment too soon, for next morning the sea, rising in a gigantic wall, burst its bounds, and villages, crops, and men were alike buried for ever beneath the waves of that arm of the ocean which we now call the Zuider Zee.

Certainly the entertainment furnished for body and mind in a Friesland mill is by no means to be despised, and the contrast between the ghostly livid light without, showing the dead world wrapped in its shroud, and the piled-up stove, glowing lamp, and steaming coffee within, made us wish we could have accepted the invitation to spend the night, as well as the afternoon, under the roof of the old house.

Our skate back to Leeuwaarden was made beautiful by all the glories of a full moon. Every freezing point of snow reflected sparkling rays; the great measureless plain around us appeared

absolutely supernatural in the dull ashy greyness of the light. Windmills cast their jet black shadows in strange fantastic shapes, and the scene was one of desolate mysterious beauty beyond words to describe.

On our return to Leeuwaarden we found invitations awaiting us to attend a ball given in the town hall by the president and members of the skating club. It began at nine o'clock and was a very gay sight, from the mixture and variety of colours worn by both men and women. The room was large and the dancing was kept up with a surprising energy, considering that the people present had been skating hard all day. We were attended to with the greatest kindness; the president himself introducing more partners to us than we could dance with, and as we left the ball-room at about two o'clock to return to our hotel, the orchestra struck up 'God save the Queen,' as a courteous compliment to Her Majesty's subjects who were present.

After a couple of weeks at Leeuwaarden, when we had seen the country within a radius of twenty miles around us, and were surfeited with fancy dress and masked balls (for they have one every night while the frost lasts), we started on a skating tour along the canals, visiting in this way the principal towns in the north. Fears of not having good ice were soon dismissed; for, as day after day passed, we found that, turn in what direction we chose, a network of perfectly swept canals was always before us. Even after a night of snow the line of sweepers, stationed at intervals of about a mile all over the country, had cleared the way for traffic of man and beast; and except within or immediately around a town, where heavy sledges had worn the smooth surface, or holes had been broken for the purpose of getting water, we revelled in continuous and unfailing sheets of perfect ice.

Following the main canals, expeditions can be made to Groningen, capital of the province of that name, to Wierum in the very north of Friesland, or to Harlingen on the Zuider Zee, and a pleasant tour can be taken, turning south as we did from there, and passing through Sneek, Heerenveen, Meppel and Zwolle. The only drawback to skating thus from place to place was the extreme cold of the small village inns. The bedrooms boasted of neither stoves nor fireplaces, and the thermometer never rose above 20° in the night. Under these circumstances undressing to go to bed was not a thing to be thought of; indeed, one had need of all one's out-of-door clothes, in addition to any movable pieces of carpet off the floor, to pile on the scant

bedding provided for the shivering sleeper. This was the only kind of hardship to be endured, for the arrival of strangers at an inn was a signal for killing the fatted calf. Our skates were taken from us and dried, the snow was brushed from our boots, almost unlimited boiling water could be had, and unless the ewer that contained it burst (which it did more than once), there was ample time to wash before it had become a solid mass of ice. But not much preparation was required for dinner after a thirty-five miles skate. Hunger is a glorious thing when one has the means of satisfying it, and the joys of rest can only be appreciated by those who have personally felt how strangely long the miles become after they have skated a whole day. To us there was no sight on earth that could be so satisfying as the clean warm bar-room, with the table drawn close to the side of the glowing stove, and laden with the meal that we had been thinking, if not talking, of for at least two hours.

On the first day of our skating tour we went to see one of the large pauper colonies, of which there are several in the country. It consisted of many long buildings with open spaces between each, kept free for cultivation. Here the poor of the neighbourhood, at least those capable of work, are given a room to live in, and a few acres of land, with implements for ploughing, digging, &c. If they do well they are encouraged to further efforts by the additional responsibility of live stock to look after, in the shape of a few pigs or a cow. In this colony many thousands of people are employed, the whole establishment being under the daily supervision of the police. Whilst in Friesland I never remember being accosted by a beggar for alms, although the weather was so severe as almost to excuse such an infringement of their laws.

During our tour we had opportunities of seeing most of the winter amusements of the people, of which, after skating, dog-driving and ice-boat sailing are much the most popular. Of the former we saw a great deal, and were delighted with the strong friendly feeling shown between the drivers and their dogs. There seemed to be no special breed kept for this purpose, but little and big dogs ran along harnessed together, seemingly quite proud of the responsibility of dragging their lazy masters. When we were in Amsterdam we met a Dutchman who was an enthusiast on sleighing. He had got together with great expense and difficulty a team of four large, perfectly matched dogs, belonging to an especially hardy breed. He drove them in a beautifully made sleigh, so light that the smallest touch sent it over the ice. Men given to racing greatly prefer to do so over frozen snow, as

they cannot prevent the dogs slipping on the ice and keeping each other back. Horses, on the other hand, with their long spikes at each heel, speed down the canals as independently as the skater, and with apparently less risk of falling, for we never saw an accident.

FLASH PAST WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING

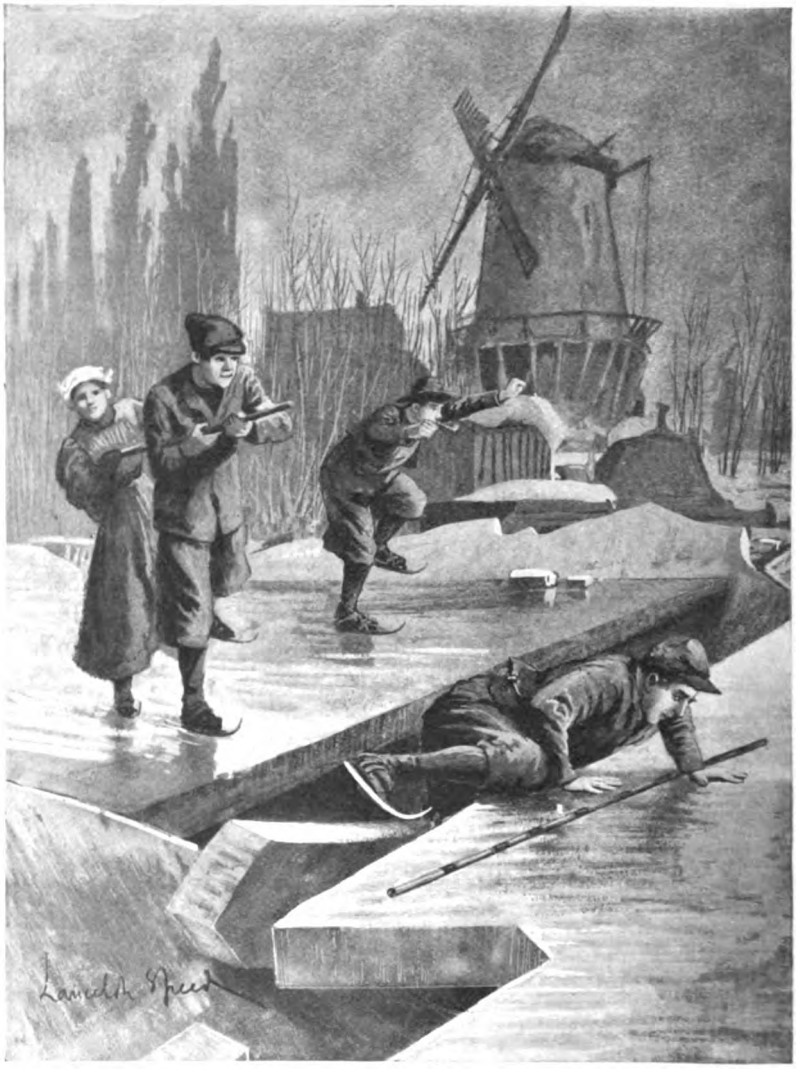
Ice-boat sailing is almost too dangerous to be indulged in by the ordinary traveller desirous of returning home alive. Whenever there is wind enough to take a boat quicker than a man can skate, the canals are rendered unsafe to harmless passengers by these triangular boards on iron runners that flash past terrified travellers with the speed of lightning, not even attempting to

ring the warning bell with which the cyclist prepares us to be knocked down. It is when the thaws of March set in, coating the surface of the ice with an inch or two of water, that this means of locomotion is most employed. Then every adaptable plank in the country is knocked into an ice-boat, sails are rigged out, and many a thirty miles of ice is covered in as many minutes by a plucky pair of men skilled in ways of sail-setting and steering. While we were in Friesland there was not a single day of wind; the sky was as cloudlessly blue as in summer, and the letters of ice-boats, who provide the means of death for five merks a head, were well-nigh reduced to despair. It was only when we left Friesland, and entered the more populated districts of Holland, that we saw ice-sailing in its glory, and I shall never forget the wonderful sight of a race between two boats on the Zuider Zee, from Monnikendam, on the mainland, to the island of Marken, about three miles off the coast. A Dutchman who witnessed the sight with us said that the danger of being run away with was so great, that the men within the boats often wore skates to let themselves over the side in an emergency, and so escape with less risk of having their necks broken.

When the ice-boats were out of sight we crossed the Zuider Zee as far as the island of Marken, and skated in through the harbour gates. The inhabitants are a strange, savage-looking race, who live and marry entirely among themselves, and cling tenaciously to their picturesque national dress. One of them met us as we threaded our way among the innumerable fishing smacks, firmly wedged in the ice. He wore a small coat which ended between his shoulders, and gigantically wide trousers, which he used to brush the snow off a seat for us, in the same way as a woman might use her skirt. From Marken we went to Edam, spending the night in the inn. Next morning, putting on our skates by the stove, we stepped down the hen's ladder covered with straw that led on to the canal, and, still keeping north, went to Enkhuizen by Hoorn and Grootebroek. Here we dined, and as the wind had changed we also altered our course to profit by its help, and flew before it in a westerly direction to Alkmaar. Thence we followed the North Holland canal, passing through Wormerveer and Zaandam on our way to Amsterdam. Here we spent a night to pick up and forward our luggage, following it next day to Rotterdam by Haarlem, Leiden, Delft, and The Hague.

In Holland it is possible to send on a box of warm clothing from place to place and skate after it, but in Friesland the trains

are limited, and never seem to go near the villages of most interest, so that a knapsack is indispensable. Anyone who is able in this country to walk twenty miles a day will find that he



A COMMON OBSTACLE ON THE CANALS

can easily skate from thirty to forty, so that without the discomfort of travelling from place to place a great deal of the country can be seen, even by returning every night to the same

centre. One advantage connected with staying in the larger towns is worth consideration: every night their whole population turns out on to the main canal, to run races and play games on the ice. Sometimes a large space is roped off and hung with Chinese lanterns, while a generous hand offers a prize for adventurous people who will race for it in the dark. This may sound an easy performance; but there are many places on a Friesland canal where the water, from some unknown reason, has been run off, causing a perpendicular dip of about three feet in the ice into a frozen hole. To regain the original level, a wall of three feet has to be scaled, and as few skaters can jump these pitfalls, and none can get down and up them without a fall, many amusing scenes take place around them.

In going long distances the universal custom is to skate one behind the other in single file, each holding the long pole that is always used by the natives. Thus the foremost man cuts the wind, if there is any, and the rest give him some slight assistance from behind. The ordinary rate of travelling is about eight miles an hour, but a strong skater with a slight wind behind him will easily go twelve miles, and keep it up many hours.

The delight of Friesland is the miles and miles of glorious country after the limited space we are accustomed to in England. With us it is so difficult to rid ourselves of spectators, critical or the reverse. What between curling matches and hockey matches, the bit of ice roped off as dangerous, the bit to be kept open for the swans, the bit to be kept shut for the club, we are fairly driven from our own country to find elbow-room in the land that welcomes all skaters.

Happy are we who, on some wide expanse distancing alike friends and foes, can enjoy to the full that flow of freedom the fast flying feet inspire as our silver floor vanishes behind us. There is nothing more critical in sight, as we balance between the elements, than a bird flying above, a fish flashing below. We are aware that the time will come, as surely as winter follows summer, when we shall enjoy a breakfast roll better than a Dutch roll, and greatly prefer a rocking chair to a rocking turn; but until that is the case, let no one worthy the name of skater neglect an opportunity of exchanging the cramped and crowded slush of England for the glorious shining ice of Friesland.

'PILGRIM,' BY 'WESTMINSTER' (IMPORTED)

BY C. W. NEVILLE-ROLFE

PILGRIM was missing. It never occurred to anyone that it was more than a temporary absence—one that a few hours' search would put right. Nevertheless, 'the station' was greatly moved; no one more than old MacIntyre himself. He caught a horse, and went out into the big paddock, to run him in.

Night fell, however, without any sign of his whereabouts being discovered, and old MacIntyre returned very much upset. So upset, in fact, that he forthwith helped himself to two stiff whiskies in succession, and being tired with his search and his unusual exertions on horseback, he went very grumpily to bed, after two or three more whiskies to cheer his depressed spirits.

Of course, everyone knows that Pilgrim was by Westminster (imported), and had been picked up by MacIntyre, a dead gift for 500 guineas. No one bred better horses than old MacIntyre, and he never owned a better horse than Pilgrim, who had been allowed for once out into the big paddock with the thirty odd mares that composed his harem

There were the mares all right, but where was the horse? and Echo, in the shape of the stockman who had spent the day in looking for him, answered 'Where?'

A good stiff eye-opener on the following morning put the Boss in a good humour—to raise trouble. The morning star was still high up in the heavens, when, as a giant refreshed with whisky, the old man came round and had everybody out of bed.

'Tom, get round, and look carefully in the bed of the creek and in the hollow of every gully.'

'Dick, search every patch of scrub.'

'Harry, away with you round the fence again, and see if any wire is broken, through which he may have gone.'

But when his emissaries came in, one by one, with blank faces and driving no Pilgrim before them; when, I say, at what would ordinarily be a decent man's breakfast hour the messengers returned empty-handed, old MacIntyre took another wet and vowed the horse was gone.

First, he cursed Tom, as an ass, for not finding the horse. The sort of fellow who rode about with his eyes shut, and would pass fifty horses. When Tom said he would go and look again, he cursed him for a fool, to want to go wasting his time, and bade him take a fresh horse, go down to White Valley (the neighbouring station), tell Mr. Williams of the loss, and ask him to keep a look-out.

Dick next encountered the storm. He (MacIntyre) could swear he hadn't half looked through the scrub. What about the 'dead finish'? How could he swear the horse was not in *that*? There was cover enough for fifty horses, and if there were fifty horses in it, he would guarantee that a fool like Dick wouldn't find *one*. No! no! what was the good of fooling about in the scrub any more? Let him go down to the township, and be back sharp, too (the Boss's mind took in the possibilities of delay that a visit there might entail on the thirsty Dick), and tell the police that the horse had been stolen, so that they might look out for him and the thief.

As for Harry: for the thermometer of his wrath was rising: well, frankly, damn Harry for a lazy, useless chap that wasn't worth his salt. A fellow who couldn't keep a few miles of wire fencing in order. Of course the horse had got out, and all through his carelessness in that respect. Harry retired muttering that, if he didn't suit, he (MacIntyre) had better get another man to take his place.

But it was said more *pro formâ* than seriously. The Boss was a privileged person, and never so much so as when his employés were aware that he had been consulting the glass; then a little 'fellow feeling made them wondrous kind,' and though they would swear to one another that they wouldn't put up with his d——d nonsense, they *did* all the same, because in spite of his 'flares up' they liked him.

He was 'straight,' and there was 'nothing mean about him,'

and that appeals to the bushman, and entitles the man with a character for those qualities to take liberties which they would not brook from another.

Having thus relieved his feelings, the old man proceeded to anathematise other parties who might be concerned in the disappearance of his favourite.

It is a little unfortunate that for the sake of conventionality the *ipsissima verba* must be repressed.

He now felt sure it was those swindling scoundrels, the Murphys, who had done this thing. Far away in the ranges, up some quiet gully, they had 'planted' his sacred Pilgrim, who was doubtless engaged in founding, for their profit, a mountain-bred family.

Then it was those cursed 'forties'—the racing men who had been passing by lately: they had taken him away, to some spot where they would alter his appearance and enter him as the 'dark horse' in their nefarious calling. Racing him! Pilgrim! the son of Westminster! in company that was not fit to comb the grass seeds out of his tail.

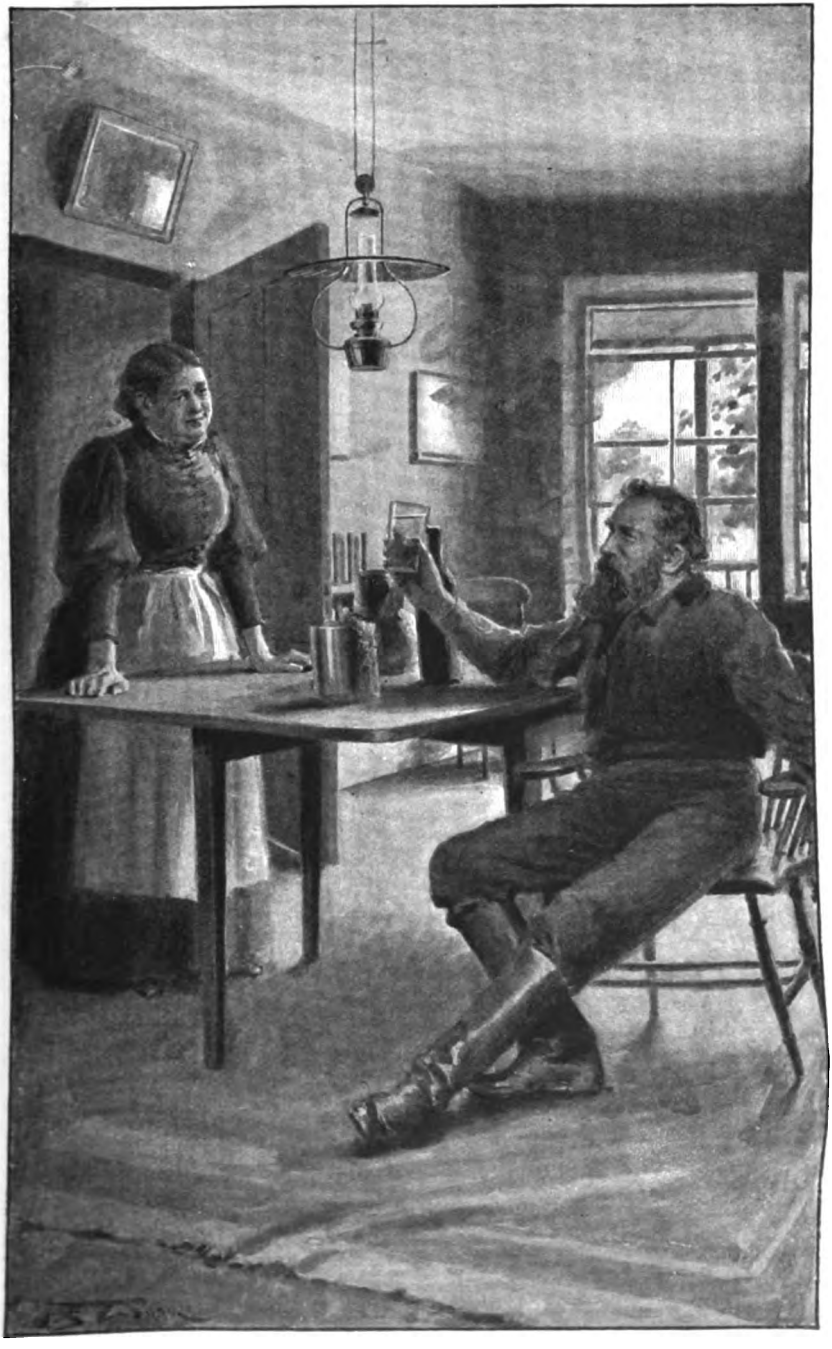
And then finally—and the occasional presence of his wife and daughters, as they came and went, engaged on their household duties, put no restraint on his language—some blankety blank blank snake had bitten his favourite, and good bye to 500 guineas and the grandest horse in the whole country-side!

Well, it was all in a lifetime. He'd just have another drop of whisky.

Any further study of the old man, after this, would be interesting from one point of view only. He was evidently going 'to go on the spree.' This was as much a recognised arrangement as for another man and his friends to be aware that he had a 'touch of gout' coming on, and all preparations were made for the process.

First, Mrs. MacIntyre, good soul, who no more thought of opposing him then than she did at any other time, did what she could, by diluting the whisky, and after that, feeling there was nothing more that she could do (for to hide the bottle would have been attended with such consequences as she dared not contemplate), she would come in to have an occasional look at him, much in the same spirit as she opened the oven door to see how a special cake might be baking.

There were two other inmates of the house, who also were, metaphorically, putting on their waterproofs in view of the coming storm, and making all secure by a judicious course of retirement.



SHE WOULD COME AND HAVE AN OCCASIONAL LOOK AT HIM

Maggie and Jeanie MacIntyre were *the* girls of the whole country-side. Bred and born in the bush, they had all the independence of thought and movement which an utter absence of artificiality begets. They were not fine-weather ladies, nor, indeed, in one sense very refined or very well educated, but in their whole composition there was not one shred either of vulgarity or coarseness. What was true of one was true of both, for they were replicas of one another, whether in body or mind, and in either phase almost indistinguishable. They were twins, and a prettier pair of girls you might in vain seek to find. Tall, without being too tall, healthy, vigorous, and, needless to say, active and industrious, Nature seemed distinctly to have fashioned them to be the mothers of a race of athletes.

Of course, they were at their best on horseback. There they appeared in two distinct characters. The first, and the only one in which *man*kind ever saw them, was in their riding-habits, which, in spite of bush 'cut,' became *them* admirably, for nothing, indeed, could make them look otherwise than well on horseback. On such occasions, with a smart side-saddle and a well-groomed horse (I don't say they didn't groom it themselves), a double-reined bridle, with its shining curb-chain, they would not have looked out of place in an English hunting-field.

Then there was a second outfit, which only the initiated ever even knew of, still less saw, more shame to the ridiculous conventionality against which even the bush is not proof. They had a couple of plain snaffle bridles, with rusty bits, and two serviceable men's saddles that had seen better days. Part of this 'turn-out' were two pair of well-cut riding breeches, with leathern leggings to match, over which would be drawn, when they left the station, a light-brown holland skirt. The leg of each fair rider was thrown over the knee-pad of the saddle, and when once clear of prying eyes, the skirt was taken off, rolled and strapped on in front, and the girls revelled in the freedom of a 'rational costume.' Such, then, in a few words, was the character, appearance, and get-up of the twins.

Their tastes were what you would expect, and their gifts peculiar. To ride in the bush, and to ride alone for the reasons given, was their highest joy. They were just as good stockriders as any boy of their age, which was eighteen, and they had all the self-reliance, and, as happens in semi-tropical countries, all the development of twenty-two.

There was no one on the station more concerned at Pilgrim's loss than they were. They loved him for himself, and they

almost wept at thinking it possible that his noble form would no longer delight them, nor his sweet nose nibble the sugar from their outstretched hands.

When, therefore, their revered father had settled himself down to his spree—a performance that did not shock them in the same way as it might have done if they had been less used to it—the two girls got discussing what *really* had happened to 'dear Pilgrim.'

Presently Maggie said, leaping to positive conclusions as only a woman does:

'Don't tell me he's stolen. I know he's with the "brumbies." There were tracks right down to the fence last week, and though Harry says they were quiet horses, *I* don't think so. They were that lot out of which Jim has shot the entires, and Pilgrim has gone away with them as sure as sure.'

'Perhaps you're right, Maggie,' replied Jeanie, for she very seldom differed with her sister. 'It would be a good joke if we went out and found him. What a sell for all the men!'

'Well, let us,' eagerly assented Maggie. 'I'll go and get the horses; and while I am away you write a line to mother, which we will send her in case we are not back to-night. We will take the little black boy, Tommy, with us.'

The matter was very quickly settled, and the following note was prepared after much consideration, and was handed to one of the 'gins' to be given to Mrs. MacIntyre about sundown:—

'DEAR MOTHER,—Don't be anctious about Maggie and me we have gone to look for Pilgrim and praps wont be back til to-morrow.

'JEANIE.'

Preparations were soon made. The girls started mounted on presents from their father, who took care to see that his daughters should be provided with the very best horses that he could breed, and no one could breed better.

Little Tommy followed behind, having in front of him a valise containing a supper and breakfast for himself and the truants.

They had never done anything like this before. To go off with only the escort of a black boy, and with the avowed intention of camping out for the night, and, on the top of it all, to run wild horses, was even to their eyes an adventure of the very first magnitude. They probably would not have attempted it had they not known that their father would soon be in blissful ignorance of all sublunary matters, while they always regarded

their mother as a *quantité négligeable* whenever her views *might* clash with their plans.

Not that they were otherwise than good, obedient girls, but the mother having no will of her own, they therefore had none to bow to.

THE TWO GIRLS GOT DISCUSSING WHAT REALLY HAD HAPPENED TO DEAR PILGRIM

In the last paddock they passed through before emerging into the unfenced bush, they picked up three old mares with their foals, quiet, sleepy old things, though with lots of latent mettle in them. These they quietly drove in front of them.

Being now clear of all roads, and the probability of meeting human beings, the skirts before spoken of were taken off and

rolled up, the leg was swung gracefully over the saddle, and what might have easily been mistaken at a distance for two white boys and a black one went off in the direction of Wild Horse Creek, towards the now westering sun.

For twenty miles their way lay through forest, scrub, and range. Maggie took the lead, and the other two drove in her wake the old mares and foals, who were most disinclined to enter on the expedition. The journey, like many another in the bush, was uneventful and uninteresting. Now and again, little lots of cattle they met would sniff the air, and after watching them for a while would leisurely trot off, ignored by the horsewomen, who were after more important quarry. Then they would encounter the vacant stare of a group of small-minded kangaroo, who, with a look that seemed suddenly to say, 'This is getting serious,' would turn on their heels, if heels they have, and bolt for some unknown haven.

At times, Maggie changing places with Tommy, the sisters would thus ride together, and form their plans for the morrow's hoped-for chase. In the discussion of these, repeated reference was made to 'Mr. Williams,' that neighbour to whom a messenger had been despatched by their father to announce Pilgrim's loss, and whose station lay just beyond Wild Horse Creek, some of his 'country,' indeed, extending on to its water-shed.

'I don't know,' said Maggie, as they finished, for at least the third time, a eulogy on George Williams's horsemanship, 'that it would not have been as well to have invited him to help us.'

'We could not have done *that*,' replied her sister; 'it would have *looked* so bad.'

'I am sure if he guessed *you* were going to be on Wild Horse Creek he would want no invitation.'

'That remark applies just as much to you as it does to me,' was the immediate and good-natured rejoinder. And they both blushed furiously, even through their healthy, tanned complexions.

Towards evening, as they drew near Wild Horse Creek, flocks of cockatoo came flying over their heads, the now setting sun reddening their snow-white plumage. And now they had nearly reached their destination, for the open flats of Wild Horse Creek appeared before them. It was necessary to look out for a camp which should not be too near the run of the wild horses. Having found a spot where the grass was good, and the firewood and water abundant, they made preparations for their evening meal.

While the quarts were boiling the two girls sallied forth to inspect the ground, and after riding a couple of miles they came

on some fresh tracks of horses, which represented the lot among which they hoped to find the object of their search.

Fearing to disturb them they returned to their camp, and before lying down to sleep on the grass that little Tommy had been made to cut, they took the mares they had driven over with them to an old yard, where they shut them in for the night, lest, becoming homesick, they should make tracks for the station. Their own horses were short-hobbled, and remained close to the camp.

Their object in the morning would be to get round beyond and above the wild horses, and then, coming down on them, run them in the direction of their camp, where the old mares would form a rallying-point—'coaches' they are called in bush parlance —for the wild ones to run into. If the worst came to the worst, and the old wild mares declined to stop in the 'coaches,' perhaps it might be possible to 'cut off' and arrest the object of their search.

Breakfast was disposed of long before daylight. Horses were saddled, and hearts were beating high, for all felt that the morning's work would be stiff. Silently the trio in Indian file moved off the flat into the adjoining scrub, beginning their long *détour*. The old mares, hungry from their night in the yard, on being let out, fed voraciously; as pledges for their non-departure homewards, their foals were still kept shut up.

Day began to break, and birds to awaken; the sun arose, and the cool morning air disappeared before his slanting rays, which, striking obliquely, burn even more than when they fall from overhead. They rode thus for nearly two hours, when, calculating that they were well above the highest flat on which the horses were likely to be, they inclined to the left, and soon came out on the main creek, which up there was small and narrow, being edged either by narrow flats or having the everlasting brigalow scrub right down to its banks.

Now, turning in the direction of the camp again, they soon struck the fresh tracks of horses. Cautiously they moved down the creek, crossing occasionally the deep gutters of its winding channel, when in the distance a glimpse of the swishing tails of horses standing beneath a shady tree arrested their progress.

Instantly there was a halt, and all dismounted. Creeping up a little nearer, with a favouring breeze blowing towards them, they gained a point where, looking through from behind a patch of scrub, they could see the horses not two hundred yards off. A suppressed whisper of excitement went round, as at the first glance

the sleeping form of the truant Pilgrim stood confessed. He looked as though he had done nothing else all his life but inhabit Wild Horse Creek, and consort with those wild mares. And, as if surfeited with so much liberty and pleasure, he slept on, mechanically brushing with his tail the flies from his mistress's eyes, while she performed the same kind and necessary office for him. His best friends would scarcely have recognised in the limp and dozy-looking old stager the former favourite for the Melbourne Cup.

The riders looked to their girths, and took up their stirrups, while a few final whispered consultations took place. Their thoroughbred horses knew that the chase was near, and with pricked ears and thumping hearts gave to the tightening girth.

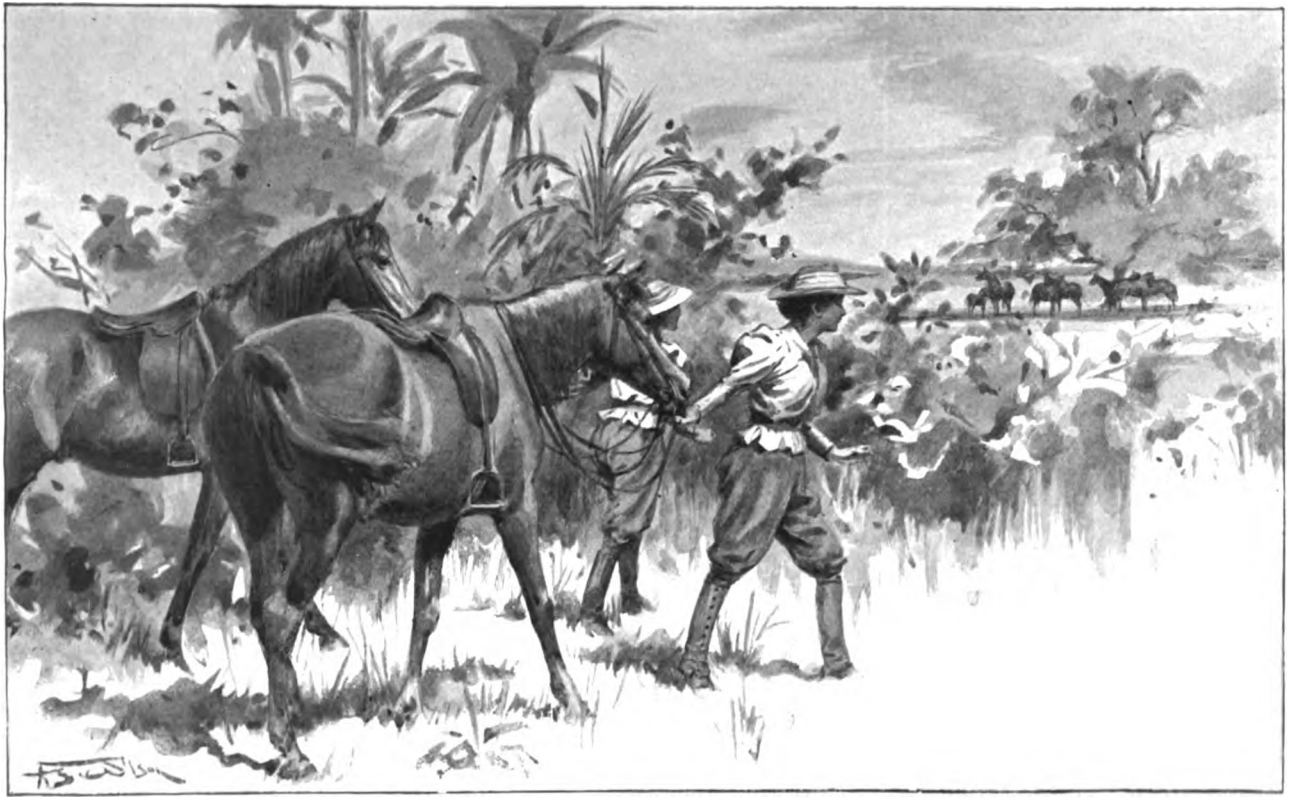
What they hoped was this. To run the horses before them straight down the flat, turning them on any attempt they might make to leave it, Maggie taking the left wing, Jeanie the right, while the black boy kept in the middle; thus, if they could keep them straight for the eight miles intervening between where they now stood and the coaches, they might run the whole lot in. Such of the mares as determinedly broke away, they would let go.

With these preliminaries arranged, they again mounted, and, still in single file, went at a walk towards the unsuspecting horses.

What is it she hears?—that big mare with the yearling filly. Something; for see the anxious look! and how rapidly it communicates itself to the other seven head with her; the nostrils are dilated to test the gentle breeze, but the danger lies not to windward. Motionless she stands, the whole attitude as if in thought, every nerve devoted to hearing. She has not long to wait.

It was only a question of seconds now, and, dismissing further concealment for a good start, the signal is given, and in a moment the hoof-strokes of the pursuers leave no doubt of the immediate and pressing danger. With one glance, the old mare takes in the situation; with a leap, she hurls herself in a frenzy down the Creek, followed at top speed by her companions, the rear brought up by the old stallion. Not intending to do more than to hold their present positions, the pursuers take up their posts in the rear of the wings of the flying horse, and thus, at top speed, the first mile is covered.

At this point the pace eases off a little, only to be shortly after increased again, as the leader turns to the left, and, leaving six clear lengths between herself and the next mare, makes a dash



THEY COULD SEE THE HORSES NOT TWO HUNDRED YARDS OFF

for the point of scrub and ridge which comes down on to the flat a little in front of them. The counter-move to this is that Maggie, pushing her horse to his fastest, draws up on the left flank. Then the leading mare, turning, determinedly increases her lead, till dashing into the point of scrub, barely a length in front of her pursuer, she crashes into the thickest of it and disappears in a cloud of dust.

'A precious good riddance,' thought the girl; for she could somewhat slacken her pace, as she was actually ahead of the mare now leading, who, baulked of following her leader, turned somewhat abruptly to the right and made for the opposite side of the creek. How they all crashed into the channel bed! Five hundred guineas stumbled in, rolled on his back, got up like a cat, and was with his companions in a moment. One old sinner, a mare who had led many a wild dance, uttered a plaintive whinny as she found herself unable to move with her stifle out.

Jeanie's turn now. Her 'wheel,' neatly and judiciously made, straightens up things; and once more down the flat in the right direction thunders the chase; three miles are done, and the pace slackens somewhat. The 'wheels' which from time to time have been taken have rather exhausted the pursued than the pursuers, for a short period of comparative rest falls to the lot of each horsewoman while the other is turning the 'mob.' But it is felt that the fugitives are nursing themselves for a fresh effort, and this is soon proved to be the case.

A well-known 'beat' leading up to a 'gap' in the distant range becomes the object point of the leader; to secure this she increases the pace, and at another narrow point, where the ridges come in on the flat, doggedly they enter the brigalow scrub. A momentary advantage of 'thick stuff' puts Maggie, on whose side the attempt is being made, in the rear, and the horses now head from north (which was their right direction) to west. The situation is serious, but the rider has a good ally. The scrub crashes behind her, and she looks round to see her sister at her heels, while, further back, the little black boy, desirous of immortality, is pounding away in his endeavour to keep up.

No one who has not ridden through scrub after a 500-guinea prize can tell the excitement. Who recks of scratches or blows? Who cares for risk of death? For the risk of death, if your head were even of cast iron, and your limbs of steel, is present when you drive a thoroughbred horse at full speed through the tangled scrub.

Each girl's hat is packed away somewhere, and their hair has

come down, threatening to convert them into 'Absaloms.' One has lost a legging, and the other shows a white shoulder through the torn bodice of her dress.

And thus the struggle for victory goes on; now one party and now another gets the advantage, as the scrub favours the one or the other. Finally, the determination of the riders, and the courage they inspire into their mounts, begin to tell. Riding behind one another, they have opposed a successful barrier to the movement westwards, and the course is altered to south-east; soon, crashing down a stony ridge as though the stones were feathers, they breathe again as they emerge once more on the flat, and at once resume their old positions and course.

Thus they had covered six miles. Two more yet remained.

'ALL RIGHT, LADIES, LEAVE HIM TO ME!'

Signs were not wanting that all concerned had had enough of it. Hengist and Horsa, own brothers, by Harold (imported), on which the twins were mounted, showed by their heavy breathing that the pace had been terrific, even under the light weights which they carried. The wild horses went sullenly along. Old Pilgrim, to whom years of luxury had added a corporation and a figure not made for racing, had had enough of it, but felt, as a thoroughbred feels, that he must die rather than give up.

But the pursued were only biding their time, and nursing themselves for the final effort. They felt, when a mile or so from the yard, that it was 'now or never,' and straightway, as if new life were implanted in them, they tore on in a final dash for liberty. Hengist answered to his mistress's call, and neck and neck again the chase, at what was, however reduced, their top

speed, rushed down the flat, the pursued boring over once more to the left, as they covered the heavy ground.

Alas! when victory seemed so near! No gain can the noble Hengist make on the flying squadron. No help can his brother, whose rider sees his plight, afford; no, the gain is the other way, for the wild horses are increasing their lead. Deep mortification settles in the hearts of the girls. Despair! To be beaten thus on the post! And such a prize!

But, hark! a sound behind. That of a horse galloping strong. A cheer—a hearty voice, 'All right, ladies, leave him to me!' and past them, as an express passes a dog-cart when the roads are parallel, shot a horseman. He was superbly mounted, as George Williams always was, for both the girls recognised him at once. With what joy did they see him, with plenty in hand, gallop up to the leader and turn her and her following down towards the coaches, which were now in sight! then, when she made a spurt in the other direction, up he went on the other wing and straightened the course again. With what delight did they examine the catch five minutes after, safely imprisoned in the yard! And what mutual explanations followed! How, when George heard of their loss at White Valley, *he* had thought of the 'Brumbies,' and determined to go over and see if Pilgrim was not there. And then followed blushes and excuses when they remembered their costumes; but George was sworn to secrecy, and the holland skirt making its appearance, they returned in triumph to the station, leading Pilgrim between them for the last mile, for George would not touch him when they got near home.

And old MacIntyre came out on the verandah when he saw them, and positively *wept*, though his tears were the tears of whisky. But he wept none the less, and boasted about the horse, and boasted about the girls, and said they were worth all the, so-called, men he had got on the place: which, of course, was very unfair, and he wouldn't have said it if he had not been in the condition he was.

Nor would he have said, what of course was in shocking bad taste (as George had never even alluded to it), that George might have his blessing and *either* of the girls; that he had always liked him, and had in fact *loved* him, and they could have old Pilgrim as his wedding present (and I don't know how much more he would have added, though, from what I know of him, he would soon have been alluding to the christening), but having got as far as this point, he found he was addressing the lounge chairs, the water bag, and the parrot on the verandah; he there-

fore finished his speech by comments on the ingratitude of daughters, drawing lurid comparisons between himself and King Lear.

OLD MACINTYRE CAME OUT ON THE VERANDAH

And which sister did George marry? You shall hear. If he had felt as I did, he would not have married either; for *I* never could make up my mind which I loved the best.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

ASSUMING that readers of the *Badminton Magazine* are interested in what may be described as its literary parent, the 'Badminton Library,' I may here note the publication of the twenty-eighth and last volume of the series—last, that is to say, according to present arrangements. Why it may not be absolutely the last I have explained in a preface to the book: some new sport may suddenly spring into popularity, and then we should have to add a twenty-ninth volume to follow 'The Poetry of Sport.' As for that book, it would not be becoming on my part to write anything in the nature of a review; but I may perhaps be allowed to draw attention to the multitude of poets and versifiers on whose work contributions have been levied. If the reader looks at the index, and considers that for one poem that has been included at least a hundred have been rejected, he will perceive that no light task was undertaken in this compilation, and will understand what an enormous number of volumes have been searched. As a matter of fact, I may add that Mr. Hedley Peek's selection included about as much again as is given in 'The Poetry of Sport' volume; but there were reasons why the book could not be allowed to extend beyond a certain length, and so the matter first chosen had to be very carefully looked through again. We thought of two volumes, as in the case of 'Fishing,' 'Shooting,' 'Big Game,' and 'Yachting;' but it was not con-

sidered desirable to issue a second volume, which must necessarily have been so largely made up of reprint, though a great part of the reprint is from rare and forgotten works which, in the ordinary course of events, not one reader in a thousand would ever have come across. However, I must not say more or I shall seem to be trespassing into a sort of review; but so many years of my life have been devoted to the 'Badminton Library' that I could not resist these remarks on its completion in the pages of its direct offspring, the *Badminton Magazine*.

I am not certain that we hear quite as much about golf as was the case a year or two back. A probable explanation is that a certain and not inconsiderable section of the populace has come to regard the 'royal and ancient game' as a necessity of life, and so plays golf as a matter of course, just as people dine without discussing the practice. For that golfers remain keen and ardent there is no doubt. A short time ago two young gentlemen went travelling to see the world, and in due time they reached China. There they had the luck to know an English merchant, a particularly genial, kindly, and hospitable friend of mine, who, with characteristic amiability, set himself to provide entertainment for the visitors during the week they were to pass in the city where he dwelt. 'To-morrow,' he said, after dinner on the evening of their arrival, 'you will perhaps like to have a look round the town. Next day I should recommend you to go up the river—I'll see about a boat for you. Then on Thursday there are the races; they are sure to amuse you. On Friday——' However, for the other days of the projected stay varied and interesting programmes were arranged; but the guests displayed no enthusiasm, and looked so blank, indeed, that their host could not help observing it, and added: 'You know, I don't want you to follow my suggestions if you don't care about them. What would you like to do?' 'Well,' one of the pair answered, 'it's awfully good of you, old chap, of course; but we were wondering if we could have a game of golf?' 'Certainly, if you like!' the host replied. 'There is a links, of sorts. It seems a little odd to travel twelve or thirteen thousand miles and to play golf at the end of your journey instead of seeing something of the country; but just as you like!' So the two devotees were fitted out and taken to the links, and passed their time in getting into and out of Chinese bunkers, which more or less resemble those on Tooting Bec and elsewhere.

'Before racing begins next year I will have Loeffler in to look at all the horses, and I shall be guided by whatever he says,' a prominent owner remarked to me the other day; but the advice is never to be given, for poor Loeffler is dead. I wrote a Note about this marvellous man a few months ago, and have been vainly trying to get an article from a famous master of the race-horse, who could, if he only would, give numberless instances of Loeffler's amazing powers. Since my former Note was written I have personally known another example of the exercise of his gift. He was called in to look at the mouth of a two-year-old filly in a stable in which I take a very special interest. I am sure he did not know her name or anything about her—he could not have done so; but he put his hand into her mouth, and knew all about her in a moment. 'She is a useful little mare,' he said, 'but she won't do any good this year; and you will have to be careful of her, too. When she gets into one of her tantrums she would just as soon gallop into a brick wall as not.' This was her character exactly. It was perfectly well understood in the stable; but how could Loeffler tell by feeling her mouth? Of course, this is only one of a thousand similar cases that might be quoted. Every owner or trainer who was ever brought into contact with Loeffler could cap the story.

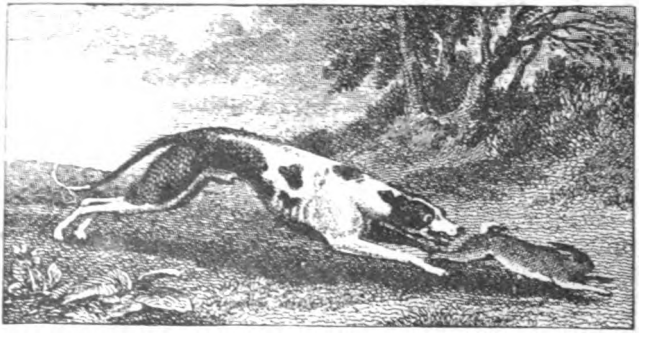
In a certain Newmarket stable there was a notorious savage who would let no one go near him except his own boy—and *he* had to be particularly careful and observant. I knew that Loeffler was about the place when I was there one day to look at the horses, and I asked the trainer if Loeffler had seen this one. 'He's in the box with him now, I think,' was the quiet reply. 'Being eaten up alive?' I inquired. 'I should not think so,' the trainer answered; 'we'll go and see.' We went. Loeffler was sitting on the ground in the corner of the box, and the horse, his head loose, was affectionately rubbing his nose against this strange man's shoulder. The story has been told of how he asked to be allowed to take charge of the American importation, Eole, who could not be trained because he was absolutely unmanageable, and how, in the course of some couple of weeks, the 'mad horse,' without bit or bridle, was trotting about like a big dog behind Loeffler as he rode his pony. An adequate memoir of Loeffler would be an astonishing book, full of anecdotes which would excite the contemptuous ridicule of a great many readers who were not acquainted with him and had never had personal

experience of his achievements, but would be unquestioningly accepted as simple statements of fact by all who have seen much of him—by such men as Captain Machell, Jewitt, and others. Years ago I asked Loeffler what the nature of his mysterious secret was. 'I have no secret at all, sir,' he replied. 'The horses know I don't want to make fools of them, and they don't want to make a fool of me.' That was all he said, and he spoke with an air of the simplest sincerity.

I was reminded of poor Loeffler in reading a novel the other day, a curious book which is certain to create much interest. A puzzling advertisement was lately seen in the papers: simply the words 'The Chariot of the Flesh.' There was no key to the problem; but it appears that this is the title of a novel by Mr. Hedley Peek, author of the articles on 'Old Sporting Prints' which have from time to time been published in this Magazine. The hero of this book is a most extraordinary—a supernatural—personage, with various senses, faculties, powers, perceptions, and other attributes which unregenerated mankind does not possess. But he goes out hunting, and rides as straight as an average crow proverbially flies, the only reason why this is not entirely to his credit being that he hypnotises his horse—or, at any rate, obtains some occult power over the beast which ensures obedience, not only to his rider's hands and legs, including his armèd heels, but to his thoughts. A lady has a particularly ugly tumble at a post-and-rail fence with water beyond; her horse falls, gets entangled in the timber, and comes near to drowning his rider, who finds herself with her head in the ditch and the animal on top of it. At half a hint from his rider, however, the hero's hypnotised steed dashes up, kicks down the rail which has fixed the prostrate horse, and, after rearing and smashing more timber, releases the lady from her most perilous plight. The idea is fantastic, of course; but who shall assert that a man's will power cannot to any extent dominate a horse? It seems inconceivable; but is our perception of hypnotism as practised on humanity so complete and exhaustive that we can say with perfect assurance where it begins and ends?

The thing that chiefly strikes me with regard to Lord Suffolk's suggestion that flat races over two-mile courses shall be run during the winter is surprise that such races were not legalised

by the Turf authorities long since. Why not? Everyone agrees that sport during the illegitimate season is frequently wretched, and I entirely fail to see why it should not be legitimatised a bit. A good steeplechase is a delightful spectacle, and a good hurdle race extremely picturesque and exciting, even if one admits that racing 'over the sticks' is not logically defensible, being neither one thing nor the other—sport neither for 'chasers' nor for race-horses proper. For reasons that need not be discussed at length 'National Hunt Flat Races' are frequently mere burlesques of sport, and, indeed, they are very seldom found in the programmes nowadays. There is no real excuse for such affairs. It is the business of a hunter to jump; we want to know whether he can do that, not whether he can merely gallop. Lord Suffolk's proposal would impart to cards an element of strength which they sorely need. It is a melancholy prospect, even for those of us who are keen about jumping, to think that if we go to meetings during the next three or four months, we shall see the too well-known forms of the wretched old crocks that have been knocking down hurdles and struggling over fences since, as it seems, we first 'went racing.' I do not say that these animals are valueless. As examples of how broken down and patched up a horse may be, of what shapeless and eccentric legs will sometimes carry a beast two miles, some of these veterans would be very valuable indeed to a veterinary college; but what is the interest in watching them trying to race?



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